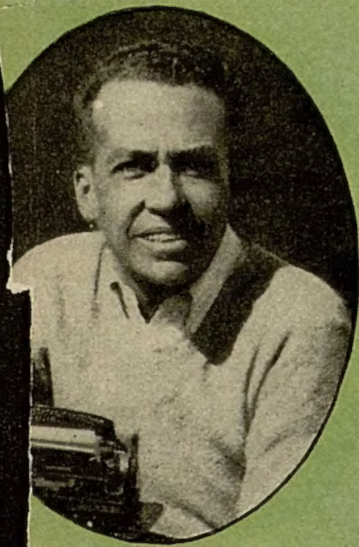
HOLLYWOOD SHOPS FOR BABIE

Liberty

MARCH 21,
1936

5¢

RICH



MAN'S

SON

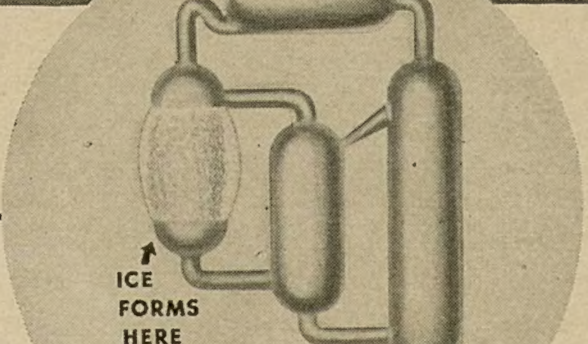
LANDON
First-Rate Second-Rater?

CAN CANCER BE CURED WITHOUT AN OPERATION?
by BERNARR MACFADDEN

a Frank and Daring Novel of Today
y CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr

THE MIRACLE OF *SILENT* REFRIGERATION
ONE MORE ADVANTAGE OF "THE FLAME THAT FREEZES"

SAVES MONEY THREE WAYS. Electrolux saves money on running cost and on food bills. In addition, it gives you a *third* important saving—the saving on depreciation that only a refrigerator with no moving parts can offer.



NO MOVING PARTS. This simplified diagram shows why Electrolux needs no moving parts. Parts that do not move cannot wear. This is why Electrolux offers you permanent silence and more years of service.

FOR FARM HOMES IT RUNS ON KEROSENE

No matter how far you live beyond the gas mains and power lines, Electrolux now offers you the same satisfactory service it is giving fine city homes and apartments everywhere. Let us give you more details about the kerosene-operated Electrolux. Servel, Inc., Electrolux Refrigerator Sales Division, Evansville, Ind.

Electrolux is basically different from all other refrigerators—it has no moving parts to wear—operates in permanent silence, giving constant cold for a few pennies a day.

When we say Electrolux is *different,* we are not referring to the little differences that distinguish other refrigerators. Electrolux differs from all of them basically . . . in the almost miraculous simplicity of its operating method.

In Electrolux, man has turned the unchanging laws of nature to a new use. A tiny gas flame—"The flame that freezes"—replaces all moving parts, circulating a simple refrigerant and producing constant cold without force or friction.

ELECTROLUX OFFERS MORE

In terms of your budget, this simplicity means a low operating cost, a minimum of depreciation, and fullest food protection at all times. And these savings are important! Many owners tell us that their Electrolux refrigerators have actually paid for themselves in savings . . . and still give the same satisfaction they did years ago.

ASK YOUR GAS COMPANY

If you make up your mind to have the finest in refrigeration, you will eventually own and enjoy an Electrolux. See the new models at your local dealer's or gas company's showroom. It means a lot that your gas company willingly stands behind and services every Electrolux it sells. For no organization is more noted for careful testing of the products it sells, or for prompt and willing service when you ask it! (Electrolux also operates on bottled gas.)

USES NO WATER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

New Air-Cooled **ELECTROLUX**
THE SERVEL *Gas Refrigerator*

ENDORSED BY THE GREAT AMERICAN GAS INDUSTRY

AN INTERNATIONAL HOSTESS OF *Charm* AND *Distinction*

Mrs. Barlow considers Listerine Tooth Paste as much of a luxury in its small way as the antiques and tapestries that adorn her gracious homes in Gramercy Park, New York City, and Eze, on the French Riviera.

Mrs. Samuel L. Barlow *of Philadelphia, Pa., and New York City. Socialite . . . ardent horsewoman and dog lover . . . traveler . . . international hostess . . . collector and interior decorator. Her husband is a brilliant composer.*

Mrs. Barlow's drawing room in her New York City home, with its rich 19th century French tapestries.

"It seems that we have always used the products of the Lambert Company. Naturally when Listerine Tooth Paste came out we were delighted to find that it came up to the usual high standards expected from such a conservative old company. I particularly like the clean, exhilarating feeling it gives to the mouth after using—it reminds me of a fresh wintergreen berry picked off the ground in a New England pasture."

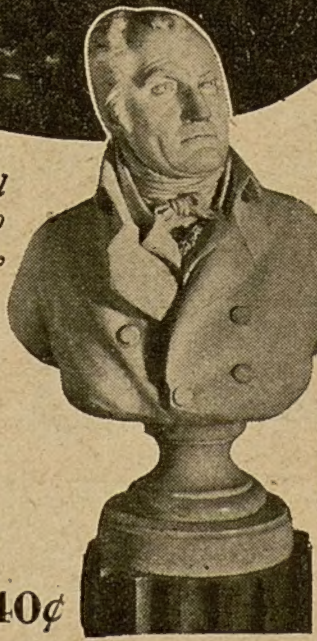
It is significant that men and women who could easily afford to pay any price for a dentifrice, prefer Listerine Tooth Paste, made by the makers of Listerine. Obviously, the price of 25¢ could be no factor in their choice. They are won to it by its marvelous quality and the quick, satisfying results it produces.

Nearly 3,000,000 men and women have discarded old and costlier favorites for this better dentifrice.

If you have not tried it, do so now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Mrs. Barlow's winter house at Eze, on the French Riviera, overlooking the Mediterranean. The foundations of the rambling buildings at Eze are partly Roman and the structures themselves are largely of the 10th Century. There has been little change here since mediaeval times. Like her other homes, this too, houses a rare collection of antiques and objets d'art, and is the scene of many a brilliant social gathering.



Marble bust of Joel Barlow, Ambassador to France in 1812, by Houdon, the famous sculptor.

Mrs. Barlow considers her carved coral jewelry one of her most valued possessions. The photograph, of course, does not do justice to its beauty and delicacy.

Listerine

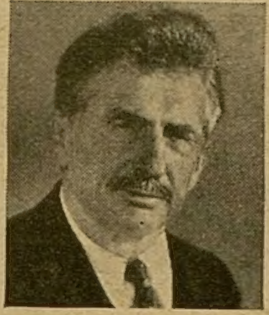
TOOTH PASTE

Large Size 25¢ . . . Double Size 40¢

MARCH 21, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 12

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

GET IT WHILE THE GETTING IS GOOD



BERNARR MACFADDEN

TO say that people are robbing themselves sounds paradoxical. But that might be termed the exact situation that exists in Washington at the present time.

Our national government has indulged in a wild orgy of spending. The idea has been acquired somehow that we can spend ourselves into prosperity.

Inconceivably ridiculous slogans, such as "Priming the pump," were presented as an excuse for this procedure. And throughout the entire country, with hardly a single exception, among officials high and low in the various states of the Union, among citizens everywhere who have the slightest excuse for dipping into the Treasury, there is an inclination to get it while the getting is good.

Substantial citizens everywhere condemn the nonchalant manner in which billions are being spent. But they nevertheless believe they are entitled to participate.

And they can hardly be criticized for their attitude. The fault in this instance is directly with Washington and the fantastic theory of recovery originated by the amateur Brain Trusters.

With money being spent like water, any one believing he has the slightest claim on our federal government automatically concludes that this is the time to collect.

Naturally the World War veterans were no exception to the rule. They had a legitimate claim against the government. And when money was going out in billions for every conceivable object, they thought it was no more than fair that their claims should be considered.

Here we are with a mountain of debt already several billion dollars more than the highest point after the huge World War expenditures, and we are still going upward.

The tendency to lavish spending cannot possibly be stopped immediately, even if such were the desire of the Washington officials. They have established a policy of wild extravagance and a long period of time will be required to make the change necessary to balance the budget.

When men who have no understanding of business principles undertake to manage a business, they are like children lost in the wilderness. They are on their way but they do not know where they are going.

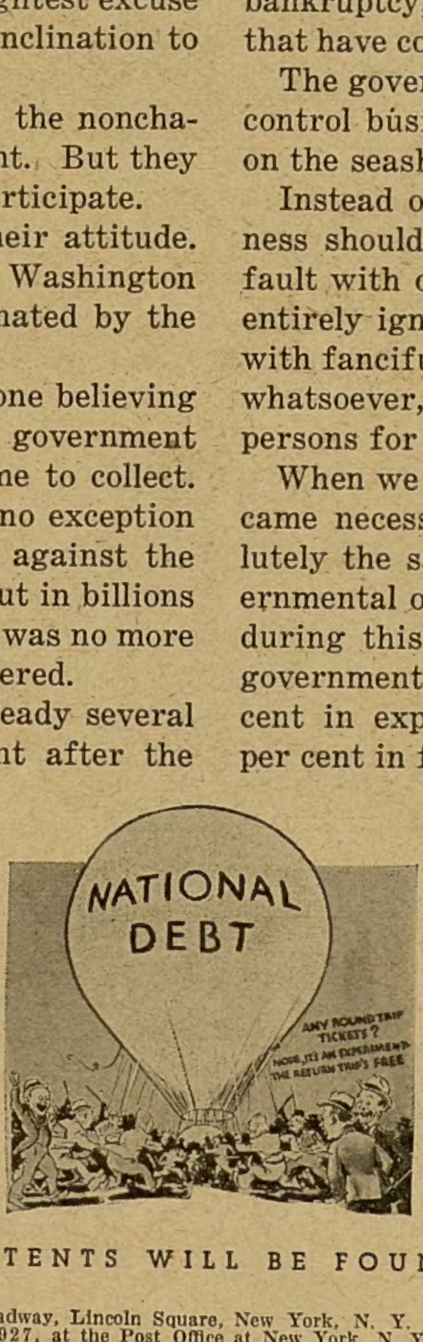
And what makes matters far worse, they are frequently so cocksure about their fantastic theories that they go ahead in a slam-bang fashion, ignoring the mountains of evidence indicating the failure of their plans.

The colossal sums of money that are being handed out in Washington belong to the people of this country. The taxpayers have built up the credit, the bill for which must be paid sometime in the future unless we have repudiation followed by bankruptcy, with a possibility of facing the tragedies that have come to other insolvent countries.

The government, through the NRA, tried to direct and control business. It would be just as sensible to stand on the seashore and attempt to control the tide.

Instead of the government going into business, business should go into the government. That is the real fault with our federal government at this time. It has entirely ignored business principles. It has gone ahead with fanciful theories with no background of experience whatsoever, using a nation of more than 125,000,000 persons for a laboratory.

When we entered the depression in 1929, economy became necessary throughout the entire country. Absolutely the same principles should have guided our governmental officials. But we face the appalling fact that during this period, in all the city, state, and national governments, there was an average increase of 25 per cent in expenditures, with an increase of nearly 100 per cent in federal spending.


NATIONAL DEBT
ANY ROUND TRIP TICKETS?
NOPE, IT'S AN EXPERIMENT- THE RETURN TRIP'S FREE

Our Washington officials were earnestly desirous of promoting the recovery of business, and in order to accomplish this object there should have been a free road ahead. Instead, Congress erected all sorts of hurdles, restricting the progress of recovery, apparently oblivious to the senselessness of such a policy.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

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NO DRAFT VENTILATION

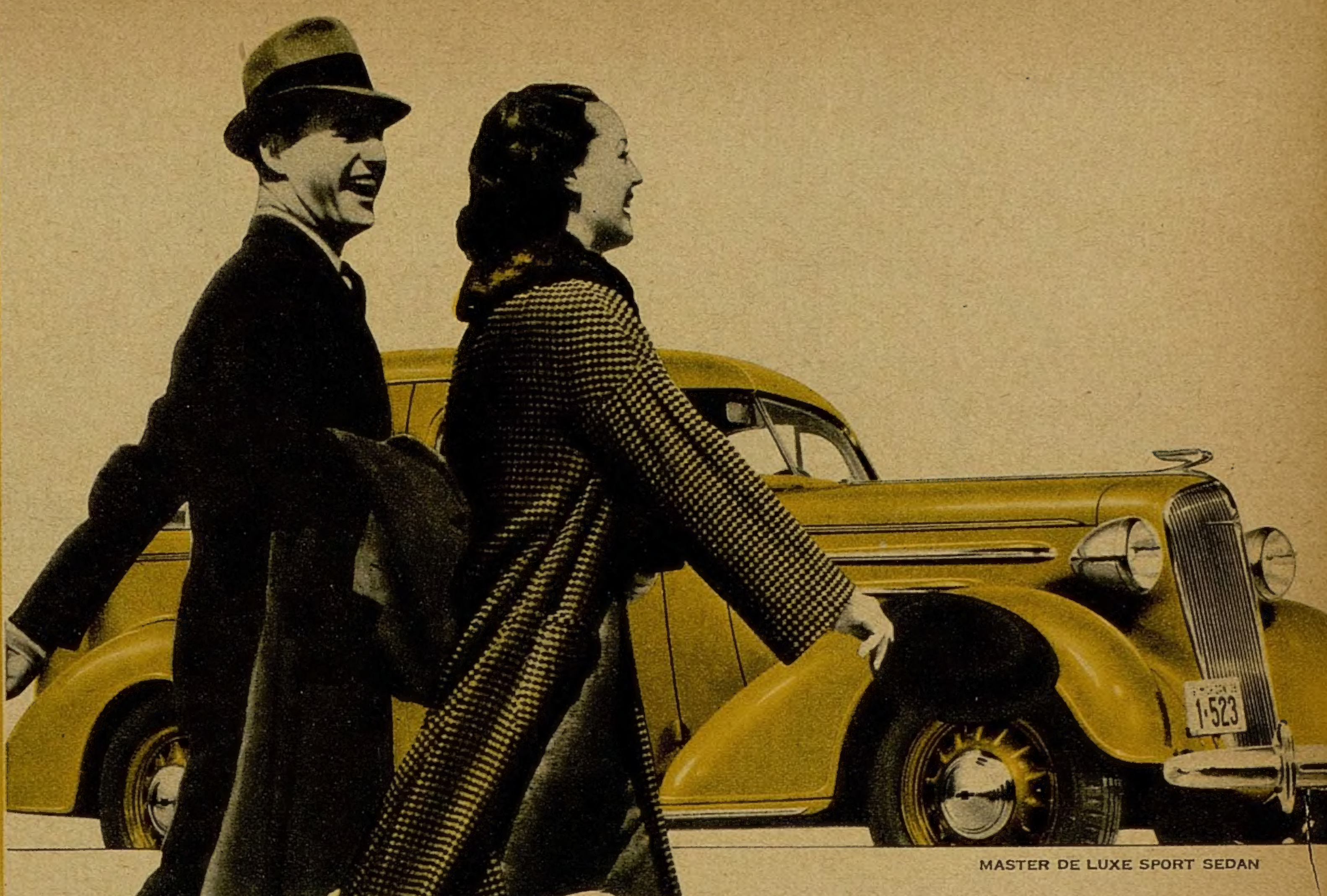
Take a ride in the new Chevrolet for 1936. Notice, first of all, the greater beauty, luxury and more healthful comfort of its *Turret Top Body with Fisher No Draft Ventilation.* It's the smarter, safer body, and it's exclusive to Chevrolet in its price range.

TURRET TOP

Next, examine the *Solid Steel one-piece Turret Top.* This top puts the safety of solid seamless steel over your head . . . stiffens and reinforces the entire body structure . . . beautifies and identifies the modern car . . . is exclusive to Chevrolet in its field.

HIGH-COMPRESSION ENGINE

Now start Chevrolet's *High-Compression Valve-in-Head Engine.* The most economical of all fine power plants. Notice how much quicker this new Chevrolet is on the getaway, how much livelier in traffic, how much smoother and more satisfying in all ways on the open road.



MASTER DE LUXE SPORT SEDAN

Take a Ride

around this page and then around town in the

NEW 1936 CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

KNEE-ACTION RIDE*

ve particular attention to the unmatched oothness of the gliding *Knee-Action* de*. The safest, steadiest, most comfort- le ride ever developed. It's obtainable *ly with Knee-Action*, and Knee-Action is so exclusive to the Master De Luxe hevrolet in its field.

SHOCKPROOF STEERING*

Notice, too, how perfectly steady and vibrationless the steering wheel is at all times. How much simpler and easier it is to drive and park this car. That's due to *Shockproof Steering**, a direct result of Knee-Action, and another exclusive Chevrolet advantage.

PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES

Now step on Chevrolet's *New Perfected Hydraulic Brakes*, as lightly or firmly as you please, and bring the car to a smooth, quick, even stop. You've never felt such super-safe brakes before, and won't today anywhere else, for they're exclusive to Chevrolet in its price range.

**vailable in Master De Luxe models only. Knee-Action, $20 additional.*

6% NEW MONEY-SAVING G. M. A. C. TIME PAYMENT PLAN
Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and low monthly payments.

One ride and you'll never be satisfied until you own

The only complete low-priced

Beginning

RICH MAN'S SON

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK SWAIN

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

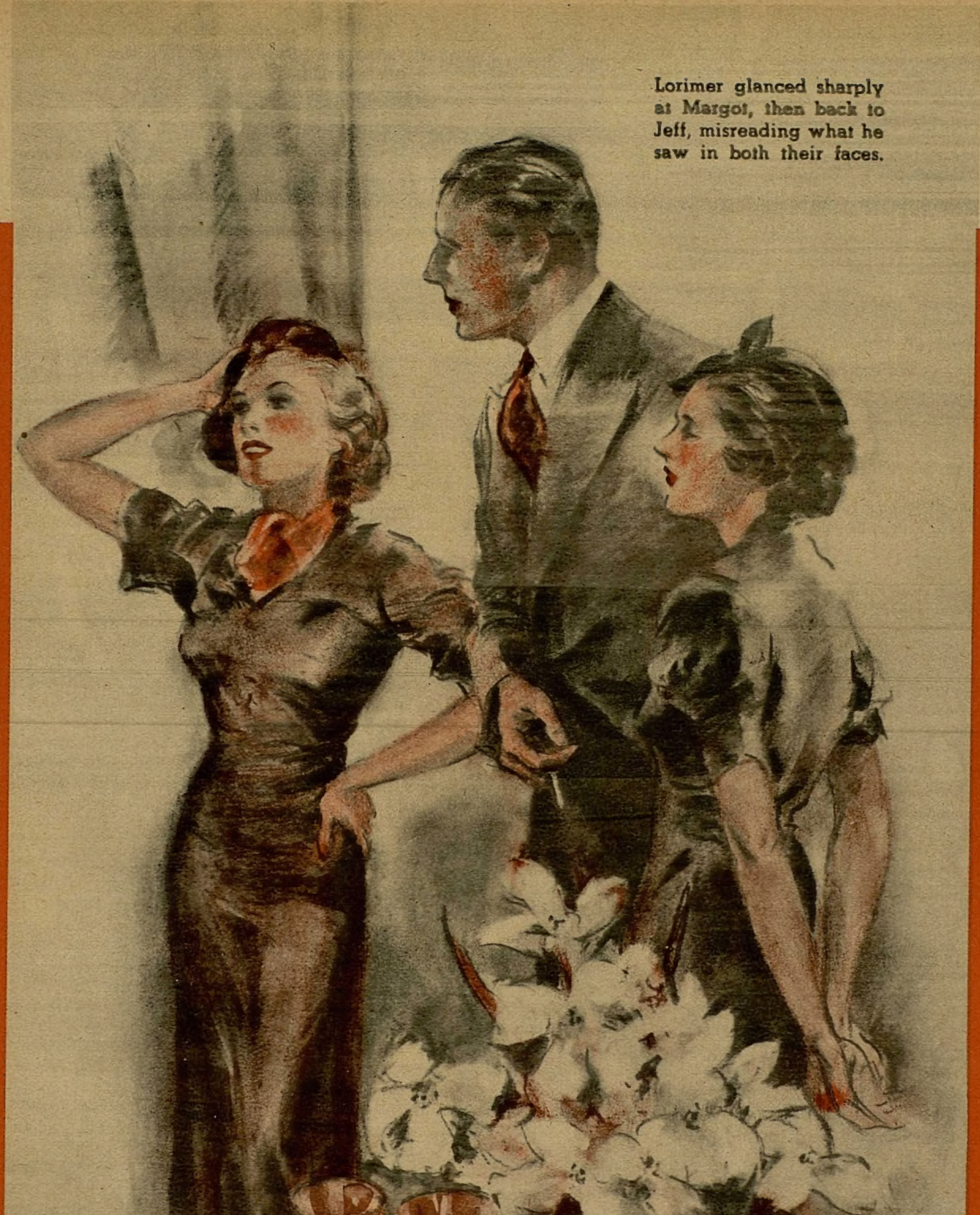
PART ONE—THE GIRL AT THE PALAIS ROUGE

PASSERS-BY invariably stared when any one either entered or left the Lorimer mansion on upper Fifth Avenue. They stared because they hoped to see some of the Lorimers or their equally rich and fashionable friends. They were seldom disappointed. There was much coming and going through the big front doors. Even the delivery boys, who twice daily arrived with huge baskets of provisions, came in for their share of attention.

It started at ten o'clock in the morning, when prim little Miss Purdy, Mrs. Lorimer's social secretary, reported for her duties. Miss Purdy was always in a nervous hurry. People simply didn't keep Mrs. Geoffrey Lorimer III waiting. At eleven o'clock Christine Sorenson, the Swedish masseuse who kept the Lorimer women "in trim," vigorously climbed the eighteen steps inside the cathedral-like vestibule. She had done this every day, except Sunday, for the past twelve years. At eleven thirty Mrs. Adams, the seamstress, arrived to mend linen.

Then there was a lull until one o'clock, when the luncheon guests began arriving in numbers anywhere from five to fifty. They were usually women and they considered themselves lucky to have been invited. When you received an invitation reading: "Mrs. Geoffrey

A FRANK AND DARING NOV



Lorimer glanced sharply at Margot, then back to Jeff, misreading what he saw in both their faces.

HAT LOOKS BEHIND THE SCENES OF SOCIETY TODAY

Lorimer will be pleased . . ." you were in society to stay. To stay, that is, unless you or your children had the misfortune to crash the newspaper headlines in the wrong way.

Tea was from five to seven. At this time of day two entirely different groups passed through the heavy plate-glass doors. Their limousines frequently blocked traffic on Fifth Avenue.

In the larger group were Natalie and Jeff Lorimer's friends—debs, brides, college boys, young men "on the Street" anxious to sell you stocks and bonds. And of course the dilettantes were there—"playboys," the tabloids affectionately called them. All of these gathered in the largest drawing room, where cocktails and hors d'oeuvres were served.

The smaller "from-five-to-seven" group were Mrs. Lorimer's friends and Margaret's. They would chat in well bred fashion over cups of tea and tiny sandwiches in the "red" room, and Margaret would be in her glory. Though only thirty, her unattractiveness obliged her to find companionship among her mother's friends.

OGDEN, the fourteen-year-old member of the Lorimer household, kept to his rooms except at mealtime, when he seldom spoke. The Lorimers described Ogden as a "delicate" boy. His shyness of strangers amounted to actual terror. He had a tutor called Barnes.

Five days out of the week, on the dot of six, Geoffrey Lorimer, senior, drove up to the door with Harry Potter, Mrs. Lorimer's bachelor brother, whom every one called "Uncle Hal." Uncle Hal worked in the Lorimer bank downtown—the Farmers and Merchants Trust Company. Since 1861, when the first Geoffrey Lorimer founded it, a Lorimer had been president. Uncle Hal drew a salary from the Farmers and Merchants mainly because he was the one person to whom Geoffrey Lorimer would talk about his myriad of investment plans. He was Lorimer's safety valve.

At sixty-one Harry Potter was a philosopher who, having squeezed life dry of pretty nearly everything it held, was still glad to be alive. He had long ago simplified life to its lowest common denominator—live and let live. That is why no amount of pleading could induce him to join the social merry-go-round of the Lorimers. Harry Potter was one of the many trials in the life of his wealthy sister. . . .

The first snow flurry of the season was sweeping down Fifth Avenue. A cab pulled up before the Lorimer mansion and young Jeff Lorimer jumped out.

As he paid the driver, Jeff glanced quickly up at the big French windows that showed only occasional cracks of light. Shopgirls, just released from the fashionable stores that lined the street, stared at him. Not merely because of his good looks and fine build. Jeff Lorimer had that indefinable "something" about him that inevitably catches the feminine eye.

Running lightly up the steps inside the high-ceilinged vestibule, he was filled with a new elation. Tonight he was going to take the world by the tail and swing it around the other way. He was going to . . .

Pitts, who had buttled for three generations of Lorimers and was "going on" seventy, smilingly opened the great glass door.

"Hello, Pitts old boy," Jeff cried, patting the old man affectionately on the shoulder. "Is my father home yet?"

"No, Master Jeff," the old man answered, helping Jeff off with his coat. "But the young people are all in there, sir," nodding toward the large drawing room. "And Miss Rogers is here, too."

"Margot?" Jeff exclaimed. "That's nice!"

Crossing the large entrance hall, he paused in the wide doorway. When he saw Margot Rogers standing by the fireplace he hurried over to her.

"Jeff!" she cried, setting down her cocktail and hugging him. "Am I glad to see you!"

Laughing, Jeff stood her off. Her dark eyes softened. The double strand of pearls against her throat caught the delicate ivory tones of her skin. The firelight brought out the rich brown of her hair. She had never looked more lovely.

"But I had no idea you would be here this afternoon," he explained. "When did you get back? No—wait until I get a cocktail."

When he returned, the girl drew him over to a divan, away from the others. Curling up in one corner, she felt for his hand. "Miss me?" she asked.

"That's putting it mildly. Come on, now—confess!"

"If only there were something worth confessing. It was just dreadfully dull, darling. You know Hot Springs in October. But it did mother worlds of good, so I feel very noble. I'd much rather hear about you. I understand you're going South."

"Mother tell you that?"

The girl nodded.

"Well, I'm not. I have other plans."

"So that's it! The instant you came into this room I knew something was up. What is it this time?"

Jeff leaned toward her and lowered his voice:

"I'm going to have it out with father tonight. He can begin right away looking around for a more likely prospect to fill his boots down at the bank when he retires. It won't be me!"

The girl relaxed, smiling. "*That* again? Oh, Jeff, give up this crazy idea that you're different from the rest of us. You aren't. You're a rich man's son and your father is counting on seeing you president of his bank some day. Don't be silly, darling, You love all this as much as I do. This is—this is *life,* Jeff." A fluttering gesture of her pretty hand included the entire room. "Not dictating business letters in a stuffy office and watching the world go by through an office window!"

"The banking business isn't exactly a tea party," he reminded her.

"Oh, but that's different! Being a bank president has dignity and you have leisure time to enjoy yourself."

"This, for instance?" Jeff smiled, sweeping his eyes over the room. The latest deb to yield to the night-club impresarios had sat down at the piano and was trying out a new and spicy song on her appreciative audience.

"This is only one little phase of life, Margot. It's all right in small doses—but where does it end up? And it seems such an appalling waste—of everything. I want something I can get my teeth into! Some kind of clean honest fight—something worth struggling for. Yes, Pitts, what is it?" The butler was standing at his elbow.

"Mrs. Lorimer would like to see you, Master Jeff."

Instantly Jeff was on his feet. "I should have run up to see mother when I came in. But Pitts said you were here. I won't be long, Margot."

In the entrance hall Jeff ran into Natalie, who had just come in. Snow covered her mink coat and clung to her honey-colored curls and long lashes. She was a tiny thing, for all her twenty years.

"Hi, youngster!" she called, stamping her feet. "What brought you home so early?"

"Hi yourself," Jeff laughed. "When did you take up hiking?"

Wriggling her slim form out of the featherweight coat and blithely tossing it at the butler, she babbled on: "Who's here? Did Margot come? Aren't we awful, the way we treat our guests!" She seemed to avoid meeting his eyes.

NOW Jeff recalled that of late Nat had been behaving strangely. She hadn't stopped by his room in weeks, hadn't asked him to take her out. People were continually wanting to know if she was away. And twice he had run into her coming out of Anton's, a place far off the beaten track, with a man he did not know.

Jeff watched her curiously as she hurried off to the drawing room. . . .

Mrs. Lorimer was lying on the mauve chaise longue in her morning room reading a new book, but when she heard her son's step in the hall she quickly put it down. Her eyes were closed when Jeff tiptoed in. The light from the reading lamp caught up the silvery whiteness of hair that crowned her aristocratic head.

"Mother," he called softly. Mrs. Lorimer's eyes opened.

"Geoffrey!" she cried happily. "I must have fallen asleep."

Her son bent over and kissed her, and as her arms slipped about his neck he was enveloped in a cloud of orchid chiffon fragrantly scented. At such moments he felt like a very small boy. Almost his first remembrance of his pretty mother was the delight that had swept all through him on those rare occasions when he was permitted to toddle into her boudoir.

Drawing up a small chair, he sat down, taking one of her hands. "How are you feeling, mother dear?"

"Not very well. I had a touch of indigestion today—at least, that is what Dr. Elliot called it. I hope we can get off to Florida earlier this year. Your father wants to leave soon after the first of December."

"The doctor was here today?"

"It wasn't serious. A pain anywhere near my heart always frightens me. But seeing you makes me feel better. You won't mind leaving town so early, will you, dear? I thought we might ask Margot to go with us."

"Mother—I can't go to Florida with you. I want to get to work this winter. I'm twenty-three."

A sigh escaped Mrs. Lorimer's thin aristocratic lips. Her hand groped for a bottle of pills on the lamp table. Jeff got her a glass of water, and when she had swallowed two of the pills she settled back.

"Now," she began, "of course you must work, but not until after the first of the year. Your father and I were discussing it only the other evening. Uncle Hal is going to tell you all about the banking business and—" The look on Jeff's face stopped her.

"Mother, I ought to be getting back to my guests."

Her hand plucked at his sleeve. "Jeff darling—when are you going to ask Margot to be your wife?"

"I don't know, mother," he answered honestly. "I may never ask Margot to marry me. I don't love her that way—at least, not enough. It's great to be with her—we're companionable and all that. But I missed her very little while she was away. And I certainly wouldn't ask any girl to marry me until I could support her." His mother was laughing softly.

"Darling, you are so amusing! All this talk about 'supporting my wife'! Of course your father will give you an allowance aside from what you make at the bank, and Margot is wealthy in her own name. Emotional love is all right for characters in stories, or for people who have no position in the world to maintain and who owe no obligation to their forebears. But we have given marriage a higher meaning. In our world it is background and breeding that matter—and perpetuating a fine old name. That is a great privilege, my dear."

Jeff stirred restlessly.

She put a detaining hand on his knee. "Please don't act this way," she pleaded. "Your father and I have given in to your whims for years. You have always wanted to make friends with the oddest people! Your last year at Harvard—that impossible young man you insisted on rooming with. And now this! Imagine it—not wanting to marry the girl you really love because of some vague reason you can't identify. Margot and you are ideally suited to each other—and a marriage between you would mean so much to us all. Linking two of the oldest names and fortunes in the country. Don't you see, dear boy, how right that is? How important?"

Mrs. Lorimer lay back against her lacy pillows, pale and short of breath.

He leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. "We can talk about this some other time, mother. You must rest before dinner. And I must get back to my guests."

He was glad to get away. Glad that a scene had been averted.

Some of Nat's friends had already left and Jeff's were waiting for him. When the farewells were at their noisiest, Geoffrey Lorimer and Uncle Hal entered the drawing room. Nat ran forward. She kissed her father warmly and pecked dutifully at her uncle. Jeff excused himself and came toward his father, and Margot now joined them.

"Hello, Margot!" the banker exclaimed cordially. "I'm glad to see you back. We have missed you." The others started going. "Not leaving on my account, I hope?" he asked quickly.

"These people have dinner engagements, father," Nat explained.

"But you, Margot—you aren't going too? You're staying to dinner with us." Turning to Jeff, he asked: "Where is your mother—and Margaret?"

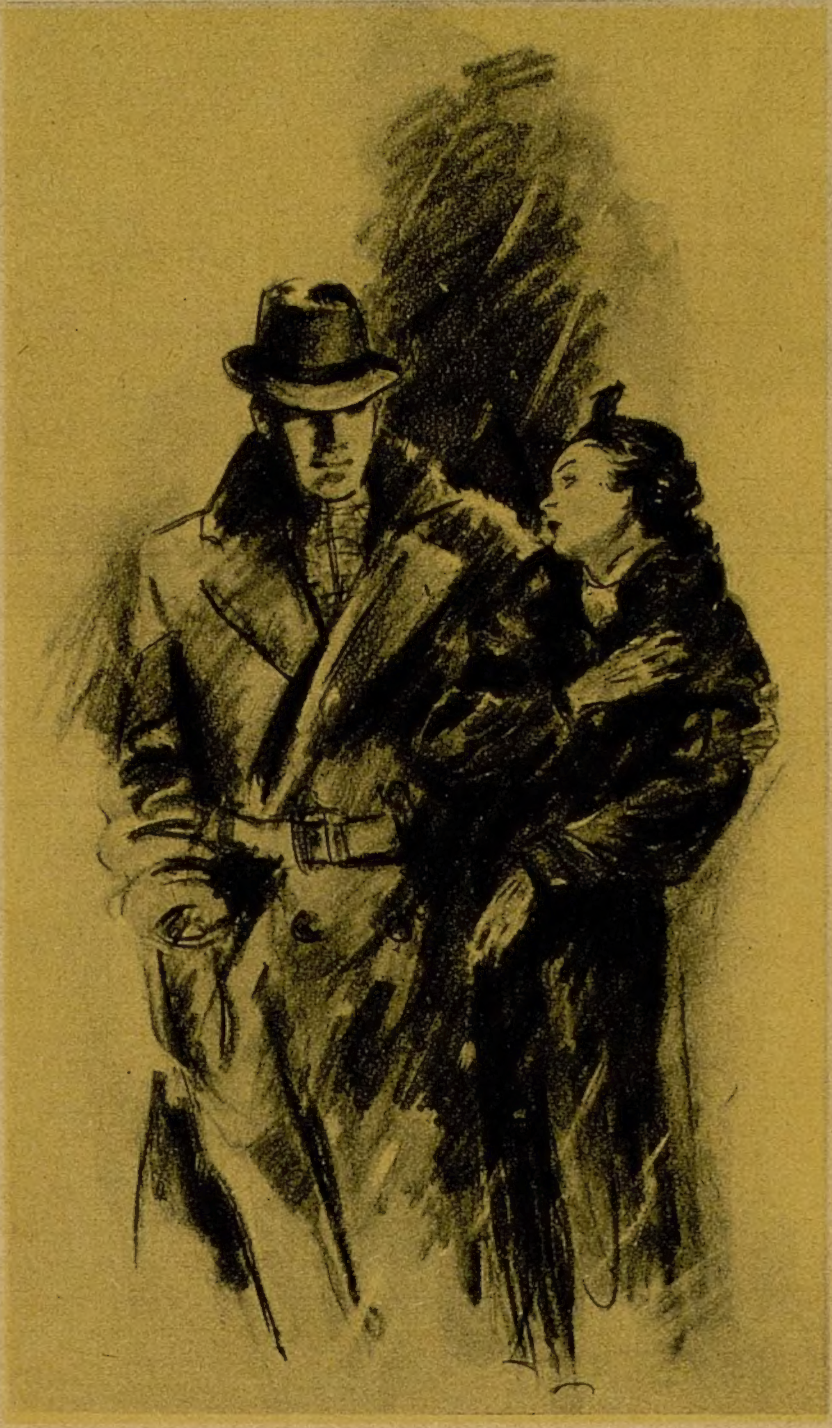
"Mother's not feeling well," Jeff said. "Margaret is receiving for her across the hall."

Geoffrey Lorimer turned to his brother-in-law. "You'd better come up with me, Hal. Ada will want to see you."

Jeff stepped forward. "Father—" Lorimer paused. "I want to talk to you later on—after dinner?" At the suppressed excitement in his son's voice, Lorimer glanced sharply at Margot, then back to Jeff, misreading what he saw in both their faces.

"Of course, Jeff, of course," he agreed hurriedly. "Come along, Hal." . . .

Downstairs every one had gone but Margot. Nat, musing over a lone cocktail before the fireplace, was poking aimlessly at the smoldering logs.



"Jeff darling," Margot cried, "can't you see that there is more to life than setting it on fire with your ideals?"

"I see ye're na' sae r-relooctant, Jaimie, when it's Teacher's."

GOOD TASTE

The popularity of Scotch Whisky is determined in the final analysis by the answer to this question: what of its flavour?

Teacher's "Highland Cream" Scotch Whisky is distilled and bottled by the largest independent distilling house in all Great Britain, continuously operated by the same family for more than a century ... but what has carried its name and fame to every corner of the world is its *flavour*. WM. TEACHER & SONS, LTD., GLASGOW and LONDON. Established 1830.

TEACHER'S
"HIGHLAND CREAM"
the Perfection of
SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES:
Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

"Want to take a walk before dinner?" Jeff suggested. "There is time. We're not dressing."

"No, thanks," Nat laughed. "I walked miles in the park today."

"I'll go with you, Jeff," Margot offered eagerly.

Pitts, who closed the door behind them, was thinking fondly that before long he would be buttling for his fourth generation of Lorimers.

They walked for a little in silence against the wind and snow, Margot hanging on to his arm.

Suddenly her words came in a rush: "Oh, Jeff darling," she cried, "you mean so much to me! It seems so natural and so right to be telling you so. Can't you see that there is more to life than—than setting it on fire with your ideals, no matter how fine they are? I know how you feel, but you can't cure the world of its ills all by yourself. Why do you fret so over things you can't help? Why not look at the other side of life—marriage and having children and carrying on a great name that will live long after you are gone? We could have such a beautiful life together!"

"I've thought about all of those things, Margot," Jeff said; "but there is so much I want to do—so much I *have* to do—first, before I can make myself or any one else happy. There certainly is no girl but you that I am interested in, but it would be a fatal mistake for us to marry now. That is one of the few things about my cockeyed life that I'm sure about. I can't go on any longer seeing and feeling the misery all around me without doing something to relieve it!"

"Why couldn't you go ahead and do the things you want to do after we were married?" she asked.

"Because it wouldn't be fair to you and it wouldn't be fair to me. You know what you want. I don't. Maybe I'm not meant for the kind of happiness you picture. Maybe I am. Oh, Margot, can't you be patient? Can't you understand that I want to make my life *mean* something?"

There was something in his voice that made her suddenly feel dead inside.

Two Margots were battling inside the girl. Margot the woman prayed with all her heart and soul that Jeff would emerge victorious. But Margot the society girl, who believed devoutly in breeding and background and wealth, cried out against this revolt.

MRS. LORIMER was not at dinner, and Margaret, who sat in her chair, had none of her mother's graciousness. She was an ugly duckling inside and out.

"Where is Ogden?" she asked testily when they had all sat down.

At that moment the youngest Lorimer slipped quietly into the room and took the vacant chair.

"Hello, Ogden," Margot said pleasantly. "How are the painting and algebra coming along?"

"Barnes doubts that Ogden will ever master mathematics," Margaret said, giving the boy a dour look.

"Tutoring never helped me," Nat laughed, winking at her young brother. "I still count on my fingers."

"Is that what you were doing in a corner of the Embassy bar at lunch today?" Uncle Hal teased. "You were certainly using those pretty hands to help out some kind of argument. Who won?"

Nat flushed and looked down. "He did, of course."

Nobody answered Margot's question about the painting, because Geoffrey Lorimer disapproved of it. While he realized that Ogden could never hold a responsible position in the bank, some kind of place could be made for him, that his name might also be added to the list of banking Lorimers. But Jeff had encouraged the boy's artistic bent, and for this had won the shy lad's confidence and affection.

AS they rose to leave the table, Pitts came in and said that Mrs. Lorimer wanted Dr. Elliot called. While Margaret and Nat hurried upstairs, the banker went to the phone. The others went into the library for coffee and liqueurs—all but Ogden. He slipped away like a shadow.

The doctor was quick in arriving.

"I'll go up with him," Margot offered. "There may be something I can do."

Jeff would have gone immediately to see his mother, but she had insisted long ago that it distressed her to have him witness her heart attacks. Mrs. Lorimer knew the hold she had over her son through this weakness, and being a woman did not hesitate to take full advantage of it.

With studied concern, Geoffrey Lorimer said to his brother-in-law, "We can't get Ada to Florida too soon." Then, turning to his son: "I can't understand, Jeff, why you persist in annoying your mother and bringing on these heart attacks. Tonight it was your doubtful talk about marrying Margot—when you know she is counting on it. Why do you torment her so, when you know you are going to marry the girl? That was what you wanted to tell me tonight—wasn't it?"

Before answering, Jeff reached for the brandy and poured himself a stiff drink. Discovering his father's eyes fastened on him curiously, his throat suddenly got all tight and dry.

"I had nothing to tell you about Margot and me, father. It was about myself I wanted to talk—me and my future. I've decided that the banking business isn't meant for me."

Geoffrey Lorimer's glass of brandy stopped midway to his mouth. He stared at his son in astonishment. Uncle Hal stopped clipping off the end of his cigar. This was going to be interesting.

"And what is?" Jeff's father demanded.

"I don't know exactly, but I'll soon find out. I do know that I'd never be happy making money just for the sake of hoarding it. Money as a useful weapon and a means of doing good is fine—but the rich men of this country aren't worrying about the little fellow struggling to feed and clothe his family. Maybe I belong in politics. A man with money can do a lot of good there, can't he? Running a country seems much more important and interesting than running a bank."

"Finance on a bigger scale." His father smiled dryly. "And besides—you have no money, Jeff. You have nothing except what I choose to give you."

"Neither did my great-grandfather have any money when he was a farmer in northern Jersey peddling vegetables around!" Jeff retorted. "And I'll never believe that he intended the bank he founded to ruin any man financially. The practice of recalling mortgages and making people homeless—and lending a man money and then when he can't pay it back taking his business away from him—is inhuman!"

"But, Jeff," Uncle Hal interposed, "how can you say you don't like banking until you have given it a try?"

"That's right," Geoffrey Lorimer agreed, straightening as a brilliant thought came to him. "We might experiment with some of your ideas, Jeff, if you were there to help us."

THIS hotheaded boy burning up with his nebulous dreams must not be permitted to break the Lorimer tradition. Three generations of Lorimers had headed the Farmers and Merchants Trust Company—and before very long there would be no one else but Jeff to carry on. This conviction was bred in the flesh and bone of Geoffrey Lorimer III.

At this moment the doctor appeared with Margot. She went quickly to Jeff and slipped her arm through his.

"What is my mother's condition, doctor?" Jeff asked.

"Well, Mrs. Lorimer may live for years, with care. The only real danger now is in some sudden shock. There is no chance of her getting better and in time she will get worse. From now on there should be a nurse in attendance. It will be wise for you all to humor her whims and cater to her wishes."

A depressing silence had fallen on the room.

Pitts had brought in the doctor's overcoat. "I'm going home now," Margot announced. "I'll drop you off, doctor."

Jeff roused. "I'll see you home, Margot."

"Indeed you won't," she protested. "But you can call a cab for us."

To Jeff she whispered: "Don't quarrel with your father tonight, Jeff dear. Be patient with him. He loves you, I know."

Jeff pressed her hand reassuringly and smiled. But when they had gone he turned and walked slowly and thoughtfully back to the library.

"Look here, Jeff," his father said.

"Dentyne's a Double Attraction
—Keeps Mouth Healthy—
Tastes Delicious"

DENTYNE KEEPS TEETH WHITE. Our ancestors had good teeth because they ate foods that required plenty of chewing — gave teeth and gums healthful exercise. Our foods today are soft, over-refined—that's why many dentists advise chewing Dentyne. The specially firm, *chewy* consistency encourages the exercise needed for mouth health. It cleanses in a pleasant, *natural* way.

YOU'LL LIKE ITS SPICY FLAVOR! Its delicious taste alone makes a great many people Dentyne enthusiasts. It's fragrant—it's smooth—and the flavor is lasting. An excellent chewing gum in *every* way. Note the smart flat shape of the package—made to slip handily into pocket or purse — an original and exclusive Dentyne feature.

Keeps teeth white —
mouth healthy

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
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KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE
AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
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DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

"I'm offering you the chance to tell us how to improve our system—so why look further for your experimental laboratory? Your objections to marrying Margot aren't convincing, either. Your mother and I weren't deeply in love when we were married; that came later, after you children were born. I consider our marriage a success. And now your mother wants Margot for you. You want her for yourself, but this new stubbornness that's got into you makes you wonder. You heard what Elliot said just now about mother. Can't you make her happy by giving her this one thing? Or do you want to make her miserably unhappy—even worse?"

Jeff stared at his father. The fortress he had been building for months around his dreams was down. Bitter disappointment raced through every nerve of his body.

"All right!" he cried, eyes blazing. "I'll marry Margot. Maybe I love her and don't know it. If it cracks up, don't blame me. But the bank is out! That red herring you drew across the trail smelled to heaven. I don't know what I'm going to do with my life or where I'll end up—but it will be something more or less than just a rich man's son!"

He flung angrily out of the room and a moment later they heard the front door bang shut. . . .

Jeff didn't stop to put on his coat. It hung over his arm as he hurried down the steps and out into the street. He hadn't the slightest idea where he was going.

A taxi was waiting at the corner and he jumped in. He landed on something that first screamed and then struggled to push him off. It was a girl.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "I'm frightfully sorry! I didn't mean—"

"Whatever you meant," the girl answered angrily, "you'd better forget it and hop right out again!"

Just at that moment a street light revealed her face. She had the most extraordinary pair of blue eyes and a mass of red-gold curls. Her lips were full, provocative. The low and throaty tones of her soft Southern voice sent joy and excitement into every part of him.

"Please," Jeff laughed, "let me explain. I was in a hurry—and I jumped in the first cab I saw. I live in that house on the corner. I'm Jeff Lorimer."

Her face broke into a relenting smile. "All right," she said; "but you scared me to death. I'm getting out in a few minutes."

"I'll drop you off," Jeff offered.

They pulled up before a night club in the East Fifties—the Palais Rouge. As Jeff got out to assist the girl, the doorman spoke to him:

"Nasty night, Mr. Lorimer."

The girl smiled and held out her hand. "Thanks for the ride," she said. "And you're forgiven."

THE taxi waited while the doorman helped Jeff on with his coat. "Do you know who she is?" he asked the man, watching the retreating figure.

"Her? She's in the floor show. Doris Something-or-other. She's the only one who hasn't got a bunch of fellows hanging around."

Jeff got back into the taxi. "Drive up Park Avenue," Jeff told the taxi driver.

The perfume the Palais Rouge girl had left behind her hung in the air like some fragrant flower poised there. Her face rose up before him and he heard again the throaty fascinating voice.

"Turn around," he ordered the driver presently, "and go back the way we came."

"To that place we just left?" the driver asked.

"What place—the night club? That's all right."

Jeff took a small table in the corner of the room and ordered a brandy-and-soda.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

was a dispatch rider for the A. E. F. during the war, and started his journalistic career as a cub reporter on the New York Herald upon his return. For the past ten years he has been engaged in magazine and newspaper syndicate work in all parts of the world. Likes the outdoors, driving a car cross-country, sailing a boat, and swimming. Is fond of dancing; prefers movies to the legitimate theater. His hobby is collecting pipes.

The girl he had come to see, along with fifteen others, was in the opening number. His eyes followed her face around the floor; he didn't know what her feet were doing.

When the dancers wound up their routine after their second number, and the lights blazed on again, the master of ceremonies appeared before the microphone.

"Now, folks," he announced, "I have a treat for you tonight. We have here a little lady who has come all the way from dear old Kentucky to sing for you. She has been a member of our ensemble for a few weeks, but tonight is her first appearance before our microphone. I want you all to give her a nice hand. Miss Doris Fenton!"

It was a sweet voice that floated out over the smoke-filled room—true and clear. But before she had reached the chorus, knives and forks began to clatter against plates. Her last notes were drowned in the noisy clatter.

Jeff beckoned to his waiter, who held a lighted match while he wrote on his card: "Would it 'scare you to death' to have a bite to eat with me?"

"Give this to Miss Fenton," he instructed the man. Then he went out to the bar.

The waiter brought Jeff's card back to him. On the reverse side was hurriedly written: "So the villain is still pursuing her! I'll see you after the show for a few minutes." He tipped the waiter, then stood in the doorway with his third drink in his hand to watch the finale.

WHEN Doris walked across the floor in a sea-green satin gown that clung to her figure as if she had been poured into it, there was generous applause. Jeff himself was enchanted by every curve of her luscious figure. This girl was *made* for love!

But what struck Jeff most forcibly was that, while she was caught in this tawdry glitter of bare breasts and gleaming thighs, she was not a part of it. His imagination pictured her in the Great Hall of his father's house, in the right kind of evening clothes, mingling with the guests at one of the receptions frequently tendered visiting diplomats. She'd fit beautifully into that scene.

His jumbled thoughts suddenly switched to Margot. He didn't like the feeling that came over him, so he had another drink at the bar. When he went back to his table the girl was waiting for him. Jeff liked the smartly simple navy-blue suit she was wearing. He called the waiter and asked what she would have. She ordered a sandwich and a glass of milk.

"I'll stick to brandy-and-soda," he told the waiter.

"Did you ever have a coca-cola with rum in it?" she asked. "It's the most popular drink down in Kentucky." Jeff liked the way she said "Kentucky." He liked the way she said everything.

"Ever go to the Derby?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I come from a little town a hundred and fifty miles from Louisville. People down there don't get to the Derby unless they have a lot of money."

"Been up North long?" Jeff asked.

"Only a month," she said. "And I'm homesick already, even though I'm an orphan. There's only my Aunt Bess and she's over seventy. She's been like a mother to me. Why don't you eat something?"

To please her, Jeff ordered another drink and a steak sandwich.

"I enjoyed your singing very much," he said. "Have you been studying voice long?"

"Five years," she said. "I was singing on a radio station down home before I came up North. I want to get some broadcasting work here, but I don't want to strain my voice. I don't suppose you know of a good teacher that's not expensive?"

Jeff was hardly listening. This girl had revived in him the dreams that such a short time ago had been ground to bits under the heels of his mother and father.

"Mr. Lorimer!"

Jeff looked up, confused. The girl was staring at him in alarm. "You didn't seem to hear me—I didn't know—"

"That was rude of me," he said contritely, covering one of her hands with his. "You were asking about a singing teacher. I wish I could recommend some one to you—but there are no musicians in my family."

The music had begun playing, and they got up to dance. The moment Jeff gathered Doris Fenton in his arms he knew that he wouldn't ever want to let her go. He was experiencing a feeling so different from anything he had ever known with Margot.

When they sat down at the table again the girl said: "That must be an awfully big house you live in. I've noticed it many times. Do you work in your father's bank?"

"No," he said; "I do *not* work in my father's bank!" She looked at him curiously as he bit off each word, and he added, "I've just had a nasty row with my father."

"So many boys like you quarrel with their fathers," she noted. "I wonder why? You don't find it much in middle-class families."

"It's lack of understanding," Jeff explained heatedly. "Men like my father only want to see what they *want* to see. They don't give a rap about how the rest of the world lives, or even what happens to it. Unless, of course, their fortunes are jeopardized. Then can they get excited!"

"I think it would be wonderful to have a lot of money and be able to do things for other people." The girl's eyes were bright with enthusiasm. "Just think of all the happiness you could spread around. Think of the sickness and suffering alone you could cure!"

"Just such thoughts were in my mind tonight when I was quarreling with my father," Jeff said. "He thinks my ideas are absurd. He's so full of tradition and standards and always harping about what a gentleman does and doesn't do. Who cares?"

The girl's face softened with understanding.

Warmed by the too many brandy-and-sodas and the discovery that Doris Fenton was as easy to talk to as to look at, Jeff suddenly felt like telling her about Margot. He reached across the table and covered one of her hands with his.

"There's a girl in the picture," he said. "A girl who has brains, personality, looks—"

Doris dropped her eyes and withdrew her hand.

"Now don't say that you're going!" Jeff protested. "I'm going to have one more drink."

"Bring him a pot of coffee," she told the waiter.

"You don't think I'm tight, do you?" he asked anxiously.

"Another drink and you will be. You give me the jitters, the way you keep twisting that ring around."

Jeff slipped the heavy gold band off his finger and handed it to her. "That's the honorable Lorimer crest," he said sarcastically. "Want it?"

'Tisn't So by R. E. Doan

LENGTH OF FUR on animals is not an indication of weather to come. Neither is the plumage of birds, or other conditions of flora or fauna. These are all dependent upon circumstances which have existed prior to that time, not upon those to come.

THE LETTERS S O S have no meaning in themselves. They do not mean "Save Our Ship," "Save Our Souls," "Send Out Succor," or anything in themselves. They were chosen as distress-call letters by the International Radiotelegraph Conference because the combination of dots and dashes indicating them is so simple: three dots, three dashes, three dots.

BATS do not carry bedbugs. They are not known to carry any insect annoying to man. They do carry a bug related to the bedbug, also wingless or short-winged flies that look superficially like bedbugs.

YOUR HEART is not on the left side. Although many people believe it to be entirely on the left side, the heart is normally located about one third on the right side of the body and two thirds on the left.

THE SMELL OR FEEL of cigars is not a good indication of the quality. The sense of smell may determine presence of mold. However, if there is no distinctly foreign odor, the smell gives little or no indication of quality. The feel of a cigar may help to determine if it is dry or moist and, to the experienced person, whether it has been properly rolled or formed. Neither smell nor feel, however, is an accurate indication.

"Don't be silly!" she said, examining the unique shield.

"Well, I'm not going to wear it any more. If you don't want it, I'll sell it for old gold." He grinned a little foolishly at the idea. "Where do you live?"

"Excuse me a moment," Doris said, rising.

After two cups of coffee Jeff began to wonder what was keeping her so long. He asked the waiter.

"The young lady has gone home," was the answer. "We are closing now, sir." He gave Jeff the check.

Jeff paid the bill and went toward the check room for his hat and coat. On the way he met the head waiter. "Nick," he said, buttonholing the man, "I want Doris Fenton's address."

"But, Mr. Lorimer," the man protested, "we have no addresses. We just hire the show. Their manager has all that information."

"Then get him," Jeff insisted.

"But they have all gone! This was their last night here. They are leaving for Canada in the morning."

Jeff walked the half-mile home and went softly up the two flights of stairs. The apartments of his mother and father took in one whole end of the house. Guest rooms were next and then came Ogden's room and study. Margaret's apartment was beyond that. A general upstairs library, that had once been the Lorimer children's nursery, separated Jeff's and Natalie's apartments. A ribbon of light showed beneath his younger sister's door. A clock at the top of the stairs chimed three.

In his apartment Jeff found a note to call Margot when he came in. Well, it was certainly no time to do that now.

He undressed and put on his lounging robe. Then he lighted a cigarette and sat down, stretching out his feet to the warm hearth. His thoughts were still of Margot, and the more he thought about her the clearer he saw her as an involuntary part of the conspiracy against him.

Impatiently Jeff got up and walked over to a long window. Parting the heavy drapes and then the curtains, he looked out. Two figures stood in the shadow of a doorway across the street. He saw them step out on to the sidewalk. The man laid a detaining hand on the girl's arm. With a wrench she pulled away and came running across the street. It was Nat! The man made no attempt to follow her, and as she entered the vestibule he turned away and moved off down the side street.

Jeff dropped the curtain and hurried across the room. But with his hand on the doorknob he stopped. Didn't Nat have as much right as he to live her own life?

After he heard her tiptoe up the hall, he took from his cellaret a bottle of Scotch and two glasses, went to Nat's sitting-room door, and tapped softly. There was no answer, but he heard her sobbing.

He knocked louder. "It's Jeff. Let me in!"

Twice before Jeff had seen his younger sister with a strange man. Is this the same one? And does it account for her strange behavior of late? Who he is and what role he plays in this daring novel will be revealed along with further developments in next week's installment.

LANDON

FIRST-RATE SECOND-RATER?

KANSAS is herself again. After drought and dust storms, the rain has come, even though in small measure, to the especially distressed southwestern corner; and the AAA, while it lasted, paid the farmers for not planting crops which could not have been raised anyway. The price of wheat fluctuates round the dollar mark. Consequently Kansans are prosperous, as we reckon prosperity nowadays. They have rebounded from that low mood of dreary 1934, when spirals of dry dust puffed into the houses from cracks and keyholes, and when the only appropriate diversion was to sit at the radio listening to Huey Long, Father Coughlin, or some other picturesque kicker.

Kansans descend from the men who toiled across the plains in covered wagons in order to keep the West free-soil and who fought with Sherman or Blair or Thomas in the Civil War. No other state has so small an admixture of the newer bloods. It is old-American in all its instincts. And, being such, it is celebrating its sense of relief from peril, discomfort, and poverty by a lively and pleasurable debauch of political excitement.

To be specific: By the spontaneous action of its citizens Kansas has enthusiastically nominated that favorite adopted son, Governor Alf M. Landon, as Republican candidate for President in 1936. The Republican part of Kansas has, at least. But with the free-soil tradition behind her, Kansas is normally Republican, as the South is normally Democratic.

Just now the New Deal Democrats are keeping very quiet, deeming it impolitic to blur the vision of a Kansan in the White House. And so, from the girl at the cigar counter who asks the stranger within the gates what the East thinks of "our Alf" to the reporters at the Capitol in Topeka who hand him pamphlets and mimeographed sheets, all Kansas seems to be building up Alf M. Landon.

Kansas can praise Landon spontaneously; for, though he is not native to her soil, he was born with a Kansas soul—this easy-mannered, shrewd young man, with his hard sense, his thriftiness, his good-natured adaptation to circumstances when the matter is trivial, and the substratum of stubbornness on which he rests when it grows important. He was born in Pennsylvania and should have been born in Ohio. His father was an independent oil producer who started in Pennsylvania and moved on with the oil frontier to a small new settlement across the Alleghenies. This town was short of medical necessities, and Alf's mother went for the event to the home of her family, the Mossmans, in Pennsylvania Dutch country. That sturdy, cagey, and thrifty blood is, in him, crossed with Scottish—which goes far to explain him. He had ancestors of both strains in the Revolutionary army.

He grew up in the oil fields of Ohio, attending common school, learning to ride a horse bareback, with a looped halter for a bridle, almost as soon as he could walk. When he was fourteen, his father transferred his interests to the new fields of Kansas and settled at Independence. John M. Landon, nearing eighty now, lives with his son in that large frame house which Kansas calls the Governor's Mansion. Tall, aquiline of feature, with a quiet air of simple distinction, he seems physically more the picture of a Presidential candidate, somehow, than Alf.

John Landon played cautiously one of the most speculative games known to industry—and played it well enough to acquire a competence. His old associates say that he was as shrewd as a coyote but of unquestioned integrity. And always Republican politics had constituted his hobby. Even before he left Ohio he served as county committeeman; and he was a county chairman in Kansas. He never developed the faintest ambition to run for office. It was merely that he liked politics, old Kansans say. Which is important, because to his son, Alf Landon, brought up in such an atmosphere, skill with the minor tactics of politics became second nature. He was like an actor's child who never needs to learn how to act.

John Landon chose to have his son educated in the state of his adoption. The boy had developed a dim ambition to be a lawyer. He jumped over the academic degree, as was possible in those days, and entered the law school of the University of Kansas. His classmates remember him as a sprightly and sociable boy, not exactly the leader among the students but one of the leaders. He had played football in preparatory school; and to this day the game is his hobby. "Whenever Alf Landon visits our shop," said a Kansas City newspaperman, "if we miss him, we know how to find him. He'll be at the desk of the sporting editor, arguing about the kicking game or the lateral pass."

He was too light for university football, however. He liked to dance, and liked especially the teapot tempests of college politics. He played college politics so well, indeed, that the boys called him "Fox" Landon, a nickname which Kansas Democrats retain for him to this day.

JUST when he was admitted to the bar, his eyesight broke down temporarily. He went to work, as a stopgap, in a bank at Independence. When his eyes recovered, he became an independent oilman. He followed in the ways of his father. The typical practitioner of that craft has a habit of growing enthusiastic and shooting his wad—win or lose. Alf Landon never risked his whole stake, or anything like it. That was the Scottish and the Dutch of him. Gradually he accumulated a pile which to Independence seemed a fortune. And all the time he played with politics as had his father—so far as any one could see, for diversion.

In 1912 the Bull Moose movement split the party in Kansas and enabled the Democrats to startle the country by taking this citadel of Republicanism. The Landons followed Theodore Roosevelt. Arthur Capper, now perpetual senator from Kansas, made in this campaign his first try for office. The automobile was then a comparative novelty. John Landon had one; he lent it, together with his son as driver, to the campaign. And Capper remembers yet how much this volunteer chauffeur helped out by his knowledge of people and his shrewd advice. When we entered the war he became a first lieutenant in the Chemical Warfare Service.

Making a short story of it, Alf Landon swam upward in the submerged stratum of politics until in 1928 he managed Clyde Reed's campaign for governor, and won. Two years passed; and then Kansas, going Democratic for fair, elected Harry H. Woodring. As the upheaval of 1932 approached, it became apparent that Reed was out of the running. And here Alf Landon made the vital decision of his life. A year before the campaign he determined to have a try at it himself. It was months before even the Republican politicians knew why he was so seldom to be found in his home at Independence. He was pussyfooting through the state, getting himself solid with voters and leaders by the unostentatious methods he had learned in the county machine.

"At man-to-man tactics, he's a wizard," says one of his admiring henchmen. "He has tricks of his own. He doesn't go round handing out cigars like an old-timer.

DUTCH IN TENACITY, SCOTCH IN THRIFT, AND A GOOD AMERICAN MIXER . . . AN IMPARTIAL SCRUTINY OF THE YOUNG MIDWEST GOVERNOR WHOM HIS STATE IS BUILDING UP AS A PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

by

WILL IRWIN

His approach is, 'Brother, have you got a cigarette that isn't working?' Think that over. It's twice as good!"

With his own humorous persuasiveness, he picked off the voters and the leaders in detail and in small bunches. It was long before he could be persuaded to make a speech —"He was plumb platform shy," says this same ardent constituent. When finally he was cornered and had to talk in public, a representative of the opposing faction went down to look him over. "He was so bad," this man reported, "that they liked him!" The nominations were only a few weeks away when Landon made his announcement. By now he had the state sewed up. He won with surprising ease.

The general election that November was a political curiosity. Dr. John Brinkley, goat-gland specialist, had risen in Kansas. He was the first among those dispensers of radio fairy tales who have so complicated American politics during the past three years. He ran for governor as an independent, polling more than a quarter of a million votes. There is no knowing whether Landon would have beaten Woodring in a straight two-man fight. Probably not. At any rate, he won a plurality; and a narrow majority of the legislature squeezed through with him. In 1934 he ran for re-election. This time it was a straight two-man fight, the issue being the New Deal versus his own way with the economics of Kansas. And he won by a majority of 70,000.

HIS management of state finances constitutes the main hold of those supporters who are building him up. In this distressed period he has succeeded in reducing both taxes and debt. He worked on pay-as-you-go ground prepared by Woodring, his predecessor; in one of his speeches, Landon has acknowledged that. He reorganized and consolidated the bureaus, the educational system, the whole machine of state government and service. He reduced the only state indebtedness, that for soldiers' compensation bonds, by $1,750,000. And he did it while lowering the taxes. No small politician likes economy; but Landon somehow managed to make the privates of the party organization take it.

His policy on unemployment relief is closely knit with his program of economy. He believes in decentralized work with relief. If Independence, if Comanche County, gets all its funds from the bounty of the state or federal government, the tendency runs toward extravagance. And when it comes to distribution, Independence and Comanche County know better than any outsider whether Bill Smith is a worthy citizen or a cadger.

This policy has led Landon far afield. Not only has he dealt with state finances but, as leader of the dominant party in Kansas, with local finances. In the course of his work certain hard-pressed local governments have issued relief bonds amounting to $5,000,000. On the other hand, these same small units have reduced their indebtedness by nearly $22,000,000—the net reduction is 12 per cent. Part of this has come through force of example. "It's smart to be thrifty," advertised the department stores in the early days of the depression. Landon has put that motto into operation in Kansas.

The Democrats whisper that it is all a front; that Kansas could not have kept going but for the funds drawn from various forms of federal relief. There is something in this, but probably not too much. Other states which have received more money per capita have raised their taxes or gone into the red nevertheless.

So far as politicians can see at present, three issues will dominate the next national campaign—economy in

YOU'RE CRAZY, ANN!
WHO TOLD YOU COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM IS BETTER?
ALL I KNOW IS THAT OUR DRUGGIST SAID IT'S WONDERFUL FOR TENDER SKIN AND HE OUGHT TO KNOW!
SO JUST TO PLEASE HER
S-A-A-Y . . . THAT DRUGGIST KNOWS HIS STUFF . . . SMALL BUBBLES GIVE A REAL "SKIN-LINE" SHAVE . . . AND NOT A TRACE OF STING OR BURN!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN
DINNER THAT NIGHT
I WIN, DARLING . . . YOUR CHIN HAS NEVER BEEN SO CLEAN THIS LATE AT NIGHT!
YES, AND MY SKIN FEELS GREAT!
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too *big* to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

government, public relief, and that subsidy to the farmer that was symbolized by the AAA. How Landon stands on the first two issues, his record shows. As for the third, nobody knows. And it is the crux of the matter, so far as the Landon boom is concerned. President Roosevelt is showing signs, at the moment when I write, of lining up the agricultural South and West behind him against the industrial Northeast which has been paying the bill.

That it might be a strong alignment, no one doubts who knows the farmer of Kansas—or the farmer of Nebraska, Oklahoma, or Oregon, for that matter. And there was great political beauty in the AAA plan. The benefits came not indirectly, as in higher prices for wheat and hogs, but in the visible form of a substantial check. True, the more intelligent farmers have developed lately an unease about government extravagance. Also, all of them rather dislike the economics of scarcity. Destroying good crops goes against the grain. But on the other hand, the administration has not yet turned on the heat, as it will when the campaign approaches.

© Henderson

WILL IRWIN

is a star reporter of the first magnitude, with a long, shining record of service, particularly to Liberty, for which recently he "covered" the murder of Liggett in Minneapolis. He has also written noteworthy fiction.

If this issue comes strongly to the fore, so does Landon. The politicians believe he might carry Kansas and a block of the adjoining states where the farmer is king. As regards agricultural relief, he has fallen back on the Scotch in him and said no word. With one faint exception: Early in his term he spoke in cautious approval of the AAA as a necessary temporary measure. Neither has he suggested any other plan. Nevertheless, his supporters realize that the Republican platform must offer an alternative, or his position at the head of the ticket would be intolerable.

PERSONALLY, he is an easygoing Westerner who makes acquaintance and establishes mental contacts with marvelous speed. A welterweight in his youth, he has filled out to a middleweight with years. He has a compact head with a full thatch of iron-gray hair, whereof one lock insists upon falling over his forehead. Under insignificant eyebrows his dark deepset eyes burn like a smothered flame. His smile, which he displays often, is pleasant and contagious. When he grows serious, all the Scotch and Pennsylvania Dutch in him makes his mouth a close-shut trap. His movements are quick; when he walks, his feet have the effect of hurrying on before him. He has considerate manners. They say that he used to be something of a dude in college; now his womenfolks have constantly to correct his tendency toward casualness in dress.

He has improved somewhat as a speaker. He rolls his own—working with a lead pencil, tousled hair, and a sense of despair. The result is still often a trifle turgid; but, as William Allen White has remarked, there's always at least one good thought in it. For recreation he rides—in a dude saddle!—shoots and fishes a little, and plays bridge. His first wife died young, leaving a daughter who is now a co-ed at the state university. In 1930 he married the beautiful and well liked Theo Cobb, daughter of a Kansas banker. She has given him two children: a fascinating daughter, now three years old, and a son going on two.

His close associates say that his best practical qualities are his common sense and his capacity for keeping his mouth shut until the time for action arrives. Sometimes he takes a long time to make up his mind; but after he has settled on a course—"Well," said one of his friends, "you might as well argue with a balky horse, he's that stubborn."

HE is not, however, adamant against advice. For example, last year Secretary Ickes summoned him to an oil conference. That had been his business ever since he left college. Nevertheless, before he went to Washington he called the leading oilmen of Kansas to Topeka and drew on them for both advice and the latest information.

Some of his shrewdest critics have noted that he never goes more than three quarters of the way with his advisers. At a certain point he breaks away from the interference and makes his own way in a broken field. Nevertheless, he has proved a good conciliator. Even when he first ran for governor, that rift of 1912 between the regulars and the progressives among Kansas Republicans remained unwelded. He belonged always to the progressive wing. All those years the factions had been drawing together—the regulars growing more liberal, the progressives more conservative. David Mulvane, the old boss of the regular faction, had died, and Landon, as leader of his party, saw that John Hamilton, a young man of the regular faction, succeeded to the symbolic position of National Committeeman from Kansas.

This was one of the cases where he cut loose from the interference. It was a move for conciliation, and accomplished its purpose; but some of the more ardent partisans of his old faction liked it very little. Neither had they liked his running himself for governor in 1932 after managing Reed's campaign in 1928. By his undiplomatic zeal, Reed had made himself most unavailable as a candidate; but to the inner circle of his supporters he is an idol even to this day. They believe that Landon used their man as a ladder, and kicked it away after he had mounted the wall.

Going on with what his opposition says, there is the matter of oil. The farmer has a long memory. Ida Tarbell's History of the Standard Oil Company appears still to be standard reading in the agricultural South and West. Huey Long made notable use of the vague suspicion so engendered by attacking the local Standard Oil Company with hokum. On top of that, history piled the Teapot Dome affair. And of course Landon was an oil producer even before he was governor. Hence, the natural rumors that oilmen are trying to put him into the White House.

There is that question of indirect federal aid to his economy program. Perhaps in the long run his supporters have done him a disservice by virtually ignoring the matter in their rhapsodies over the state finances. After all, thirty other states are still in the black.

Beyond that come certain questions as to his limitations. Can he drive or compromise legislation through a legislature or congress with a majority of the opposite party? That is a supreme test for any chief executive —the test which Al Smith passed so well in New York. And even if we elect a Republican President and a Republican House in 1936, the Senate will remain Democratic until 1940. Landon has had a Republican majority in both houses of the state legislature—a narrow one, but enough.

HE has succeeded as a politician and administrator in a state of relatively small population, where it is possible to know and to win over every leading citizen by personal contact. In a national campaign such a method is of course impossible. Will Landon, who professedly is still learning how to speak from the platform or before the microphone, develop the power to project his attractive self over the footlights? Since Coolidge rose, times have changed. Now, perhaps, the ideal candidate to assail Roosevelt should be not a closemouthed "Fox" but one who knows how to do a little leonine roaring.

Landon has lived his life and done his work in the small towns of the Middle West. He has had no direct contact with New York, the home of that money devil which is such a favored fetish of Kansan politics; only casual experience with Washington; and no firsthand knowledge of that Europe whose troubles will sit on the pillow of any President during the next five years. He has kept up with affairs through reading, but personal contact is a different thing.

Finally, is he big enough? Maybe; but until he goes into action no one can tell. One politician's estimate of him is "first-rate second-rater." How just it is remains to be seen.

But in all this questioning and criticism one note, woefully common in our politics, is pleasantly lacking. No one questions his integrity in either his private affairs or his conduct of his office as governor.

THE END

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
FLOATIN' DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI
SO, YOU BOYS CRAVE TO DO A 'HUCKLEBERRY FINN' AND FLOAT DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI ON A RAFT? WELL, MY DAD TRIED ONCE. HE AND HIS PAL WORKED ALL WINTER PREPARING A BIG RAFT OF LOGS TO SELL DOWN-RIVER IN NEW ORLEANS. BEING BROKE, THEY LIVED ON BEANS AND CATFISH —
— ONE DAY, TWO BIG STEAMBOATS CAME ROARING 'ROUND THE BEND. THE ROBERT E. LEE AND THE NATCHEZ WERE USING UP THE WHOLE DERN RIVER TO HOLD THEIR FAMOUS RACE —
THE WASH FROM THOSE PADDLE-WHEELS TORE THEIR RAFT APART AND SCATTERED IT FROM HERE TO YONDER —
RAFT GONE — NO FOOD OR MONEY, THEY TRAMPED THE WEARY MILES HOME WITH ONLY GROUND-UP WILLOW BARK TO SMOKE IN THEIR PIPES —
NOW, IF YOU BOYS HANKER TO FLOAT DOWN THE RIVER — REMEMBER THREE THINGS — HAVE A GOOD FLATBOAT — KEEP AWAY FROM RACING STEAMBOATS — AND TAKE ALONG PLENTY OF PRINCE ALBERT!

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GET ON THE JOY ROAD—FOR GOOD!

We say "Prince Albert has to satisfy you." And we believe it will. For we use only choice tobaccos—"crimp cut" for coolness —with the "bite" removed. What enticing fragrance! Smoke up—and the wonder grows. You're on the joy road now. New pipe contentment is yours. Note our fair-and-square man-to-man offer whereby satisfaction is guaranteed. Prince Albert is mild and flavory in roll-your-own cigarettes too.

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

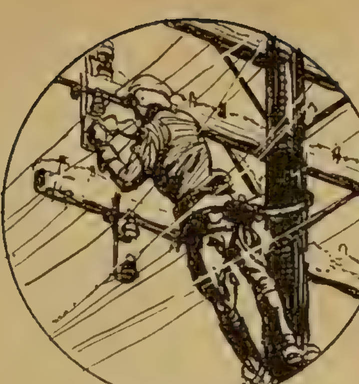
OUR POSITIVE NO-RISK OFFER

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*)
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

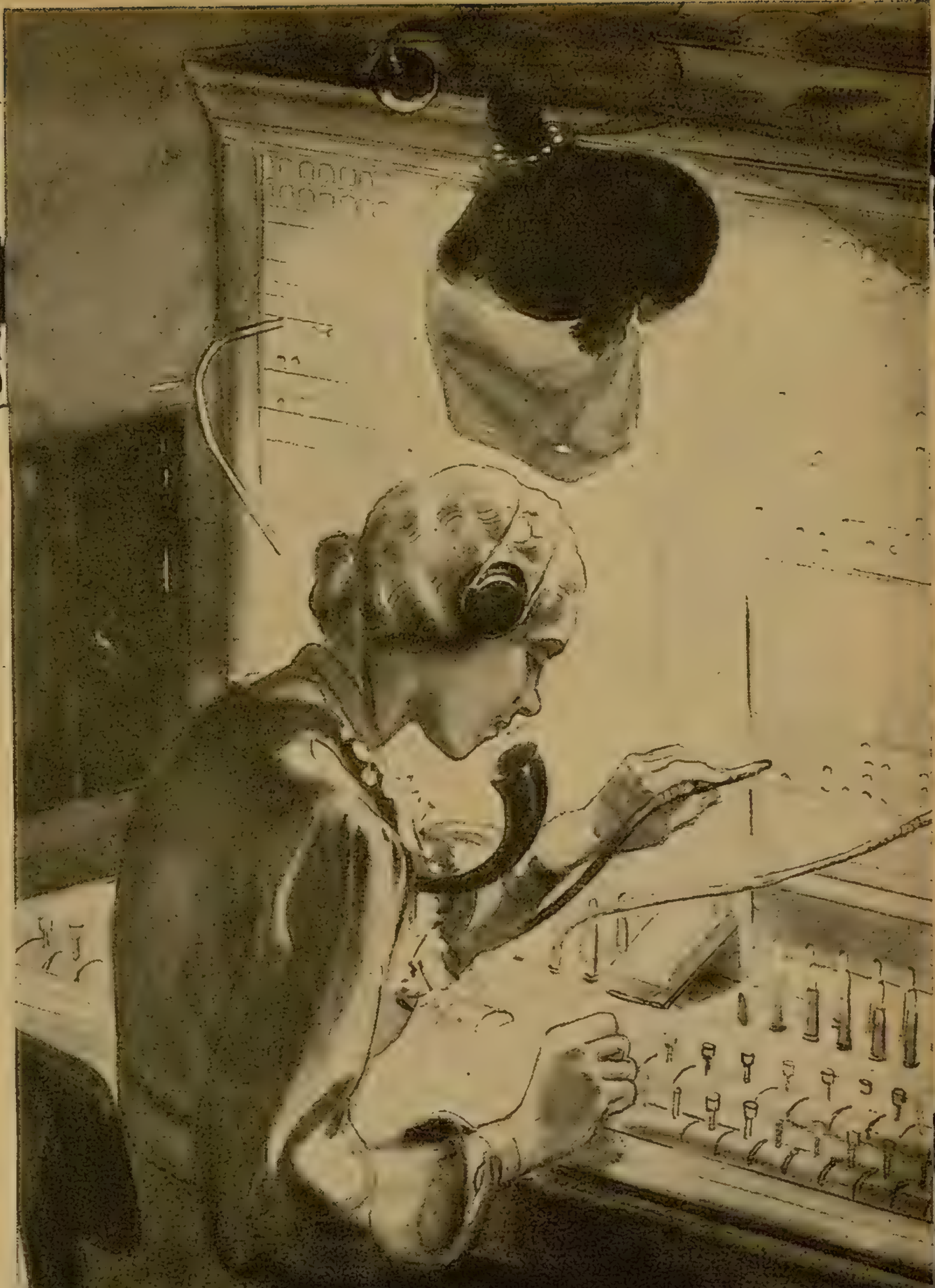
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert



Night

A Vivid Story of Storm-Stripped Secrets and a Girl Whose Hands Held a Tangled Web of Troubled Hearts and Lives

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 57 SECONDS



The Cameron light came up. Dr. Berg's voice said: "Mrs. Cameron is gone. Joey wanted me to thank you."

THE wind howled down the Duck Creek line like a banshee when Teckla plugged in on the toll switchboard at ten o'clock.

"It looks like a slow night," said Kathie Willets, whom Teckla was relieving. "There's only one toll ticket. Chicago, rush."

Teckla spread her big raw hand over the square of paper. Kathie's youthful scribble told her that Meyer Hoffman, proprietor of the Hotel Northwestern, was calling one Isadore Bloch, Hotel Calvert, Chicago.

"My land! Meyer put that call in before I left this morning," commented Teckla, fitting her headpiece away from the sore side of her ear. She took her black alpaca apron which she always wore on duty, and swished it energetically through the air to dispel the sickening fragrance of Kathie's perfume. "What's the matter, that you couldn't get him?"

Kathie shot a contemptuous glance at the big Swede. Teckla had now creaked into the revolving chair and hooked her number nines around the curved legs. She reminded Kathie of a flagpole sitter ensconced on a perilous pinnacle against time and weather.

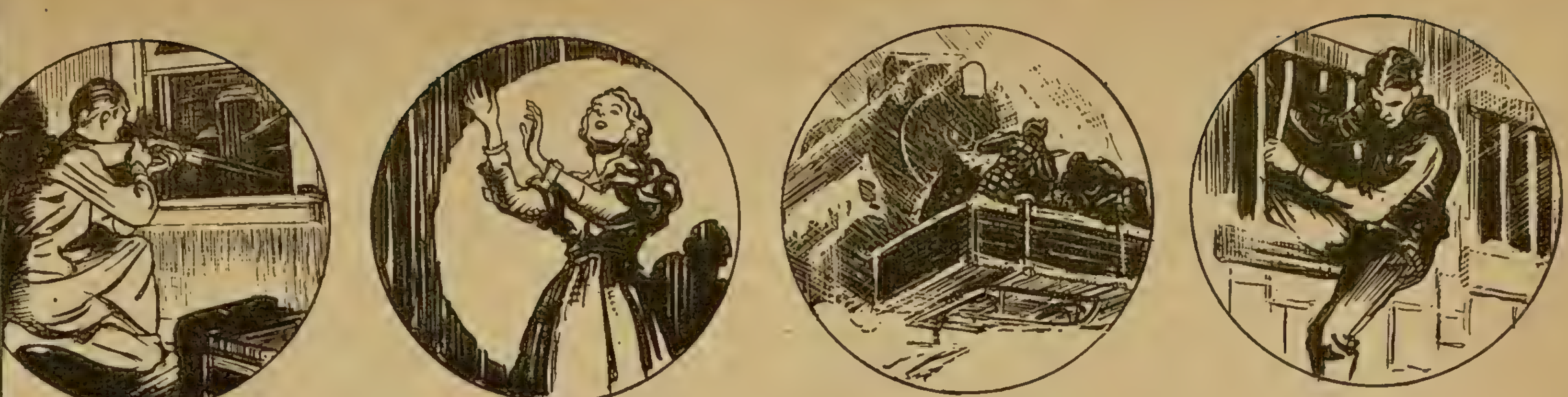
"The matter is that there's only one clear line out of Winnesaukee tonight," said Kathie. "The matter is that telephone and telegraph lines throughout Wisconsin are hanging in the snowdrifts. The matter is that a sixty-mile gale is tearing in from Lake Michigan. But of course those little obstacles won't prevent *Teckla Thorkelson* from getting Chicago."

"*Ach,*" began Teckla impatiently, and reached over to plug out a wildly flickering light on the local switchboard.

"Hellow! Hellow!" came Hoffman's hoarse voice. "*Gott!* such a service. Chicago, *ja,* a fat chance I have! Not even the local zentral can I get. Hellow, Kathie. Iss that you?"

"This is Teckla," answered an impassive Nordic voice.

"Listen, Teckla!" Hoffman shouted. "You got my call there? All right. Now listen, once. This feller Bloch has been waiting to hear from me since yesterday. He's going to buy out my hotel. Understand? This is the first chance I've had in six years. But he don't wait for nobody, that feller!" A contemptuous *phtt!* sounded above the whine of the wire. "Yesterday I got clear title,



Operator

by LUCILE SELK EDGERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR McGRAW

today I sell. But he only waits till midnight. Understand? If he don't hear from me by then, he buys out the Starret at Oshkosh. Already it's ten o'clock. For *Gott's* sake, Teckla, get him for me! Get me Chicago. The other girl gets no farther than Three Corners. What's the matter with them wires? Why ain't they some men out fixing them up? No telegraph wires, no trains out—the country sure goes to hell! I gotta get Chicago. Do you hear?"

Straining her arm to keep the plug in the far jack, Teckla answered impassively, "All right, Mr. Hoffman; I'll do my best."

"*Ja*, your best!" An abysmal sigh wafted over the wire, followed by an ear-splitting click of the receiver.

"Did you hear about Jean McNulty being in the Duck Creek smashup?" asked Kathie, buckling on her galoshes.

"Jean McNulty!" Teckla's consternation turned quickly to grim acceptance of fate. "I always said that little vixen would get a jolt some day. Well, I'm sorry, anyway. Was she hurt bad?"

"Completely jammed up. In fact, they say she won't pull through. Well, here goes little Kathie Willets out into the blustering nor'wester! So long, Teckla."

Teckla yanked her plug out of the local board and settled down to the business of putting through Hoffman's call. The knot of yellow hair at the back of her head, her red unpowdered face glowed with content. This was her world. By night she reigned here, unchallenged. Wires from this small outmoded office in the upper back rooms of Meisel's shoe store reached to all parts of the land. They brought romance and power to her thirty-five years—years spent on a humdrum farm at the edge of Winnesaukee.

She took a firmer hold with her number nines, picked a plug, jammed it into a worn jack labeled THREE CORNERS, and pressed down on the button with a thumb flattened by twenty years of unstinted ringing.

"This is Three Corners," chirped a bright young voice.

"Hello, Sadie."

"Hello, Teckla. You want Chicago? Chicago is still out of order. I've been trying to get through to Duck Creek for you. Out of order, too. I'll keep at it, Teckla."

Teckla cut out and picked up a light on the local switchboard. It was the Cameron house. Mrs. Cameron had been very low last night. That cancer—

"Number, please?"

Belle Rogge, the nurse, called for Dr. Berg's residence, and Teckla dutifully listened in on the conversation. The doctor was at Duck Creek, fifteen miles away. The McNulty sleighing party, on its way to a barn dance, had been smashed into by a snow-blinded freight. Three persons had been killed. The doctor was patching up seven seriously injured.

Teckla's scraggy brows contracted.

"Belle," she interposed, "I'll keep right after Duck Creek for you. Is Mrs. Cameron bad off tonight?"

"Awful bad, Teckla. I don't give her another twenty-four hours. With such a heart. And always calling for Joey."

With her left hand Teckla again plugged into Three Corners; with her right she picked up Greenwood Sanatorium.

"Hello, operadah?" a deep feminine contralto billowed into her ears. "This is Mme. Marga Freiburg speaking. I vish to place a call."

Teckla's brows twitched. Mme. Freiburg, the great Austrian prima donna! She had sung a concert in Winnesaukee last week.

"I vant you to get for me my daughter, Charlotte Freiburg, Municipal Opera, New York. Tonight she makes her operatic debut *und* I cannot be there. Here I am in a plaster cast, my leg broken. That *verdammtes* ice by the hotel! All veek I have lain here in my bed vorrying how I get to New York, *und* suddenly I think, but sure! I will telephone! You get me New York, eh?"

The Cameron light came up again, flashing urgently.

"There's a lot of line trouble tonight, Mme. Freiburg, but I'll do my best to put through your call. . . . Operator. . . . Yes, Belle?"

"Have you located Dr. Berg yet?" asked Miss Rogge.

"No. I can't get through to Duck Creek. How—"

"Bad, Teckla. Awful bad. If I just knew what to do about her heart. And that continual begging for Joey!"

"I'll keep at it every minute, Belle."

Teckla hung over the Three Corners connection and rang with a dogged persistence. She could hear the wind wailing like a fiend down the empty line; she could hear it batter the skylights overhead, hear the matted pellets of snow and hail rattle against the heavy glass like a barrage of gunfire. The round-bellied sheet-iron stove glowed red as the wind spiraled down the chimney and whipped to ravenous fire the two chunks of wood Kathie had thrown in before she left. The little copper teakettle that Teckla kept boiling for her midnight coffee sang courageously.

Teckla sat so close over her board as to give the appearance of crawling into it. Her thin mouth was pushed deep into the transmitter; her big feet in their clumsy shoes were hooked tensely around the legs of her chair.

With her right thumb she bore down on the button that roused the night operator at Three Corners.

"Hello, Winnesaukee! Can you hear me?"

A lineman! The voice, so eerie, so casual, came from the top of a telephone pole somewhere out in the wind-tortured wilderness.

"Hey, Jerry! Sure I can hear you! You fixing my line to Chicago?"

"Hello, Winnesaukee! Hello, Chicago! *Hel*-lo!" The voice trailed off thin and fragile as a flute note.

Teckla bore down on the button in savage disappointment.

"This is Three Corners," chirped Sadie's bright young voice.

"For heaven's sake, Sadie, where you been?"

"Just got your signal now, Teckla."

"I been ringing five minutes straight. These one-horse companies—phooey! I wish they'd sell out to the national line. Equipment thirty years old. Cams that stick, buttons without springs, cords bound up like disabled veterans. It's a wonder I get anything. Haven't you got Duck Creek yet?"

"Not yet. But I'm ringing, Teckla. I'll stay with it."

Sadie's cam brought down a wall of silence. Teckla hunched over her board. She rang Dr. Berg's residence and asked if the doctor had returned yet. He had not. Her intense blue eyes focused on the Cameron light. She saw the whole Cameron tragedy in that half-inch disk: Mrs. Cameron, the sensitive and adoring mother slowly dying of cancer; Joey, the twenty-year-old son, pacing his cell at Waupun while he served sentence for robbery.

Teckla remembered vividly the night the robbery occurred. She remembered Joey calling in at midnight to say hello as he always did. He was night clerk, then, at Hoffman's Hotel Northwestern. It was two in the morning when Hoffman himself called from the hotel and asked for the police station. Teckla dutifully listened in, to hear Hoffman report that his nineteen-year-old son Rex had just caught Joe Cameron in the act of burglarizing the hotel safe.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Jewelry—real jewelry—marks the Paris season, being worn with all kinds of dresses, from the simplest to the sumptuous regalia inspired by notable periods in the historic past. The Orient is given credit for the sumptuous mode. Real (?) pearls are always appreciated, while gauntlet bracelets are in high favor at the moment, two or three sometimes being worn on one wrist.

Ears seem undressed without fine diamonds or excellent imitations. It is noticeable that many of these are worn in pierced ears, this probably making wearers more comfortable in carrying about the family wealth than would the clip or screw style.

—DORAMILLER.

Joey had not had much show at the trial. Every one knew the devotion he had for his invalid mother. Every one knew that he would go to any extreme to help her. Radium treatments and drugs and a nurse in constant attendance were a heavy drag on a night clerk's salary.

Teckla remembered the ruthlessness with which Hoffman had prosecuted Joey. She remembered how suddenly Joey was whisked away from his sick mother's bedside—and how, just as suddenly, dapper Rex Hoffman left for Havana.

The two lights came up again: the Hotel Northwestern and Greenwood Sanatorium. Teckla favored the diva.

"Operadah? . . . This is Mme. Freiburg. Have you got yet New York? I'm calling my daughter Charlotte at the Municipal Opera. I'm vaiting. It's half past ten already."

"Yes, Mme. Freiburg. I'll get New York for you as soon as I have a line to Chicago. . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Hoffman. Yes, I'm trying to get Chicago."

"Listen once, Teckla. I'm in an awful shpot. I gotta sell out this hotel before midnight. That big elephant of a Freiburg takes it out on me that she can't hear her daughter singing grand opera. She's going to sue me! Do you hear? Sue me because she fell on the ice by the hotel and broke her leg! In twenty years a thousand actors have shlipped on that ice and broke no legs. Get me Chicago. Get me Isadore Bloch. Hotel Calvert. Don't you understand I got till only midnight? Since last night I've been trying to get that feller. If I don't give him word by midnight he buys out the Starret at Oshkosh!"

The cams clicked, shutting out the distracted protests. Overhead the ice pellets beat against the skylights; the frozen gale moaned in its bitterness. Teckla got up from her chair, seized two chunks of wood and dropped them into the white-hot maw of the stove. She slid back and plugged out a steady new light.

"Hello, Winnesaukee! Can you hear me? Can you hear me?"

The lineman again!

"Hello, Jerry! I can barely hear you. Have you fixed my line to Chicago?"

"Hello, Winnesaukee!" The words came in relays now. "Temporary line. . . . Hold fifteen minutes. Can't—Alone. Going down for help."

"Where are you, Jerry?"

"Hintzler farm. . . . Get help there. Chicago wire in half-hour."

"Right!"

Teckla hooked her feet higher around the legs of her chair, plugged in on Three Corners, and this time to Sadie's bright response said confidently: "Give me Duck Creek." If that line held for fifteen minutes she might be able to put through both long-distance calls.

The night chief operator at Duck Creek had been receiving and sending emergency calls since six o'clock, the time of the smashup. She knew the location of every doctor within a radius of fifty miles and the condition of every victim of the accident.

"Dr. Berg left Duck Creek a half-hour ago," she reported. "He said he would stop at Nienaber's, eig miles down the road, and give Winnesaukee a ring."

"Right, Duck Creek," said Teckla. "Give me Chi—"

Teckla brought down her cam suddenly, closing out Duck Creek. Her eyes were caught by a light that burned in the farthest corner of the local board. It was the Olson farmhouse signal—and Teckla knew that the Olsons had been driven out of their place by destitution two months ago and had gone to live with relatives. She knew that the house had been empty since their departure.

Simultaneously the wind died and the ice pellets melted into soft snowiness and beat like muted wings on the glass overhead. The light burned more brightly than any switchboard lamp Teckla had ever seen. She slipped her plug out of the toll position and moved over to the local board. She connected with the board and with a single click slipped a plug into the jack. Then she threw back the old-fashioned cam.

A live, teeming silence greeted her —a breathless, tense silence.

"Number, please?" invited her quiet Nordic voice.

The silence doubled in volume, in tensity. She sensed an ear straining to assure itself of that silence, sensed breath held in abeyance. Then a voice came over the wire, arresting as the first word of a prayer:

"Teckla—"

TECKLA'S memory moved here, there, through her eyes, connecting. She expelled her breath, caught the last gust of it sharply to form the words: "Joey. Joe Cameron!"

"Teckla — I just escaped from Waupun."

Teckla's hand moved away from the board, out toward the bitter night, protectively.

"I had to see mother! I've been trying for weeks. I had no chance till today—the storm. How is she, Teckla? Tell me!"

Teckla's thin lips pushed into the transmitter, taut, purposeful.

"Joey, your mother is very sick." She wanted to be gentle, yet tell him how desperately sick, too.

"Teckla, you'll help me to get there, won't you? You can do something—find some way?"

A light beamed to the right of the connection, an eight-party farm-line signal. And one of the parties on that line was the Nienaber farmhouse.

"Wait just a second, Joey." She plugged in.

"Hello, there, Teckla," boomed a deep-chested voice. "This is Dr. Berg. Any calls for me?"

"Dr. Berg. Oh, doctor! From the Camerons'. Belle Rogge's been trying to get you all evening."

"Mrs. Cameron? I expected that. All right, my girl. What can you dig up for me in the way of transportation? I'm at Nienaber's. Nothing here. My car's stuck a mile down the road."

Teckla's blue eyes stared at a point of concentration. Farther down on the

Don't let this happen to you!

Has your wife been picking hairs off your shoulder?

Are there telltale bristles in your comb?

Is your coat collar flecked with dandruff?

Get Kreml!

Here's a combination dressing-tonic that won't make you look like a gigolo.

It makes hair behave without plastering it down.

It removes every speck of dandruff.

It's marvelous for falling hair.

In the barber shop, ask for Kreml.

Keep a bottle always on your bathroom shelf.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

Use this olive oil shampoo. It simply billows with cleansing, purifying lather.

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

board, Meyer Hoffman and Mme. Freiburg were signaling furiously. She gave directions as she formulated plans.

"I'll send a cutter for you. I'll get one of the boys—from home. You be ready. He'll come for you in—half an hour." She took down the connection and switched back to Joey.

"Joey, are you dressed warm?"

His voice answered in harassed jerks:

"I'm all right. But what—"

"Listen. It's a half-mile hike from Olsons' to our barn. Go to our barn and take the key you'll find on the ledge above the doorway. Old Robin is in the first stall. He'll let you harness him without making no fuss. Take the cutter and drive as fast as you can to the Nienaber farmhouse. Dr. Berg is there. Pick him up."

There was a silence into which Teckla could read only one meaning.

"You know, Joey, if there's one man in town you can trust, it's Dr. Berg."

"I know. But—do you mean that—the doctor has been wanted at the house tonight?"

"Yes, Joey. Badly."

There came a muffled "Thank you," the swift soundless replacing of the receiver on its hook. Teckla pulled out the plug and the milky disk of the lamp glared coldly.

She stepped to the other end of the board.

"Central," she said. She still used the phrases that were in vogue when she had learned the business twenty years before.

"In the name of *Gott*, what goes on up there, anyway? Are you shleeping, drunk, or deat? What about my call? What about Chicago? Here it is almost eleffen and you—"

"I just got a line to Chicago, Mr. Hoffman. I'll put through your call immediately. . . . Hello, Three Corners, give me Duck Creek again. . . . Hello, Duck Creek? Winnesaukee calling Chicago. . . . Hello, Chicago. *Hel*-lo!"

There followed a silence of five long minutes. The wind soughed to life again and sent its weird moan down the wire. Soft clots of snow crystallized to hard pellets that resumed their metallic clattering on the skylights. The Chicago operator's voice sounded like a broken sob from Antarctica.

"Winnesaukee Wisconsin calling Isadore Bloch, Hotel Calvert. Winnesaukee Wisconsin calling Isadore Bloch, Hotel Calvert. *Can you hear me, Chicago?*"

"I can hear you, Winnesaukee!"

Teckla waited another five minutes.

"Hello, Winnesaukee? Mr. Bloch left the Hotel Calvert fifteen minutes ago for the Sturtevant. Shall I try to reach him there?"

"Right!"

TECKLA switched cams.

"I've located Mr. Bloch, Mr. Hoffman. He's at the Hotel Sturtevant. They're calling him to the phone."

"My *Gott*, don't let go of him! Hang on to him. It's after eleffen already. He's there to make a deal for the Starret. Shtick by him—understand me? I'll buy you the biggest box of candy in Winnesaukee. The biggest—"

"Central," said Teckla, plugging in on Greenwood Sanatorium.

"Operadah! This is Mme. Marga Freiburg again. Do you understand who it is calling? Mme. Marga Freiburg of the Metropolitan Opera Company. I'm calling my daughter Charlotte in New York. I fell on the ice coming out of the Hotel Northwestern *und* I'm in a cast at Greenwood Sanatorium. I vish to hear my daughter sing La Bohème. I—"

"Yes, Mme. Freiburg; hold the wire. . . . Hello, Chicago! Mr. Bloch has left the Sturtevant? He's gone back to the Hotel Calvert? Will you keep after him? . . . Right! . . . Hello, Mr. Hoffman. Mr. Bloch has left the Sturtevant and gone back to the Hotel Calvert. . . . Why, Mr. Hoffman! Why, of course. Yes. Yes, Mr. Hoffman. I'll do that. . . . *What?* Certainly I know! . . .

"Hello, Chicago. Winnesaukee Wisconsin calling Charlotte Freiburg, Municipal Opera House. . . . Right. Just a moment, Mme. Freiburg. . . .

There came a complete lull in office and on wire. The line to Chicago sang with a sustained high-pitched resonance connecting two worlds, the cosmic and the human. Teckla listened as she had done for twenty years, thrilling anew to the fascination of it.

It was eleven thirty. Under roofs sheeted with ice and snow Winnesaukee's twelve thousand souls snuggled in their blankets. Three days now the blizzard had raged. On the country roads thirty-foot waves of snow lay like carved white billows.

Teckla sat hunched over her Chicago connection, listening to the sound of the wire. Chicago was taking a long time to make a report. Well, New York was pretty far off and the blizzard raged from the Atlantic to Denver.

She got up, took a little coffeepot from a small cupboard on one side of the wall, and measured coffee and water into it. Then she placed the pot on the back of the stove.

She went back to the board, took her customary stance, and rang Chicago. The operator did not answer immediately. Not strange, thought Teckla, on such a night. She rang again and again.

MEYER HOFFMAN'S light came up, flashing peremptorily. She plugged in but she did not open the cam. The unprecedented occurrence of the Thorkelson light coming up at that hour stayed her. With a quick jab she picked up the signal. Her brother Sven's gruff voice mumbled an uncertain "Hello?"

"What's the matter, Sven? What you calling for this time of night?"

"I heard the horses whinnying, and when I looked out the window I saw a man prowling around the barn. I just thought I'd call in and tell you."

"What did he do, that man?"

"I fired off my shotgun through the window and he ran away."

"Away? In the storm?"

"Yes. He ran toward town. Toward Hintzlers'. I didn't hit him—he kept on going. Well, all right, Teckla. Good night."

"Good night, Sven."

Teckla pulled out the plug and absent-mindedly inserted it in Hoffman's jack.

"In the name of heffen, where haf you been? I was ringing here ten minutes."

"I didn't get your signal, Mr. Hoffman."

"That's what you always say. All night, all day you don't get my signal. What about Chicago? Haf you got any report yet?"

"Not yet. I'm trying to get the Chicago operator now."

"Sure. When I poke you up, then you're trying. Well, keep on. Here I shtay till you get her!"

Teckla rang. The song of the wire had changed. The resonance, the mystery were gone. The human factor was missing.

She bore down on the button with her hard thumb, but no one answered. Neither Chicago nor Duck Creek.

She opened the cam on Meyer Hoffman's connection.

"Mr. Hoffman," she said in her impassive Nordic voice, "my line to Chicago has gone as dead as a doornail."

"*What? What's that you say?*" Teckla closed the cam. Her thoughts were only remotely upon Hoffman now. Joey—what about Joe Cameron? In a few minutes she opened the cam again. When she thought the outburst of abuse and profanity had spent itself, she opened it and put in her quiet piece of advice:

"Don't get so wrought up, Mr. Hoffman. A lineman is working on that Chicago wire now. It's bound to be O. K. in a short time. You stay right there and I'll report to you minute by minute."

She glanced at the clock. It was twenty minutes to twelve. It was an hour since she had talked to Joey. What had become of him? Of Dr. Berg?

She rang Three Corners. She rang steadily, staring with a mingling of preoccupation and scorn at Hoffman's protesting red light. But she could not even raise Three Corners now. The world was glacial. Its last wire nerve hung insulated in ice.

The humor of the two flashing lights, Hoffman's and Freiburg's, suddenly struck Teckla. This was really funny! If Hoffman didn't get Chicago he lost the deal of a lifetime. And if Freiburg didn't get Chicago she would sue the hotel man for falling on the ice—and undoubtedly collect. Coming and going, Hoffman was catching it.

For a long time she sat watching the two waiting signals. Again she looked at the clock. It was a minute to twelve. She cut in on Hoffman's connection. A monologue, punctuated with deep sighs and weary oaths, fell upon her ear.

"I'm ringing, Mr. Hoffman," she reported methodically. "I'm ringing, Mme. Freiburg."

She sat there, watching the clock with a quizzical expression on her homely features. She watched the hands crawl with incredible swiftness to the top, where they met in a gesture of consummation. Then Teckla knew that the opera was over, the dead line was passed.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hoffman. . . . I'm sorry, Mme. Freiburg." She spoke into both opened cams at once. "My line to Chicago has been dead since half past eleven." . . .

When they were gone, Teckla got up, took off her headpiece, and gently rubbed her inflamed ear. She lifted the lid of the coffeepot and a pillar of aromatic steam spiraled out.

From her tin lunch box she took out a big square of cheese kuchen, and from the cupboard a cup and saucer. She placed these articles on one end of the toll switchboard and began to eat her repast.

The Cameron light came up. She hastily put on her headpiece and plugged in on the jack.

"Yes?" she said breathlessly.

"I'm calling for Joey," Dr. Berg's voice said. "Mrs. Cameron is gone. Joey wanted me to thank you."

"Then he got there? He saw her in time?"

"Yes."

"I'm so glad! What did he tell her? Surely not that he had escaped!"

"No; he told her he was free."

"*Ach*, the poor boy."

"Teckla," said Dr. Berg, "give me the police station."

With all her being Teckla rebelled at putting through that connection. But she plugged in on the familiar number. Then she listened in dutifully.

"CAPTAIN HARPER, this is Dr. Berg. I have a man you'll be looking for in the morning—Joe Cameron. He escaped from Waupun this evening. . . . Hold on there a minute. I don't think you're going to want him long. Remember that little McNulty girl Rex Hoffman used to run around with? She was in that sleigh the freight smashed into tonight. . . . Yes, hurt badly. Well, she thought she was checking out and she told me something. I'm going to tell you now—it might induce you to let Joey spend the night beside his mother. It was Hoffman's son who cleaned out the hotel safe that night. He and the girl spent the money together before he left for Havana. She's at Duck Creek. Emergency Hospital. You can go there for verification. You can also call on the old man. He's known it all the time. . . . Does Joey stay? Thank you, Captain Harper." . . .

From midnight until two Teckla sat listening to the storm dying over Winnesaukee. Then a light came in. She adjusted her headpiece and picked up the signal.

"Hello, Winnesaukee! *Hel*-lo!" It was the eerie voice of the lineman.

"For heaven's sake, Jerry! Where have you been?"

"Where have I been? Out here at the Hintzler farmhouse!"

"What happened to my line to Chicago?"

"What happened to my truck and equipment? Can I put up a line to Chicago without equipment?"

"Well—what happened to it?"

"Some one ran off with it. I went up to the Hintzler farmhouse to get help in the gale, and when I got back some one was scooting down the road from your place and made off with my truck! Here's your line to Chicago, Teckla. Hello, Chicago! Everything O. K., thank you!"

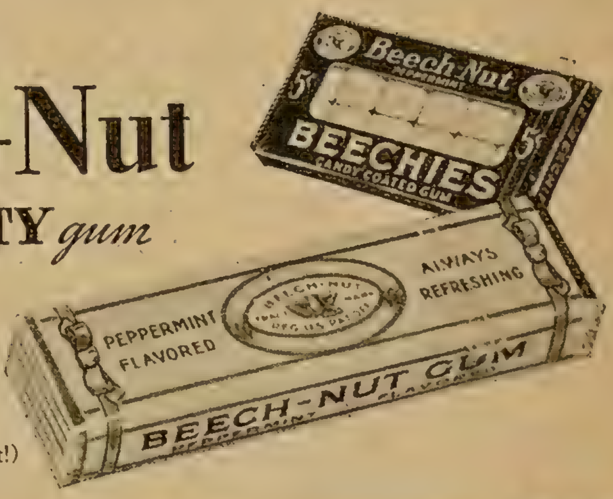
A long time after—a very long time after Jerry must have climbed down from the pole—Teckla said: "Right, Jerry. Everything O. K."

THE END

You missed your coffee* and missed your train,
The market is acting sick again . . .
A shipment is missing in Timbuctoo,
You missed a contract in Kalamazoo,
And all the ills to which man is heir
Are getting into your graying hair . . .
Then one thing stands like a beacon light,
A flavor that makes the world seem bright,
A tasty friend who is always right . . .
So dig for coin, buy a pack of your own
Before you throttle the telephone!

Compose yourself
with
Beech-Nut
the **QUALITY** *gum*

(*Of course it was Beech-Nut!)



HOW HOLLYWOOD

Editor's Note: Out of consideration for the parents of adopted children and for the children themselves, Liberty is withholding the name of the child-adoption "clearinghouse" referred to in this article.

Among the Screen's Brightest Stars Maternity Comes High: Here's Why—and What Some of Them Have Done About It

by

MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

HOW much would a baby be worth to you?

If you already have one, of course there isn't enough money in the world to buy him—or her. But for a baby as a new investment how much could you afford to pay? From $30,000 to $400,000?

Something like this, in cold cash, represents the high cost of becoming a mother for a Hollywood star: the salary she sacrifices. And the salary loss may be only one installment of the price she pays. To accept the role of mother she may have to lay down another role offering the supreme opportunity of her professional career. In the screen world opportunity seldom knocks twice, nor do the flapping wings of the stork endear to any producer a brilliant and promising young actress for whom at the last moment he must find a substitute in a stellar part—perhaps after he has already spent several millions on his picture.

Taking time out to be a mother, leaving her public for her nursery, even a star of stars may discover a year later that her public has left her! She may be literally crowded out of the picture by faces as lovely, personalities as arresting, with the charm of novelty.

Finally, Hollywood places a definite value in dollars and cents on youthful perfection of face and body. Every woman knows that both may be damaged by the ordeal of childbirth.

And yet they still have babies in Hollywood—in one way or another. Some arrive by the natural route. Many others are adopted. By resorting to that expedient any screen favorite can have her cake of stardom while at the same time eating her cake of motherhood.

Ruby Keeler with seven-weeks-old Al Jolson, Jr., whom she and Al adopted.

The financial risk which she runs when she herself bears the child is illustrated conspicuously by the case of Helen Twelvetrees. Some three years ago Helen's weekly envelope contained $2,500. She became the mother of little Jack Woody, and gave a full year to the job—without pay. Jack's initial cost thus amounted to $130,000. Indirectly he was to cost his mother far more. Advance notice of his arrival deprived her of the role for which she was booked in the now famous Bill of Divorcement. Katharine Hepburn picked that plum, instead—and Helen Twelvetrees has never regained her prematernal professional position. She has fought for it gallantly, but her present occasional appearances earn her nothing like $2,500 a week. She has now gone to Australia to make a picture.

While Norma Shearer's star seems likely to shine more brightly than ever after her year's retirement for the advent of her new little daughter, Katharine, Norma too has found motherhood expensive. Hers might be called the half-million-dollar nursery, for she gave up almost that sum—approximately $400,000—as the price of Katharine and of her older brother, Irving Thalberg, Jr. Norma's forty-week contract with M-G-M nets her about $5,000 a week. You can figure up the total of her two maternity leaves of a year each.

Young Katharine, incidentally, set back M-G-M a pretty penny, since her imminence suspended operations on the superspecial, Marie Antoinette, after much important money had been spent in preparation and even the costumes were all ready for the camera. However, Norma says that a little girl was just what she and Irving, Sr., wanted, and that if she can only find the time she'll have two or three more children. She considers them a safeguard against marital unrest, and her marriage certainly is rated one of Hollywood's happiest.

Lovely Frances Dee is another actress who has paid twice for the privilege of maternity. When her first son, Joel Dee McCrea, was born, two years ago, Frances was out of the pictures for ten months, thus losing some $60,000. An equal sum was renounced when her second baby arrived in November—another son, named David Thomas McCrea. Also—like Helen Twelvetrees—Frances had to surrender a splendid starring role in Ramona.

Miriam Hopkins's son by adoption, Michael. He wants to be an aviator.

Gloria Stuart lost at least $20,000 in roles which she had to give up immediately after the birth of her little daughter, Sylvia Vaughn Sheekman, because Gloria's figure was too matronly. Before her child's birth she had already sacrificed $30,000 in

SHOPS FOR BABIES

salary. She has gone back to work only recently.

From the viewpoint of finances, it seems obvious that a lovely lady in Hollywood can much more easily afford to adopt an infant than to have one of her own.

There is perhaps no more shining example of true maternal passion for an adopted baby than Miriam Hopkins affords. She has been married more than once, and she confided to a friend that she would like nothing better than having a large family. In her case—unless her first attempt were crowned with quintuplets—a large family would run into money. She is at present collecting the neat little sum of $3,500 a week, for which she makes at least three or four pictures a year.

Burns and Allen "shopped" for their infant daughter, Sandra Jean Burns.

Nevertheless, she is an ardently devoted mother to sturdy little Michael whom she found in a famous clearing-house for children. For a year and a half Miss Hopkins investigated homes and organizations which take charge of orphans. Her friends say that she could write a survey report on the care and placement of such children, so direct and thorough was her research. Everywhere she found delightful youngsters—healthy, handsome, adorable. Yet Michael was instinctively and unalterably her choice—she says it was simply a case of love at first sight.

Carol Ann, Hollywood star, and her foster father, a Mr. Beery.

He is a handsome blond boy who looks a little like her and who wants to be an aviator. Since he became legally her son a trust fund has been set aside for him. She has " gone domestic " to the extent of buying Elisabeth Marbury's old home on Sutton Place in New York City, where she spends as much time as Hollywood permits. Sometimes Michael comes with her to California.

" It takes a child to round out the pattern of life," she says. " I think spiritual motherhood is far more important than physical."

DOUBLE proof of the satisfaction to be found in foster motherhood is offered by Gracie Allen, brilliantly " dumb " better half of Burns and Allen, the act beloved by motion-picture, vaudeville, and radio audiences. Both she and her husband, George Burns, have so much enjoyed being parents to Sandra, whom they took from the same institution where Miss Hopkins found Michael, that last summer another of its occupants became Sandra's little brother.

" I didn't want Sandra to grow up selfish and I didn't want her to grow up lonely," Miss Allen told me. " Sandra's lovely, and I know Ronald John, our little boy, will be just as wonderful. Why, they even found a baby for me with the exact coloring which Sandra had at his age, so that the two might look like brother and sister!

" I've always wanted children, but when we moved around so much it didn't seem fair. Now we're at least six months in the same place, and when I saw how happy my Hollywood friends were with their adopted families I thought I could be just as happy. And I am! "

Constance Bennett with Peter, her five-year-old adopted son.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are finding the gratification of a cherished desire in their adopted " Sonny Boy," Al, Jr., who is still another furnished by the same institution. Al always has been devoted to children; even before his marriage he became so fond of Davy Lee, the little chap playing the name part in Sonny Boy, that he wanted to adopt him. Davy's family couldn't be hired to give him up.

Ruby also wanted youngsters; a nursery was the most important room in the home of the Jolsons. Some time after their marriage Al, with his customary candor, lamented the emptiness of that nursery.

" According to the pictures," he sadly pointed out, " all you have to do when you want a baby is to take a cruise to Honolulu. Now we've taken several cruises to Honolulu—and nothin' doin' yet! "

The black-eyed youngster, part Irish, part Jewish, who is their legal heir was picked out by Al himself " because he grinned at me," but Ruby is equally devoted to him. And meanwhile there is no interruption in the $3,000 a week said to be her salary in such pictures as 42nd Street and Shipmates Forever.

Little Dion, the red-haired baby boy of nine months whom Barbara Stanwyck adopted three years ago, is another lad who seems to have filled a long-felt want. For when Barbara married Frank Fay in 1928—she has now divorced him—she announced honestly that she wanted two children. She even had their names picked out; but the little Michael and Kathleen never appeared, and after waiting four years for them she took a ready-made Dion. Barbara herself was early made an orphan and was shifted about from pillar to post, at one time, it is said, living in an orphan asylum. She may wish to give another orphaned youngster a happier childhood.

An adoption particularly charming in its generous warmheartedness was the taking over by ZaSu Pitts of the late Barbara La Marr's adopted " Sonny." ZaSu became attracted to

"My mouth tastes like the BOTTOM OF THE WELL"

THEN HELP CAME...
TAKE IT AWAY, HOW CAN I EAT WITH MY HEAD IN A FOG-MOUTH TASTING LIKE THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL?
DICK, I'VE BEEN READING THE ADS. WHAT YOU NEED IS BROMO-SELTZER
·SOON AFTERWARD·
FEELING BETTER DEAR?
I'LL SAY I AM! THAT BROMO-SELTZER CERTAINLY WORKS FASTER! CLEARED MY HEAD, SETTLED MY STOMACH — PUT ME ON TOP OF THE WORLD·

WHY SUFFER—or make others suffer—because you have a morning-after head? Bromo-Seltzer relieves this condition faster, doctors find, than any other remedy they've tested!

It does more for you, too. Things many remedies *can't* do. Soothes the stomach, steadies the nerves, reduces excess lactic acid in the blood. Doesn't leave you foggy or limp. At drugstores and soda fountains. Keep it in your medicine cabinet, too.

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

him while playing a minor role in a picture of which Barbara was the star. Afterward, when Barbara was dying in Pasadena and up to her ears in debt, ZaSu traced her old friend's address by making inquiries of the city florists. Then, at Barbara's bedside, ZaSu offered to care for the little boy. He was sent to her, and Barbara died three days later.

At school in Los Angeles, the boys and girls were teasing Donald Gregory—as ZaSu named him—because he didn't have a real mama. The boy thought for a moment and then countered on his tormentors: "Yes, but two mamas wanted me and only one wanted any of you!"

Because of a dread of just such cruel ridicule, Hollywood people are extremely reticent about their adoptions. Joe E. Brown has an enchanting little toddler, Mary Elizabeth—still another clearinghouse baby—and he sternly warns the New York office of Warner Brothers to "cut out the word 'adopted' every time you see a story from the Coast about my adopted daughter."

"I suppose he thinks the child can read!" laughingly commented the man who told me this story.

Yet the known list of Hollywood adoptions is long and growing longer. One of the most charming foster children is Wallace Beery's four-year-old Carol Ann, who already has made an effective debut in China Seas.

Fredric March and Florence Eldridge have adopted two children—three-year-old Penelope and Anthony, who is a year and a half.

Harold Lloyd has an adopted daughter, Peggy, besides two children of his own. Morton and Barbara Bennett Downey have an adopted son, Michael, besides their own boy and girl. Constance Bennett's five-year-old Peter is adopted; so is Gloria Swanson's Joseph, though she also has two daughters.

How do the movie stars go shopping for their babies?

NO clearinghouse for ready-made children is more favored than the unique one where several of the stars mentioned have shopped so successfully. It makes a special effort to match 100-per-cent babies to 100-per-cent parents. Each pair of the latter are hand-picked by the lady who all these years has kept this clearinghouse filling—and emptying. And no aristocratic club is more fastidious in admitting applicants. Not that her standards are snobbish, but they are as high as those which she applies to her personal friends.

Peep in there, as I did recently on an entirely unannounced visit. The second-floor nest of nurseries is like a pigeon coop, only, instead of soft feathery bright-eyed birds tucked away in each small compartment, I looked through glass-paned doors into rows and rows of glass-walled baby coops. Each baby has protection against disease unparalleled and unprecedented in mass treatment of infancy. For six years there has been not one single case of cross infection. From hospitals have come wee sufferers from intestinal, respiratory, and other complaints, but not a child has transmitted his illness to another child. Last year only one death occurred, and that was the result of injuries received before admission.

Thirty-six babies can be cared for with the present equipment. The glass-walled coops are only five feet high and stand five or six to a room, its walls washed in pink or blue, its sunny windows curtained with bright cretonne, its air constantly renewed and moistened. There are sun-ray lamps for the babies, and on warm pleasant days their cribs are wheeled out to a roomy roofless porch. There is a perfectly appointed diet kitchen; even a special commissary for the premature babies, who must be fed on mothers' milk.

WITH all this exquisitely careful and affectionate nursing goes medical supervision which, if it were paid for, would cost thousands of dollars. At least a score of leading specialists in medicine and surgery give their services without money and without price.

No infant with a physical abnormality or an infectious or hereditary disease is ever offered for adoption here. A baby must also have picked natural parents with no taint of insanity, chronic alcoholism, tuberculosis, or those nervous diseases which can be transmitted to offspring. And just as there are height and weight tables summarizing standards of bodily development for babies even a month or two old, so there are tests to determine whether the mentality is also up to standard. Among its special consultants, the clearinghouse numbers psychologists who apply such tests to all its little lads and lassies before they go into new homes.

These are all "vetted" babies! As one distinguished doctor admitted, "There are many parents who in their own homes cannot or do not give their children the start in life which these children receive."

How can you qualify as a parent?

You must be morally and mentally above par. Wealth is not necessary, but a successful candidate told me that she and her husband were asked, on their application blank, if they had an income of at least sixty dollars a week.

Preferably, you should have been happily married for a sufficient number of years to imply permanence. No infant is knowingly allowed to become that vicarious sacrifice beloved by the movies, the stage, and fiction—the little child that draws warring parents together. A child, they will assure you indignantly, was not brought into the world to serve as a sop for his elders' quarrels and grievances!

Of all the test questions put to would-be parents, perhaps none is so soul-searching as that leveled at the persons whom they give as references. The wealth or social position or fame of a " reference " is not what counts most heavily. *What makes his judgment of value is whether he is a parent—preferably, several times a parent.* And the crucial query he has to answer is simply this: " If something should happen to you, would you be willing to have your children brought up by this friend of yours? "

Even after all the questions have been answered satisfactorily, no papers are signed in court and no baby leaves the clearinghouse until two important interviews have taken place. One is with the baby himself. He comes out of his germproof, visitor-tabooed coop to " entertain " in a dainty wicker crib set up in a small reception room. Here ready-made papa and mama are introduced to their new " family." Almost always it is a case of love at first sight on both sides, since this clearinghouse tries to furnish infants of the age, sex, and nationality specified in advance, and even undertakes to select those whose hair, eyes, and coloring are like those of one or both of their new parents.

The reason for this ultimate perfection of detail is simply to avoid a walking advertisement of the foster relationship as the child grows older. He himself, however, is not kept in ignorance of that relationship, if the clearinghouse has anything to say in the matter. This is one point stressed by the wise woman who presides over it. She emphasizes that no human relation is sound or worth while unless it is based on truth.

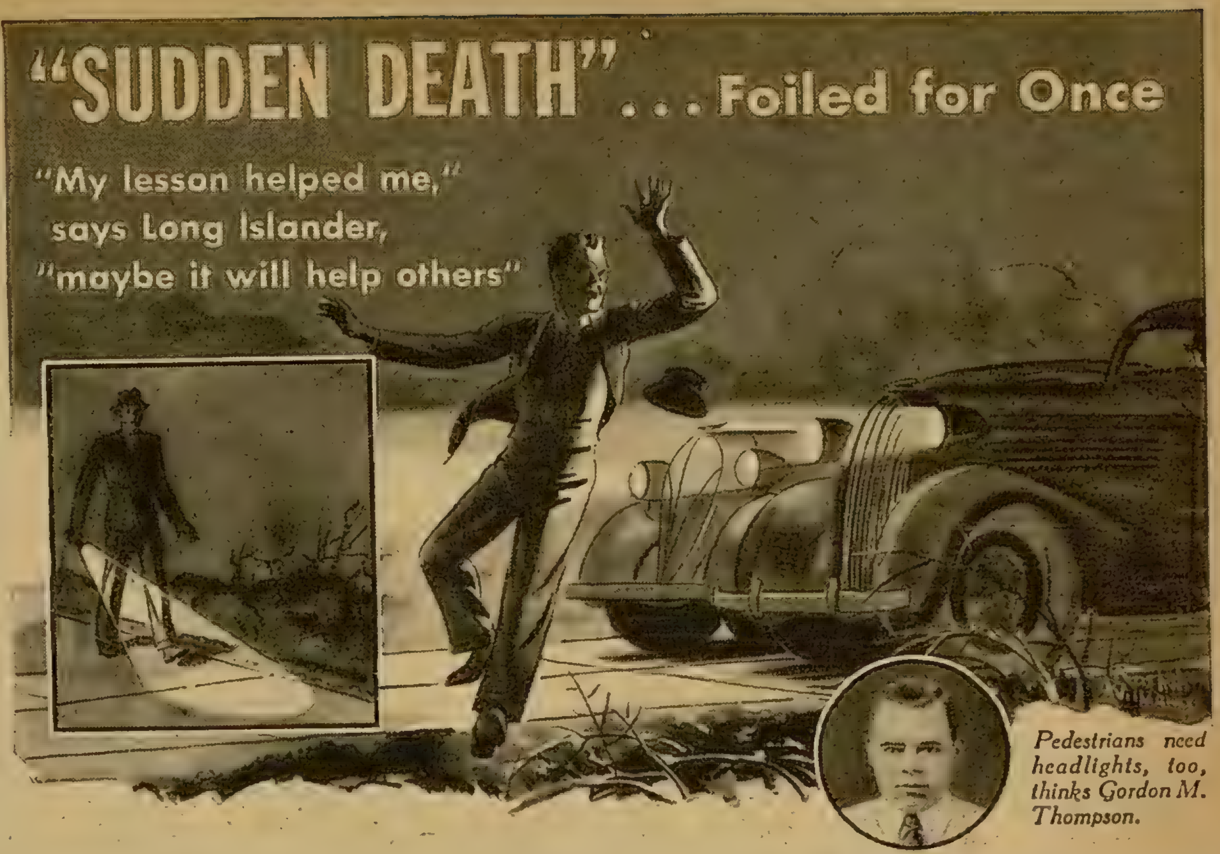
THE clearinghouse, functioning since 1923, has found homes for about three thousand babies. It was to comfort a friend grieving for her own dead child that the conductress first found, in a hospital, a baby for adoption. Her success impelled other friends to ask her to find children for them. One baby led to another, until at last she became convinced of the necessity for such an organization as the one of which she now is managing director.

Four fifths of the first five thousand dollars needed to obtain possession of the original building was contributed by four well known business men who are still on the board of directors. The fifth contributor is dead, but his wife serves on the board, as do other distinguished personages.

No needy mother with a tiny infant suitable for adoption has ever been refused help. Who are these mothers? What are their stories? Don't ask—the clearinghouse keeps its secrets.

Some of its tiny beneficiaries are born out of wedlock. But some are orphans. Others are given up by parents too poor to support them. The attitude taken toward all the children alike is that the past should be past. A quick, clean break is considered the kindest when women, because of poverty or for a commoner and sadder reason, surrender their newborn for the babies' good.

THE END


"SUDDEN DEATH" . . . Foiled for Once

"My lesson helped me," says Long Islander, "maybe it will help others"

Pedestrians need headlights, too, thinks Gordon M. Thompson.

"SUDDEN DEATH walks by the roadside at night as well as riding the cushions . . . as I never fully realized until the night I came so near to playing the title role," says Gordon M. Thompson.

"Two cars racing neck and neck came up behind me. Walking on the left side of the road, as I should, I paid no attention . . . until I was about ten seconds from eternity. At this last instant I turned, looked into the jaws of death, and jumped practically out of them into the brambles in the ditch.

"I never walk at night any more without my Eveready flashlight . . . loaded with fresh, dependable Eveready batteries. You know, if you drive a car, that it's mighty hard to see people by the roadside even on a clear night. Maybe you've had a close call, too? All I can say is don't tempt Fate. You can walk the roads in safety if you carry a flashlight loaded with fresh Eveready batteries."

EVEREADY BATTERIES ARE *FRESH BATTERIES*

ONE REASON WHY THEY LAST LONGER

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Nº 950
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
NATIONAL CARBON CO.

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS BUY THAT KIND?
THEY'RE DATED EVEREADYS.. SEE THAT DATE LINE? YOU CAN DEPEND ON THEM BECAUSE YOU KNOW THEY'RE FRESH.
YOUR HUSBAND CERTAINLY KNOWS HIS BATTERIES, MADAME. THAT DATE LINE PROTECTS THE BUYER AGAINST THE CHANCE OF GETTING A STALE BATTERY.

ALKALIZE WITH LUDEN'S

Luden's Menthol Cough Drops actually help build up your *alkaline reserve*—combat the acidity which medical authorities say* is often the *cause* of a cold.

*MEDICAL AUTHORITIES SAY:

"The researches (of these Doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition of the body. To overcome this they prescribe various alkalies."

. . . excerpt from "The Common Cold"; based on interviews between the editors of Fortune Magazine and prominent U. S. physicians.

Now WITH ALKALINE FACTOR ADDED
LUDEN'S Menthol COUGH DROPS
QUICK RELIEF
LUDEN'S 5¢
5¢

PANTOMIME

Charlie Chaplin Returns, Mr. Raf
Participates in a Matter

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent.
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ½ MODERN TIMES

THE PLAYERS: Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Henry Bergman, Stanley Sanford, Chester Conklin, Hank Mann, Stanley Blystone, Allan Garcia, Dick Alexander, Cecil Reynolds. Story and direction by Charles Chaplin.

AFTER an absence of more than five years, Charlie Chaplin—still twirling his cane, still taking corners at an angle—returns to the screen. Here is the same elegant little tramp who has delighted moviegoers since the birth of pictures. In Modern Times, Charlie is a brave and wistful Don Quixote tilting with modern machinery and squirming against regimentation. All he wants is to find his modest place in the world. And Modern Times, with many laughs and with often biting insight, shows how he tries to do it.

Uneven, but with great moments, the film easily overcomes its old-fashioned photography and staging. Though a few of the characters have occasional speeches, this is a silent picture. More accurately, it is a nondialogue picture, for there are sound effects and a brilliant score. Charlie himself never speaks, but he does sing one song in an eloquent sort of gibberish.

Charlie Chaplin terrorizes his fellow workers in a scene from his latest film, Modern Times.

The comedy is set on a story as starkly grim as any ever sent out from Hollywood. Indeed, if Modern Times were anything but a laughing matter, it would be too strong for popular consumption. It tells of a pieceworker in a factory whose nervous breakdown is brought on by the monotonous rigors of his job. After a spell in an asylum, the little man is sent to jail because he happens to pick up a red flag during a Communist parade. From there on it is a study of a dreamer trying to adjust himself to a practical world. In and out of jail; in and out of work; always in trouble.

With the depression over, Charlie gets his job back—only to have to give it up when his brother workers call a strike. And when at last he seems to have captured both security and love, he and his girl are forced to run away because of pressure from the relentless police.

Full of good old slapstick falls and bumps, Modern Times reaches hilarious heights in those giddy scenes where Chaplin is fed by a mechanical feeder. Yet, for all its roughhouse surface, the picture really is a delicate thing, with a quality too elusive to be set down on paper. Whether or not Chaplin is the genius that many believe, he has created a figure that stands a good chance of immortality—a laughable and sharp caricature whose appeal is international and whose humor is timeless.

VITAL STATISTICS: Five years have passed since City Lights was released. Modern Times took four and a half years to complete and Charlie thinks it's the funniest picture he's ever done, but you can't prove it by him till he observes the audiences hanging rosettes all over his work. To get audience reaction accurately, he used recording devices during his sneak previews of Modern Times. What wasn't laughed at he edited out mercilessly. Sneaks all his preview showings, not caring much for Hollywood trade-paper mug critical opinion. . . . Charles was born in 1889 in London. He's noncommittal about Paulette Goddard, much to the annoyance of the fan maggies. They want him married to her, but he stays dialogueless about the whole matter. All he'll admit is that he'll probably do an Edna Purviance with her and star her in a picture within three months. He himself, I've heard him say, is through—though the years have had little effect on Charlie besides wearying him somewhat. He's still the introspective, intellectually proud, self-consciously artistic introvert, mellowed, but always puzzling something out. He's probably the most honest and intelligent man in pictures, and most likely Hollywood's only all-round artist. Still likes to chew the philosophic cud till all hours with those who can break the shell around him. . . . Born to the tradition of the English pantomimist, stubbornly he clings to silence in the squawkie world of sound and fury. He insists pantomime is more universal than language and transcends international barriers. Without a doubt he's Box Officer No. 1 for all movie time, having more appeal than sex itself. . . . Thought up The Tramp on the spur of the moment. Had played a reporter in his first two-reeler, needed a new character, and dug it out of the studio wardrobe, choosing the eternal cane, toothbrush mustache, boxcar boots, fancy vest, baggy pants, clerical collar to get pictorial vividness. Funny how other comics have dug out even more vivid contrasts but haven't lasted as long! Maybe it's the man, not the clothes, after all. . . . I last saw him at the Santa Anita race track. He wasn't able to pick a winner.

★ ★ ★ IT HAD TO HAPPEN

THE PLAYERS: George Raft, Rosalind Russell, Leo Carrillo, Arline Judge, Alan Dinehart, Andrew Tombes, Arthur Hohl, Paul Stanton, Pierre Watkins, Stanley Fields. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Story by Rupert Hughes.

UNLIKE Charlie Chaplin, George Raft doesn't get into trouble when he picks up a red flag. As a young Italian immigrant, Raft gets his first touch of power when the foreman takes him away from ditch digging and gives him a red flag to stop traffic. He stops every one, including the mayor, who becomes so impressed with the belligerent young man that he gives him a behind-the-scenes political job.

With that as a start, it doesn't take the dapper politician long to insinuate himself into a strong civic position. It is when he becomes the controlling force of a large city—dictating to mayors and big-business men alike—that the self-effacing Napoleon meets life's perplexities. In love with a glittering socialite—engagingly played by the slightly acid Rosalind Russell—whose husband is a crooked financier, Raft gets in a spot where he must expose the financier or ruin himself. What he does is completely noble, honest, and brave. And it gives a happy finish to a well fashioned if obvious story of how one nonlocal boy made good.

Though it is somewhat less than compelling cinema fare, It Had to Happen is a satisfactory movie of the unpretentious sort. The bouncing Arline Judge and the heavily accented Leo Carrillo inject some good light moments and Alan Dinehart is up to his usual villainy. The surprising and most gratifying thing about the picture, though, is that it shows that Raft can handle a comedy scene when given the chance.

POLITICS, PUPS

les a City, and Mr. Barrymore
Canines and Folklore

by BEVERLY HILLS

VITAL STATISTICS: George Raft is undoubtedly the most well meaning actor in Hollywood, always anxious to please, learn, justify his enormous good fortune. Both he and Rozz Russell contracted laryngitis during important scenes, working through, however, surrounded by phalanxes of germ killers, guards to keep chatty persons off. Every day lost would have cost Zanuck $10,000—a tidy sum even for Hollywood, which is looking out for its $10,000s these days. . . . Rozz Russell's learned the Hollywood rib technic. Day after her announced recovery from laryngitis, she walked on the set with a bandaged leg, carrying a cane and a limp. Director Del Ruth almost died—more holdups. Rozz's a complete female bachelor: designs her own clothes; runs her own affairs very efficiently, with clean dispatch. . . . Director Roy Del Ruth becomes wonder boy when working for Zanuck. . . . Leo Carrillo's casting tammany eyes on the mayorship of Los Angeles. Comes of old Spanish stock; is active in the breakfast-club life; mixes in political whirl; can tell a processing tax from a baby spot, so he may be kissing babies one of these days—who knows? . . . Original story, Canavan, is an oldie of Rupert Hughes. Hughes is All-Decathlon Artist: can sculp, paint, write learnedly for encyclopedias; is American-history authority; official spokesman for Hollywood; father confessor of its enormous sins. . . . With Santa Anita the distance you could throw a two-dollar show ticket away, they shot start and finish of picture's hoss race indoors. building first stage track since Checkers. . . . Zanuck borrowed leading players from all over the lots. It's cheaper often to rent and work crisply than to use your own and dawdle for months.

★ ★ ★ THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN

THE PLAYERS: Lionel Barrymore, Maureen O'Sullivan, Eric Linden, Dudley Digges, Spring Byington, Charley Grapewin, Henry Wadsworth, William Newell. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Story by MacKinlay Kantor.

THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN, MacKinlay Kantor's fine dog story, provides the films with a highly interesting bit of Americana. A tale of the Missouri hill folk, it follows in a leisurely way their love for a peculiar sport. These farmers breed hounds for fox chasing, and on good wet nights when the scent is heavy they set the dogs loose and can judge by their baying just how the chase is going. The fox is never killed, just cornered; then the dogs are called home. Against this unusual background and sport, Richard Thorpe has directed a wholesome and distinctive little picture that should interest all who love dogs or who care about discovering obscure parts of America. Admirably enacted by Lionel Barrymore, the dominating person in the story is a farmer whose beloved hound, Bugle Ann, mysteriously disappears. Sure that a bitter and antagonistic neighbor (Dudley Digges) has done away with the animal, Barrymore kills the man and a sympathetic jury is forced to convict him.

Later the beautifully photographed bit of folklore is given a mystic flavor when people swear that they have heard the unforgettable bay of the supposedly dead Bugle Ann ringing through the hollows. How it all works out is shown in an involved manner that includes much rustic charm. The up-and-coming Eric Linden and Maureen O'Sullivan capably play the young-love interest, and Spring Byington is especially good as Barrymore's wife. There are, in fact, such consistently fitting performances that the picture is given an air of authenticity and those tired of standard movie fare should give this one a try.

George Raft and Rosalind Russell in a scene from It Had to Happen.

VITAL STATISTICS: When Director Rich Thorpe and camera crew essayed down into Missouri hangout of the original Bugle Ann in search of location shots, they found Sheriff Tom Bash had a hobby of breeding and training Missouri foxhounds just like MacKinlay Kantor's story called for. Dogs promptly got signed up, 200 of them, and all crashed Hollywood. Among them was Bugle Ann, winner of four ribbons, and stellar material, as it later turned out. Dogs had a bowwow of a time at M-G-M! The Missouri foxhound is listed as the bugle-voiced American hound of the Spaulding strain. They're not to be confused with beagle hounds. Some think they sound like a bugle—a swell thing for a new type of canine hillbilly band. . . . Bugle Ann of the picture isn't trained in the Rin-Tin-Can sense. Her charm lies in her naturalness, a quality now desired of the studios in its actresses. She lived some little time with Lionel (Harrumph) Barrymore to get the feel of the part. . . . Book is taken from the Missouri record and Lionel's famous dog speech at the trial was sent in by an eye-and-ear witness of the thing.

★ KLONDIKE ANNIE

THE PLAYERS: Mae West, Victor McLaglen, Philip Reed, Helen Jerome Eddy, Harry Beresford, Harold Huber, Conway Tearle, Lucille Webster Gleason, Esther Howard. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Story by Mae West, Marion Morgan, and George B. Dowell.

KLONDIKE ANNIE, Mae West's outspoken history of a bad woman turned revivalist, is the worst picture she has ever made. It is dull, dirty, and poorly played. Its noisy attempts at robust life are contrived with self-conscious leering.

Lacking both pace and gusto, Klondike Annie's career hits its high spot when she stabs the Chinese who had been keeping her and hops a freighter for the Arctic. The skipper, played by burly Victor McLaglen—whom you'd never recognize as the brilliant performer of The Informer—falls for his sexy passenger and helps her escape. When another passenger, a missionary, dies on board, Mae switches costumes and arrives in Alaska as the religious savior of the miners.

There she meets policeman Phil Reed, who gives the picture tall dark handsomeness.

VITAL STATISTICS: Studio dubbed this one Klondike Lou, but Mae wanted it Klondike Annie. Mae won out by having herself called Annie before grinding cameras. Mae also won herself a new fat contract by the stampede or determined-woman method. Threatened to leave Paramount if it didn't come across with a raise on her $135,000 plus cut per Mae Western. Despite Mae's waning grip on the male pop of the world, Paramount came through. It's hard to deny Mae. . . . Conway Tearle is Mae's current dip into using old-timers. This sentiment's a complex with her—brings her luck, good performances. Conway is of the silent suffering wonderful male matinee type, a man grammaw wanted granpaw to be like, I hazzard.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million, Broadway Melody of 1936.

★★★—Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat.

CAN CANCER BE CURED WITHOUT AN OPERATION

A Veteran Advocate of Natural Methods Asks: Why Not Attack the Scourge at Its Source?

by

BERNARR MACFADDEN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

ALTHOUGH for decades the subject has been made a close study by innumerable physicians, specialists, research workers, and other scientists, the actual cause of cancer, as well as of the constant increase in the number of cases and in the death rate, has apparently not as yet been satisfactorily demonstrated.

From time to time so-called cures for this dread malignancy have been announced, only to be discarded as of no real value and in some instances possibly of actual harm.

For half a century I have devoted the best part of my time to the study of the building up of vitality and the regaining of lost health through natural or so-called *physical culture* methods. I have perhaps given more study to the matter of diet and the proper selection and combinations of foods than the average physician.

More than thirty years ago I opened my first health resort in a hotel at Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island. Owing possibly to some inexperience in the sanitarium business, as well perhaps as the indifference of the general public as to the importance of proper living habits, the experiment met with such slow response that I closed the resort within the year. However, while disappointed, I was not in the least discouraged, and not long afterward I opened another sanitarium in New Jersey in a development which I named Physical Culture City. I maintained this institution there for about a year and then transferred it to Battle Creek, Michigan. After remaining for some time in Battle Creek I felt that a still better field was offered in Chicago, and so I removed the institution to that city.

In all of these places I was of course assisted by competent and highly trained medical men as diagnosticians—men who had made a study of, and were in sympathy with, the theories which I had evolved and promulgated. These men were glad to apply my methods in the treatment of all sorts of so-called "incurable" diseases. In many instances the most amazing and most satisfactory results followed.

As to cancer, the knife, the X ray, and radium are still the answer of the surgeons. It is to be admitted that in superficial cancer, such as epithelioma, where X ray and radium can be applied in the beginning stages, good local results will often be obtained. The trouble with other forms of cancer, those which develop in the interior of the body, is that the disease has usually progressed to a very considerable degree *before* a diagnosis is made, and in such cases other portions of the body may have become affected.

While cancer is regarded by a large percentage of medical men as being a local condition, there are many scientists who believe that it is a constitutional condition with local manifestations.

Some years ago one of the best known skin and cancer specialists in this country, Dr. L. Duncan Bulkley, founder of the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital, made this statement in the New York Medical Record: "In the year 1915—following the crusade of overzealous surgeons throughout the country, propagating ideas regarding the *local nature* [italics mine—B. M.] of cancer and urging the immediate radical excision of every blemish or lesion which they chose to call 'precancerous'—*there was a rise in cancer mortality actually more than double the average rise during the preceding five years,* as shown by United States statistics."

Dr. Bulkley belonged to that school of thought which held that this malignant disease was a *constitutional* condition due to an impure blood stream and a toxic condition of the body, and that the development of cancerous growth was the *result* of this condition.

This is practically the theory which I have advocated and taught for very many years and which I believe to hold true in the case of cancer as well as in most so-called "incurable" diseases. And I also believe that improper living habits, especially as regards eating, exercise, cleanliness, and elimination, are productive of the causative toxemias and impure blood streams.

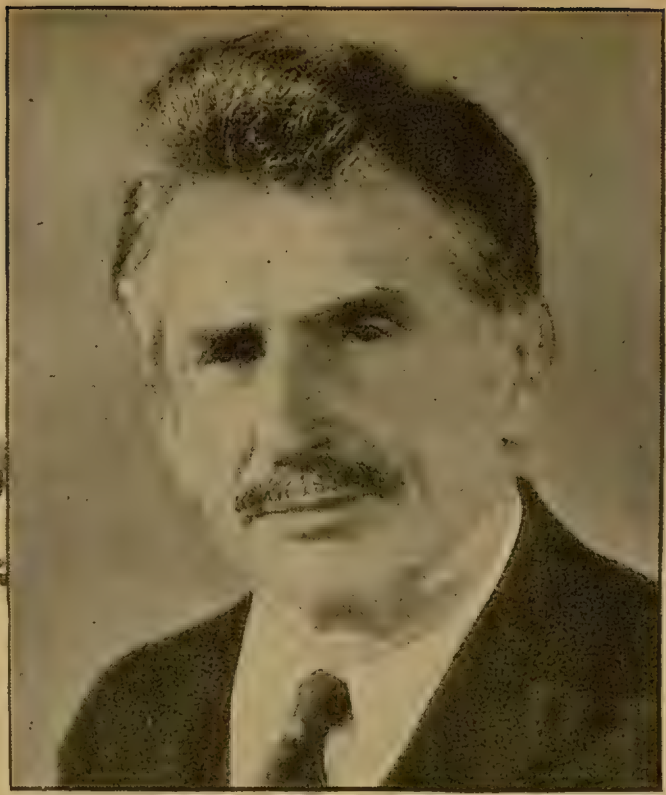
Many celebrated men have championed the constitutional theory concerning cancer. Among these were Sir James Paget, Sir Astley Cooper, Dr. Robert Bell, and, later, Sir Arbuthnot Lane. In this country, besides Dr. Bulkley, we find such names as Dr. Willard Parker, Dr. William F. Koch, and Dr. Horace Packard.

In an article in the New York Medical Record Dr. Bell states: "It beats me to comprehend for a moment how one can expect to cure a blood disease—which cancer undoubtedly is—by attacking its local manifestation without making any effort to improve the quality of the blood stream. For, depend upon it, *every cell of the body is affected, and has been affected for a long period prior to the appearance of the local outcrop. . . .*" Dr. Bell cites six cases diagnosed as inoperable and incurable cancer which he restored to normal health by fasting and dieting plus the use of a body food in the form of a glandular preparation.

Dr. Willard Parker, a noted American surgeon who died many years ago and who was professor of surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons (Columbia University, New York City), made the statement that "Luxurious living, *and particularly excess in animal food,* increases the waste products of the body, which if retained in the system have a tendency to produce abnormal growths. . . . Cancer is to a great degree one of the final results of a long continued course of error in diet."

Mr. J. Ellis Barker, a layman, the son of a well known English physician, wrote a book entitled, Cancer: How It is Caused, How It Can be Prevented. Sir Arbuthnot Lane, president of the New Health Society, and formerly physician to the royal family, says of Mr. Barker's book: "I should not be surprised if professional and nonprofessional opinion would declare Mr. Barker's book to be easily the most important practical work on cancer existing in English or any other language." Mr. Barker attributes cancer to vitamin starvation and chronic poisoning.

Dr. Charles Mayo of Rochester, Minnesota, in an article published some ten or eleven years ago in the New York Times, said: "The man who is fifty years old and fifty pounds overweight is a much more likely subject



"In my opinion," says Mr. Macfadden, "the raw-milk-and-raw-fruit diet has proved of the greatest value in numbers of cases."

for cancer than the same man of average weight. This does not mean that all fat people will develop cancer. It is just that the system is in a condition where it is more generally susceptible. Most fat people are not only large eaters but are apt to eat indiscriminately of the wrong kinds and combinations of foods."

Dr. Mayo further states: "Continuous overeating is the bane of our modern existence. Our foods are not well adapted to our condition of life. In a primitive state man ate largely to obtain sufficient sustenance. He lived to a considerable degree on foods in their natural state. Many of those are not palatable to us. We have refined them and 'improved upon Nature' until we eat few things which include their natural husks or what I term the 'trash' that is combined with the more choice bits in the workshop of Nature."

In this connection it is reported that among aboriginal African tribes living under primeval conditions cancer is practically unknown.

AS far back as 1913 Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams asked a number of celebrated specialists and experts what they considered to be the cause of cancer, and they all replied that they *did not know*. As late as 1930, during the hearings on cancer held before the Committee on Commerce of the Senate of the United States, Senator Johnson of California asked Dr. Joseph Bloodgood of the staff of Johns Hopkins: "In the last few years, have you gentlemen, who are at the very head of the profession, been able to find a remedy or cure for cancer?"

And the reply of Dr. Bloodgood, one of the directors in the American Society for the Control of Cancer, was: "No. We have only surgery first, and secondly, radiation."

As to the cause, it is true that cancer usually develops at a point where there exists a chronic irritation; but how many persons suffering from the same kind of irritation are not afflicted with it? I believe that there is present in persons who develop cancer a condition of toxemia and impurity of the blood stream which has existed probably for years, and that it is in such persons that a local irritation continuing for some time is the spark which starts the cancerous conflagration. The fact that cancer is a disease of middle and advanced age adds weight to the toxemia theory.

Lack of space permits me to describe only one case of cancer treated at my sanitarium. It happened to be the very first case we treated. This was about twenty-five years ago, at Battle Creek. Previously I had been very reluctant to attempt to apply any treatment in so serious a disease. But in this instance an enthusiastic young physical culturist who had been reading the Physical Culture Magazine for a number of years, brought his mother from the State of Washington. They had traveled four days and nights. When the diagnostician examined her and informed him that nothing could be done, he came to me and sobbed like a child. "At least you can *try* to do something!" was his frantic appeal.

His mother had been given but a few weeks to live by the doctors in his home town, and I did everything within reason to make him realize the situation. But he insisted so vehemently, with sobs that were heartrending, that I finally promised that we would at least make an attempt.

The cancer odor was so strong that I had to insist that his mother remain in her room. It was decided to put her on a raw-milk-and-raw-fruit diet. The fruits allowed were oranges, apples, pears, very ripe bananas, and a very few figs and dates. She had three meals a day and was given from a pint to a quart of milk at every meal.

At the end of two weeks, to our amazement, all the cancer odor disappeared and she felt much better. She was then put through our regular drugless method of vitality-building, maintaining a very strict diet, and left for home after about three months, greatly improved, though not recovered by any means. She was, however, able to do housework in comparative comfort.

This patient lived *three and a half years* after leaving our institution, and her son wrote and stated he was quite sure she would have lived longer but during the last six months of her life she refused to follow the strict diet.

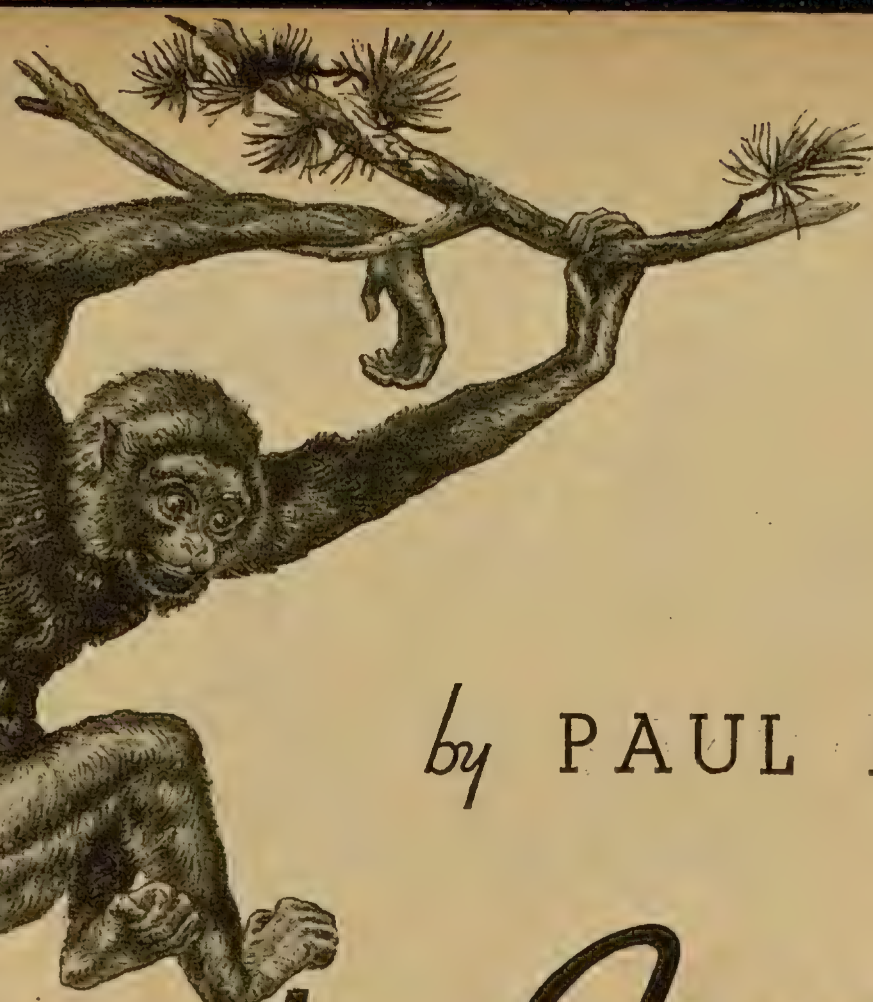
In my opinion the raw-milk-and-raw-fruit diet has proved of the greatest value in numbers of cancer cases and is today used by many doctors to good advantage.

A few years ago a woman practitioner in the natural-healing art came here from South Africa to claim what she thought was a prize offered for a cancer cure. She insisted that she had been cured by a grape diet. The prize did not materialize, but although I did not check up on any of the patients she had while here, a number of very favorable reports of this particular treatment were called to my attention at that time.

The exclusive grape diet has been recommended for years, and there are a number of grape cures in Europe. It is undoubtedly worth some consideration, though nothing but grapes could be used and both the skins and seeds should be included for roughage.

Altogether, I feel that those scientists who have affirmed that cancer is a constitutional rather than a purely local disease are entitled to full credence. My own years of experience, study, and experiment have convinced me that cancer is a condition brought about by *improper modes of living*, and that *if the body can be kept free from toxic poisoning cancer will not be apt to develop.*

THE END



He heard the crackle of nutshells and hung around for a handout.

The Intriguing Tale of a Truant Trouper and His Adventures in a Strange, Mad World of Freedom

by PAUL ANNIXTER

With the Greatest of

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

TO be a gymnastic gibbon in captivity was bad enough, but to be the only gymnastic gibbon in the circus with only a small cage to practice in! One might imagine that was almost too much.

In the case of Siak, lately *Hylobates agilis* of Malaysia, sometimes called Floyd by certain wags, it went past all coughs and grimaces. For more than a year now Siak had watched the big cages of green, spider, and rhesus monkeys doing their stuff with a critical eye that caused the gray-white whiskers that ringed his flat black face to bristle straight forward in a silent simian raspberry.

To you or me, gymnastics in a cage are just a lot of leaping around, say from bar to ring, to cage-side and back again. But to a gymnastic gibbon from Malaysia it is a series of hair-trigger, split-second movements, with every detail separate and sharp as a fleabite. From a distance of thirty feet Siak could catch the breath of indecision here, a hint of tardy recovery there; poor tail-work, too much weight, diffusion of idea, and a dozen other things that would spell dinner for some green tree snake or clouded leopard back in the forests he came from.

The sight of them would set Siak doing his entire repertoire of tricks, and the manner and speed of that was a thing of wonder and a sight to stop the show, so far as anything going on in the adjacent menagerie cages was concerned. Sitting on the floor of his cage, Siak was a most insignificant figure, wizened and bone-thin, narrow-shouldered and only a foot high. But risen to his full height he taped over three feet. His was the build all acrobats have striven to reattain ever since they were foolish enough to leave the trees. His finely brushed ruff and his tailless posterior portions were a grayish white. For the rest he was black—face, hands, and legs, all black; black, too, was his scowl quite often, for he had his troubles.

Siak had worked out a complicated system of aerial feats adapted to the size of his cage. Up and down and across he would soar, most of the time inverted and at a speed that made the watcher giddy. From shelf to crossbar to cage-top and back again he swarmed, breaking down rhythm and timing into their cube roots and building them up again, without so much as a hairsbreadth of misjudgment. He was the sole exponent of the one-armed giant swing ending in a back flip—a trick that never failed to draw a whoop of delight from the watchers.

A showman at heart, even in the midst of his most difficult gyrations, his incredibly sharp eye, that had all the alertness of a bird's and all but the calculating intelligence of a man's, was ever peeled for effect—peeled likewise for the elusive flick of a hand that meant a peanut tossed eggingly into his cage. Down from the roof he would swoop on the instant, scoop up the titbit, pop it into his mouth, and sail on again in a glorious arc, without pause. Encore peanuts would come thick and fast as the hilarious throng watched the trapeze show of their lives. Marvelous moments while they lasted, a glory of acting to genuine applause. But afterward there were the long hours alone, the endless journeyings in the dark, the unbearable winter months alone in an indoor cage with no audience to watch him; too bored even to practice his art. A safe, secure life, to be sure; but a gymnastic gibbon wants trees, not security.

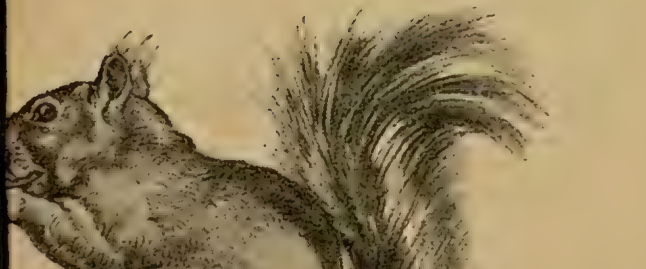
It was that acrobatic skill of Siak's that had originally put him behind bars. Upon a day in the great Quedah forest of Malaysia, as the big band of gibbons to which he belonged swung along like an elevated train through the treetops, Siak well in the van as usual, a leafy screen of vines and tendrils had fallen abruptly about him, leaving him hanging, fettered, forty feet from the ground. It was a cleverly camouflaged net, and after the band had fled away two German animal collectors had come and imprisoned him in a bamboo cage.

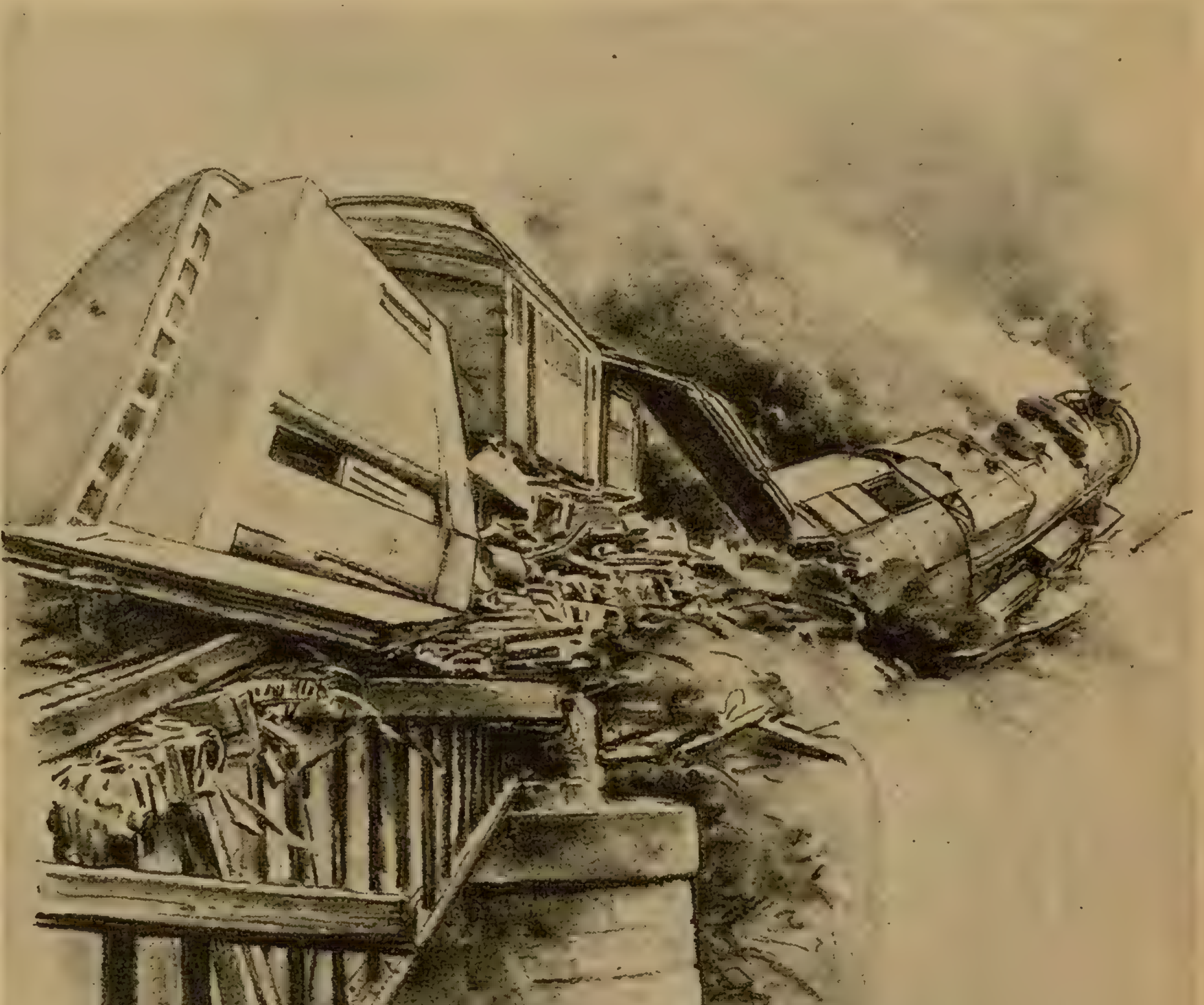
There had followed endless and odious journeys by land and by sea to the winter quarters of the great American circus where the cage he now occupied had awaited him. That had been two years back, and not once in all that time had he set eyes on another Malayan gibbon nor heard a single gibbon's whoop. But he lived with one conviction—that a chance would come and he would escape. Then he would return to the great jungles where agile gibbons and bearded langurs dwelt, the forests which he felt certain could not be far away. . . .

Upon a night the circus train was laboring slowly up a mountain grade in Colorado. It was September and still summer in the plains below, but up here above the

Ease

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARL LINK





There came a splintering crash. Siak crouched in a corner of what had been the ceiling of his cage.

eight-thousand-foot level there were patches of snow to be seen and the rising heat from the valleys caused hail and rain each day.

A recent downpour had undermined the grading. There came a grinding, splintering crash. Siak's car leaped into the air and rolled completely over. When it slammed down and came to rest, Siak was crouched and quaking in a corner of what had been the ceiling of his cage. He heard men shouting, animals roaring, snarling, and trumpeting. The blackness was shot with red. Then he saw that the door of his cage had been wrenched open and he slithered out into the night.

Up ahead he saw a pyre of leaping flames surrounded by yelling figures. One of the cars had caught fire, and for a space Siak crouched and gazed, his mouth an O of wonder. Then, moving at his grotesque gait of a weightless and appallingly nimble old man, he passed out of the nimbus of light and up a rocky defile, his sensitive jungle-bred feet wincing upon the jagged stones of the high Rockies.

His eyes, unaccustomed as a man's to the dark, sought for a path, his abnormally long arms screening the blackness before him. Then he saw trees ahead, a straggling forest of them. Here, perhaps, were the great forests he had dreamed of in his cage, festooned with flowers and peopled by the agile brotherhood. Eagerly he sprang upward into the branches, but his paws were rasped by harsh scraggly bark, his fur pricked by sharp pine needles. No spreading branches among these trees for the practicing of aerial feats. The higher he climbed the smaller the branches became. And all the surrounding trees were just the same.

He returned to the ground and went on, toward the faintly growing light of the rising moon, very nervous and increasingly fearful, for never had he regarded terra firma with anything but suspicion. Often he paused, stunned at the silence and the thin mountain air, without a single trace of hot jungle moisture, nor yet of peanuts, popcorn, or sweating horses. No sound broke the stillness now that the wreck had been left behind.

Once something uttered a wailing scream in the distance. Again something with flaming eyes swooped down at him on soundless wings, sent him swarming up a tree a good five feet ahead of his own tenuous shadow. After the owl left, he went on again, driven by frost as well as fear. Loneliness, the poignant loneliness of a monkey, more bottomless than any man's, was beginning to grip him. He had a panicky urge to get back to the circus train, but now he had no notion which way to turn. Dawn found him crouched on the limb of a great spruce, shivering, miserable, and completely lost.

Down through a clearing he went skittering in the early light, aiding his progress with crutchlike motions of his abnormally long arms. His muscles were stiff and cramped. Never in all his thin-blooded existence had he put in such a night; he was, in fact, close to pneumonia. Instinct was leading him downward toward the valleys where the forest was thicker. He had had about enough of this harsh and prickly land with its fruitless, nutless trees. His patience was like the patience of all monkeys —nil. It was high time Providence in the form of some laden bough, or acting through his gnarled and slightly intemperate keeper, Joe Greer, came across with a meal and some decent yellow straw to sleep on.

Downgrade he scuttled with covetous speed. Suddenly he crouched down and ground his teeth with surprise and fright. Out of a thicket of buckbrush—the "wait-a-bit" thorn of America—two forms came slinking. They stopped at sight of him, then came forward surreptitiously with lolling tongues.

They were a pair of high-ranging coyotes, homeward bound after a lean night's foray. Little, lean, and cowardly, more ready to fly than to chase, they were terrified by the human aspect of this weird upright creature. Then they smelled his fear, saw he was pitifully dwarfed, screwed up their craven spirits, and rushed him. Had Siak possessed a tail it would have been snapped off ere he reached the safety of a tree. Once ensconced on a high branch, he stamped his hands and made demon grimaces until the growing light sent the coyotes scudding off to shelter.

Downgrade he went again as the sun topped the eastern peaks. He was really homesick for his circus cage by now, and for a single overripe banana he would have let its door slam shut on him for keeps. It had taken the harsh and prickly Western wilds to whittle him down to his pitiful essentials. That which in a cage had passed for precocious smartness, fetching waywardness, all but human intelligence, sleight-of-paw nimbleness, and comical histrionic art, was diminished to sheer silliness of a midget trying to play man, trying to play renegade without even good animal senses to guide him.

He came at last into denser forest filled with towering columnar trees beneath which lived a more than religious gloom. He found a spring hole of water, drank, and rose with appetite yammering. But he had reached a region where there was not a friendly human being to be found within a radius of twelve miles. The pines and cedars, however, were giving way to aspens, alders, and beeches, with spreading branches along which a fellow could navigate at a hand gallop, if so minded, without gouging his flesh off.

Up into the trees swung Siak and continued his journey via the arboreal route in a series of sensational leaps and faultless trapezing above giddy spaces hung between heaven and earth. It was warmer, too, down here in the valleys. Not so bad, except that the worldly-wise young gibbon had become addicted to an appreciative audience.

It was not long, though, before he had one, of a sort. Up and down tree trunks and along branches there was a stealthy racing and scuttling, and to his ears came the sound of dry rusty squeaking and an irascible gnomelike

DEEP STUFF ON THE FARM

by SAM LOYD

WHEN John Sawyer's son came home from the Agricultural College with his diploma, the old dirt farmer had a plain talk with the boy.

"Now, Tom," said he, "you're going to get all the chance in the world to try out those newfangled notions. Let's fence the farm first thing. There's a pile of posts I've got ready for one side."

Tom made some highbrow calculations and reported to his dad as follows:

"I've counted the posts and measured the land, dad. But things don't look right. Our professor taught us to plant posts either 10 feet apart or 12 feet apart. If I put these of ours down 10 feet apart I'm going to be shy 15 posts. Whereas, if I plant them 12 feet apart there will be 25 posts left over."

"There's one scientific problem I can solve for you," said Pop Sawyer promptly. "Just use all of the posts and put them down an equal distance apart."

So Tom followed that sensible advice. He built his straight fence and used all of the posts provided, planting them equal distances apart, the fence starting with a post and ending with a post.

Disregarding the thickness of the posts, or in other words measuring from the post centers, who can tell how far apart Tom planted his posts?

(The answer will be found on page 36)

chattering. He had come into a populous settlement of gray mountain squirrels, no mean acrobats themselves and literally on end with curiosity. What they said to the stranger was the height of malediction. Siak gave them a Roland for their Oliver, as it were.

This forest reminded him of his own Malayan jungles. And these creatures were almost identical to the squirrels of the tropics, *Sciurus bicolor* by name. In an excess of good feeling he put on the acrobatic show that had never failed to win applause.

He did his famous giant swing fifty feet up in the air, vaulted thence like a projectile outward and downward thirty feet to the limb of another tree. Up he came again as if propelled by springs, while the squirrel colony twitched, grunted, barked, and gibbered in a very hysteria of excitement. Their clamor was welcome to Siak, like a ruffle of drums. He was performing in a very passion of friendliness; but when he tried to draw near, the tiny ingrates retreated cursing into their holes.

He saw a squirrel eating on a high branch and heard the familiar crackle of nutshells. He hung around, eager for a handout, and finally ran a black hand down the hole into which the squirrel had vanished. He got a vicious bite in the finger, but his hand came forth with a nut.

All afternoon he hung around, begging, prying, and pilfering to keep life in his body. He was bitten numerous times, but with a few nuts in his system he began to feel more at home in the valley. He grew wise in the game, and scrabbled amid dead leaves and twigs for acorns the squirrels had missed.

That night he slept sketchily in a high crotch. His Rotarian soul sank to such depths of loneliness that a great unconscious cry came forth, the mournful whooping wail of the Malayan gibbon—beyond doubt the strangest cry that had roused echoes in that valley since the saber-toothed tiger prowled the hillsides:

"*Whoooop, oooop, ooop, oi, oi, oi, oi!*"

Into it Siak put all the pathos of months of grieving. The effect so soothed him that he tried again.

A deer herd, feeding along the mountain slope above, fled away like shadows at the unknown sound. A pair of coyotes, hunting rabbits up the valley—the same pair that had discomfited Siak that morning—turned and fled away at a speed of knots. A big male cougar, trained and taloned lord of all that region, who had been drifting toward Siak a hundred yards away, turned and went away from there like the coward he was. Thus it was that throughout the night Siak saw nothing at all of the wild denizens of those parts.

At dawn, when the squirrels found him still hanging about, they spent a good two hours telling him what he could do with his totally inexpressible carcass. It was midday before he took the hint and continued his journey vaguely in the direction in which that faint gregarious instinct in him dictated.

THE black bear, which he met face to face in the thickets that afternoon, disrupted his itinerary. He had watched bears in the menagerie too long to be frightened at meeting one. This one, however, a grumpy old female, squatted and growled at sight of him, and when he approached she charged. Sputtering, he sprang nimbly away. As she lumbered off along the hillside, stopping to mumble over old stumps and lick up ants, he followed her; but after an hour he gave it up.

He came upon more squirrels later, red ones this time. He raided them as he had the grays, discovering the wonder and sweetness of young beech mast. The squirrels had not yet harvested this crop, and for a time Siak merely lunched on the largesse they had dropped to the ground. Then he took to the trees and really tested his tonnage amid the laden boughs, while the colony of reds shrieked maranatha and anathema.

Their riot calls soon brought down upon them a far greater menace. A settler's boy from down the valley who had been out squirreling was drawn to the spot, and from the concealment of a near-by thicket picked off half a dozen squirrels before the colony was aware of his presence. Circus-reared Siak heard the shots but had no notion of what it was all about and less than no fear. Then he saw the boy, and with a glad chirruping cry slithered down the tree.

INGRAM'S
Ingram's Shaving Cream
Tube or Jar, both COOL

Ingram's shaves are better shaves for these 3 reasons

1 *Ingram's rich lather strips the oily coating from your whiskers—softens them to the skin-line for easy shaving.*

TO GIVE YOU COOL COMFORT ALONG WITH BETTER SHAVES, WE PUT THREE SPECIAL INGREDIENTS INTO INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Every time you shave they do these three things to make your face look better and feel better:

1st, wilt whiskers thoroughly at the skin-line, so they come off clean at the first stroke of a good blade.

2nd, smooth the skin, draw tiny wrinkles tighter; your razor glides without scuffing or scraping.

3rd, cool your face while you shave; keep it cool after you've finished. No sting, no rawness, no lotion needed.

Ingram's feels grand on any skin. And it treats all whiskers alike. Softens them, takes out pull, sees that they meet your razor meekly!

"Bluebeards," men who can't get by without two shaves a day, like Ingram's for the protection it gives the skin. And all users like it for its economy. Ingram's Shaving Cream is concentrated. It goes farther. Three months of cool shaves in each tube or jar.

Begin with Ingram's tomorrow. Join up with the "world's best shavers!" You can get Ingram's Shaving Cream at any drug store. Or, if you'd first like to try 10 cool shaves free, mail the coupon today for a sample tube.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

2 *Ingram's conditions your skin before you shave. Smooths it so your razor glides without skipping or scuffing.*

3 *And Ingram's cools your skin! No sting during the shave; no burn when whiskers are off. No lotion necessary.*

TRY THE WORLD'S COOLEST SHAVE *free*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-36, 636 Fifth Ave., New York City
I'll gladly try Ingram's for 10 days. Send me sample tube, free.

Name........................ Street........................
City........................ State........................

If a day goes by
take a Beauty Laxative

Keep regular as clockwork if you want to feel like a million and look the same way.

If one day goes by without proper elimination of body wastes, take a "beauty laxative" and get rid of those accumulated poisons.

Olive Tablets are ideal for assisting Nature in keeping a regular schedule. Gentle and mild and non-habit-forming, they bring prompt relief.

Keep a supply always handy on the bathroom shelf. They'll make a hit with the whole family. Three sizes—15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
OLIVE TABLETS
THE Beauty LAXATIVE

BRUSH AWAY
GRAY HAIR
and Look 10
YEARS YOUNGER

Here is a quick, safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNATONE you just tint those streaks or patches of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Cannot affect waving of hair. Over twenty-three years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable.

If BROWNATONE does not give your gray, streaked or faded hair alluring, rich, youthful-appearing color, your money back. Only 50c. At drug and toilet counters everywhere.

STOPS ITCHING and DANDRUFF

Glover's (the *medicine* with the clean pine tar odor) stops itching and Dandruff; checks excessive Falling Hair; combats Baldness; promotes normal hair growth. Start today with Glover's Mange Medicine and follow with Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo. At all druggists. Barbers also give Glover's Treatment.

GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

Here was Man, and to Siak Man meant fruit, bread, and friendliness. He rushed forward. The boy's knowledge of monkeys, however, was limited to the debauched wizened characters seen too often in cages at county fairs. This erect soot-colored figure with white-ringed face materializing out of the swart shadows of the beech woods looked like the devil himself. With a choking yell the boy turned and fled. Siak pursued, his long arms stretched out imploringly. He was quickly left behind, but continued to follow, and so came in time to a sparsely settled region in the foothills.

He came on to a cabin in a clearing and saw another man moving about; but a dog spied him and drove him away. He went on, and in early evening was circling about another settler's cabin. He crept into the barn, reassured by the familiar smell of horses. In the warm straw-strewn interior some chickens squawked. He came upon a freshly laid egg, and though he had never eaten a hen's egg in his life, he knew exactly what to do with it. He did it, and had just finished when the jabber of the hens drew the settler's dog to the barn.

The dog's bark drew the settler and Siak departed from there via a loft window.

Siak kept moving pretty well all that night—he had trails and woods roads to move along now. By morning he had got well out of the timberland into a country of rolling hills well dotted with farmsteads. It looked good to Siak, who was sore and sorry and thin as a spook, and ready to toss in his towel on the whole affair.

Ahead of him, still a good way off, he saw presently, between hills, a bright pleasant-looking little town. Here at last was a bit of topography with which he was familiar as an old trouper. He hastened onward with new zest, his heart rapid with a strange and hopeful anticipation.

That was exactly eleven o'clock in the morning, and exactly one minute thereafter Siak was electrified with joy.

Faintly to his ears there came the brazen braying of a circus band. The circus parade—his circus parade—he knew it without even being able to see it—was just starting out on its morning tour of the town. Ever since he escaped from the train Siak had been traveling unwittingly westward, in the same direction as the circus. The show had been held up for twenty-four hours because of the wreck, and so by a quirk of chance he had caught up with it at its first stop west of the mountains.

About a half-hour later, the crowd that had collected to watch the parade come in were amused and startled to see an emaciated black-and-white monkey speeding toward them across a vacant field, running upright like any man, his long arms outstretched entreatingly. He rushed straight in among the red-and-gilt parade wagons, behind whose bars he could see many of his old cellmates—lucky beggars!—pacing up and down or dozing in happy well caged security. He was looking for his own cage and the bread and fruit he was certain would be within it, and his single fear was that some fresh horror of the wild might catch up with him before he got inside.

THEN a yell from one of the teamsters brought a man running from the menagerie—Joe Greer, and none other—quite sober this morning, but none the less flabbergasted. Only one thing equaled Joe's eagerness to get hold of Siak again, and that was Siak's eagerness to get hold of him. Thus, lovingly entwined, they passed into the friendly smells and shadows of the menagerie tent and the familiar waiting cage. There the prodigal was rewarded with a meal fit to dream about—bananas, three fat buns, and a warm and epicurean bag of popcorn.

" I allus liked this punk," Joe Greer brought up from somewhere in his gin-soaked system for the benefit of the canvasmen collected about the cage. " I bet he had one hell of a time of it. It's sixty, seventy miles back to that wreck. The little sucker don't know it yet," Joe went on magnanimously as he locked the cage door, " but he's goin' to be a lot happier when we hit Los Angeles. The boss was tellin' me a couple weeks back he sent clean to Europe for a mate for him—these gibbons is mighty scarce, y'unnerstand. Yeh, she'll be waitin' for him down at winter quarters."

THE END

ANSWER TO SAM LOYD PUZZLE ON PAGE 34

Between the 10-foot and 12-foot post-planting methods there would be a difference of one post in a stretch of 60 feet. In Tom's statement the respective methods carried out for the full length of his proposed fence would show a post-requirement difference of 40: in one case a shortage of 15 posts, and in the other a surplus of 25.

If in a 60-foot stretch the difference would be one post, then how many feet would it require to show a difference of 40 posts? Why, of course, just 40 times 60, or 2,400 feet. The 10-foot method would call for 241 posts to stretch that distance, there being a post at either end.

By that rule, Tom announced, there would be a shortage of 15 posts, so his full stock of posts must have been 226. After planting the first post, the number of spaces between posts in the distance of the fence would be the same as the number of posts called for.

Therefore we divide 2,400 by 225 to learn that in using all of the posts, having one at either end, and planting them equal distances apart, measured from center to center, the distance between posts was 10 feet 8 inches.

THEY *Mean* WELL!

Those Maddening Helpful Pests with Hearts of Gold: Is Murder Really Too Good for Them?

by

JACK GOODMAN

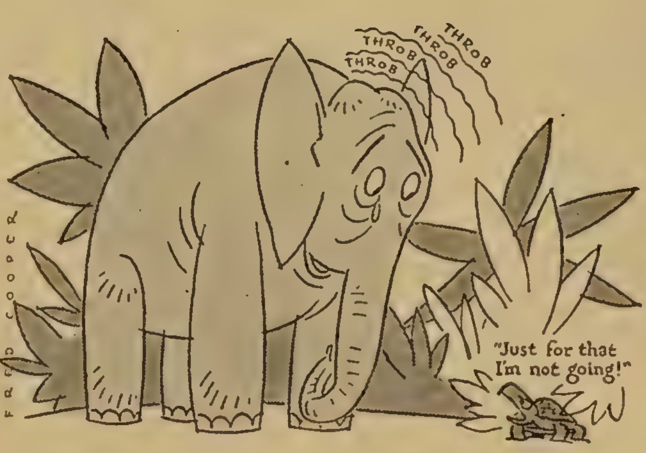
and

ALBERT RICE

CARTOONS BY FRED COOPER

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

CERTAIN bacteria have a habit of establishing squatters' rights in a tiny part of your insides, and there they remain as long as they live. When scientists first discovered that fact they were astonished.

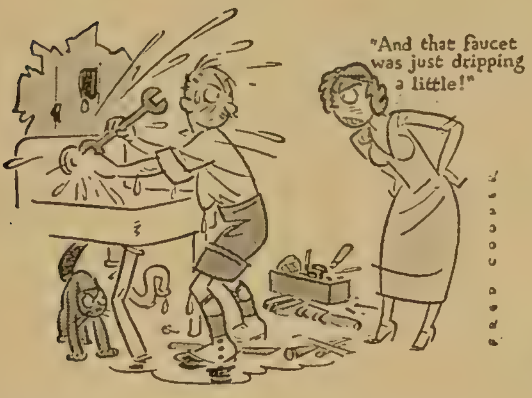


The elephant grew impatient—angry.

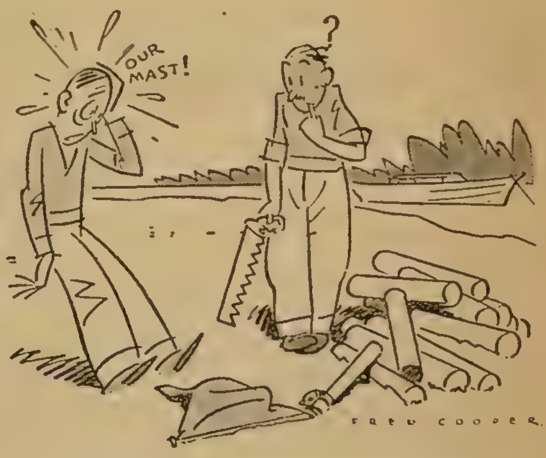
Yet nobody thinks it very remarkable that there is a species of human being who spends *his* entire life getting in other people's hair.

You know him well. If he isn't a relative, he is certainly numbered among your friends. He is the one who tips over your bottle of rare old brandy in his eagerness to light your cigarette. Or maybe he upsets the canoe trying to get you a water lily you didn't want in the first place.

Or, if you have received a ticket for passing a red light, he will insist that he, and he alone, can fix it for you. Three weeks later you may find yourself in jail for attempted bribery, but you can't feel angry, can you? After all, he did *mean* well!


"And that faucet was just dripping a little!"
FRED COOPER

He may be your husband, who insists he can fix faucets.

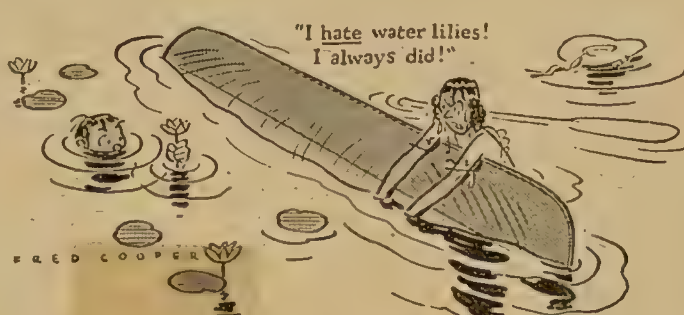


His companions said: "George, go out and—oh, saw some wood."

When Samuel Johnson first observed that hell was paved with good intentions, he was probably referring bitterly to a recent encounter with one of these good-turn Charleys. He hasn't been contradicted yet.

A moderately active one, when he's really going well, can do more damage than a dozen assorted movie villains. But he is so insidiously likable, as a rule, that the damage is done before you can say boo—and if you do say boo it won't do you any good anyway.

Like the elephant in his encounter with the turtle, you can do little more than trumpet helplessly that you're never going to let it happen again.


"I hate water lilies! I always did!"
FRED COOPER

There is a species of human being who spends his life getting in people's hair.

The elephant, you may recall, if you ever heard the little fable, was suffering from a severe headache. Standing in a clearing in the jungle, he was moaning loudly: "Oh, my head! My poor, poor head!"

His friend the turtle approached solicitously and said: "What's the matter, old man?"

The elephant explained, between groans.

"Don't you worry about that!" said the turtle comfortingly. "You just wait in this very spot and I'll dash into town and get something that'll clear it right up!"

"Oh, thank you, dear friend," said the elephant, who was somewhat sentimental. "I can't ever thank you enough!"

"Don't mention it!" said the turtle, disappearing into the underbrush.

An hour passed—and the elephant grew somewhat impatient. Two hours—and he grew angry. Finally, no longer able to control his rage, he shouted bitterly: "That turtle! I should never have trusted him! I knew he was no friend of mine!"

Instantly the turtle popped out of the underbrush and said indignantly: "Just for that, I'm not going!"

If you could ever assemble all the Well-Meaners together, they would divide themselves by choice into two separate groups, which might be called the Pleased-to-Oblige Camp and the Obliged-to-Please Camp. The first of these would be less crowded. In it would be found all the people of whom you actually *ask* a favor. The second would consist of those eager Samaritans who decide to do you a good turn whether you like it or not.

Of the two, the Pleased-to-Oblige citizen is the lesser plague. He always does his best. His best, though, is always terrible. The Case of the Kindly Caddie is a somewhat pathetic instance. A Mr. Pinckney was playing a round of golf at his club. He was a sad little man, whose one ambition was to negotiate the course in fewer than 136 strokes. Just once. But he secretly feared that he would never do it.

Mr. Pinckney was considerate. He always played alone, because he didn't want to inflict his outrageous golf on others. On this particular round he arrived at the eighteenth tee with a glowing opportunity of breaking his record. He had taken only 126 strokes. A nine would give him 135—and the eighteenth was a par three, one of the easiest holes on the course!

I Couldn't Even Tell My Doctor!

An Affliction so Embarrassing, Many Bear it in Silence!

PILES are enough almost to drive one mad! They torment you day and night, even while you are abed.

The pain is a severe drain on your strength and vitality and handicaps you in your every activity. The dangerous part about Piles is that because of the delicacy of the ailment many are reluctant to seek relief. For this reason Piles often develop into something very serious.

The most troublesome Piles are pacified today with Pazo Ointment. Pazo gives almost instant relief from the pain, itching and bleeding. It lets you walk, sit and sleep in comfort.

Threefold Effect

Pazo is effective because it is threefold in effect. First, it is *soothing*, which tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce the swollen parts. This threefold effect is what you want for real satisfactory results.

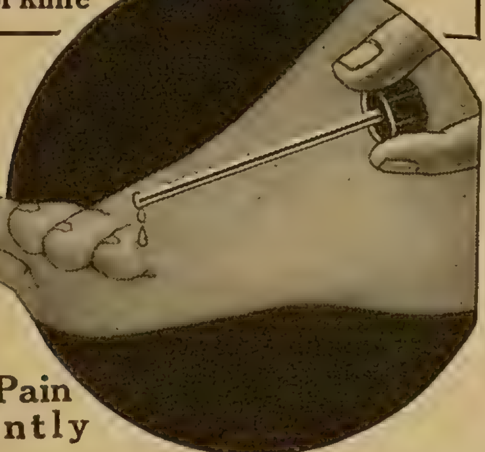
Prove It!

Pazo is put up in Collapsible Tube with special Pile Pipe which is perforated. The perforated Pile Pipe permits thorough medication of the interior parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as they are proven Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form.

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories. Try either today and see the relief they bring. The results will earn your undying gratitude.

HOW TO GET RID OF CORNS

—without using pads or knife


One Drop Stops Pain Instantly

Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE

Quivering with excitement, Mr. Pinckney addressed the ball, waggled carefully, took a slow backswing, remembered to follow through—and missed the ball by a good six inches. His fifth shot landed in a trap to the left of the green. It took him two more to get on—and he three-putted, for a ten.

As Mr. Pinckney trudged, head down, to the clubhouse, he said miserably to his caddie:

"Tell me, son—truthfully—is there *anybody* in this club who plays worse golf than I?"

The caddie shifted his chewing gum to the other side of his mouth and said consolingly: "I guess maybe you ain't so bad, mister. They's a guy here who's so bad the other caddies talk about him all the time. I ain't never caddied for him, but the way they talk, you got it all over him! His name's Pinckney."

THE Pleased-to-Oblige Well-Meaner seems always to be not only pursued but run ragged by bad luck. Get him down to brass tacks, and he'll find the tacks' sharp points upward, as happened in the Case of the Eager Medico.

He was a prominent Baltimore physician. For the first time in his life he was roughing it—in the Vermont woods. On the second day his companions, old hands at the game, said to him:

"Look, George, you're no use at all here in the cabin, old fellow. As a matter of fact, you're just underfoot. Go out and—oh, saw some wood or something."

George obediently seized a saw and departed for the great outdoors. After several ineffectual assaults on giant oaks and birches which simply sneered at him, he wandered down to the pebbled beach in search of easier prey. Near the water front he came upon just the sort of wood he wanted—a long straight log, not too thick around. The impeding branches, he noted with satisfaction, had already been stripped from it.

One hour later he straightened up, tired but happy, and regarded a neat little stack of foot-long logs with admiration. His reverie was suddenly interrupted. "George!" cried a voice behind him—a tragic voice. "George! You have sawed up the mast of our sailboat!"

You'll find this kind of Well-Meaner blundering along in every walk of life. He may be a literary reviewer, as was the gentleman who was the only available headline writer on a metropolitan newspaper on the fateful night the Titanic sunk. He was extremely pleased to oblige his city editor—with an eight-column banner headline which read: *O Deep and Raging Sea!*

Or he may be just your husband, who insists that he can fix faucets in the kitchen without bothering to send for any old plumber. It doesn't generally take him more than half an hour to tear down one side of the kitchen wall.

The pages of history are liberally strewn with the efforts of those who make a practice of doing good turns badly. Just as the whippoorwill and the bobolink have their characteristic cries, so has the Well-Meaner his. It consists of a sharp intake of breath, followed by "Oh, I'm *so* sorry!" And the ones who are sorriest are the members of the second camp, the Obliged-to-Please Well-Meaners. They offer you a helping hand, whether you want it or not—and then, when you decide to accept it, they yank you merrily over a precipice.

They are ever alert to help. Drop something on the floor within range of one and nothing can prevent his stooping at the same instant you do and cracking his skull sharply against yours. Get a small stain on your dress or suit, and he—or she—will rub a much larger one into the gown in a desperate effort to remove it.

Take for example the literary couple who were driving through the country last fall. The husband was a novelist, the wife a critic.

"Look!" she said suddenly. "A forest fire!"

He looked. A fat column of black smoke was curling heavenward some distance in front of them. The car jumped ahead. A moment later a curve in the road revealed the conflagration. A fire was whipping its way across a patch of dry stubble about twenty yards off the highway.

Flushed with excitement, the husband cried: "Let's get the blankets out of the rumble! It's spreading, but I think it's small enough for us to check! Hurry!"

For the next twenty minutes the two trampled earnestly on embers, smothered small blazes in a score of places, singed eyebrows and clothing and ruined their blankets. Just as the fire had been reduced to a discomfited smoldering mass, a state trooper roared up on a motorcycle and came to a screaming stop near the car.

"It was spreading, officer, but we stopped it!" the novelist said happily as he sucked at a burned thumb.

"My backfire!" muttered the trooper brokenly. "You've put out my backfire! It took me two hours to get it started!"

YOUR Obliged-to-Please Well-Meaner is the sort who would rather be President than right. You probably saw the result of his efforts in a recent Peter Arno cartoon, in which a horrified dowager, on the night of her big party, is shown confronting two mammoth and bewildered wrestlers in tights. "But I distinctly asked for whistlers!" she cries plaintively.

Every now and then this second type of Well-Meaner adds his mite to the gaiety or woe of nations. Not long ago, an audience attending an amateur dramatic performance in a New York suburb was regaled by one. It didn't know that our hero had notified the stage manager that he would be delayed in the city on business that day and couldn't get to the theater to act his small part. Nor that he had discovered at the very last minute that he could make it after all, and had forgotten to tell the stage manager not to bother about his understudy.

No. All the audience knew was that a small, excessively stout little gentleman emerged upon the stage and said: "I am Professor Throckmorton. I am expected. May I go in now?"

He thereupon disappeared through a door. Not ten seconds later another actor charged on to the stage—a tall, thin, breathless one. It was our hero, doing his level best, and delighted that he had reached the theater just in time to make his scheduled appearance. He said simply: "I am Professor Throckmorton. I am expected. May I go in now?"

That was only a small audience. But just a few months ago you'll recall more than fifty thousand at the Princeton-Dartmouth game were delighted by the resolute conduct of the young restaurant assistant who was in a condition discreetly described at the time by Joe Williams as "fortified against the cold." He suddenly appeared on the field as the twelfth man in the Dartmouth line-up just as a play was being called. Joyously he penetrated the Princeton line (a feat which members of the opposition had been trying vainly to do all day) and nearly grounded the ball carrier with a flying tackle.

But he had his excuse. The fellow who volunteered his services to the motorist who was in difficulties in the Pennsylvania mountains had none. The rear wheels of the car had slid off the narrow country road and into the mud. The Well-Meaner approached.

"Just step down on the gas as far as she'll go," he said helpfully. "That'll do the trick."

"But I tried that," said the motorist. "It won't work. The grade is too steep. I thought I'd back her down through the shrubbery and back to the road again."

"Nonsense," said the Well-Meaner. "Let me show you how it's done."

The other gladly yielded his place behind the wheel. The helpful one smiled reassuringly, went into first gear, stepped hard on the gas—and burned out three bearings.

Sometime soon you are certain to hear some one praised with the faint damn: "Yes, Elvira is a lovely girl and she certainly does mean well—*but* . . ."

You can then settle back comfortably, sure that you are going to hear a few hair-raising reasons why Elvira deserves to be left standing in the rain, which, the speaker explains, she hasn't enough sense to come in out of.

If you feel like starting an argument then and there, though, you can point out that no one is really in a position to shy the first brickbat at a Well-Meaner. The odds are against there being a single reader of this magazine who hasn't at some time or another attempted to do some one else a favor—with disastrous results. For the performing of favors is a risky business. Some one has said it involves putting the hand of friendship into the lion's jaw of circumstance.

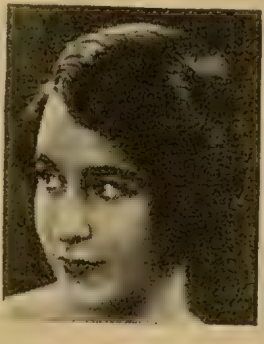
That's why you probably haven't a single friend who hasn't said earnestly at least once: "I'll be a blankety-blank so-and-so if I ever try to do any one a good turn again—so help me!"

It's a sensible resolution—but pay no attention to it. Your friend just means well.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—Born in Jellico, Tennessee, she sang in church choirs, in musical comedy, in opera, and in the talkies. She married Valentin Parera, Spanish actor, in 1931, and now her hair is golden. Can you identify her from the early photo at the right?

2—What are the gonads?

3—Which work of Charles Dickens was published first?

4—From what uninhabited place were over 120,000 letters recently mailed at one time?

5—What popular comedian was a circus performer and later played Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin?

6—Which President declared "Hands off!" to Europe in 1823?

7—How long must a person have lived in Canada to be eligible for an old-age pension?

8—Where is capital punishment for an animal prescribed in the Bible?

9—What radio star closes each program with "Thanks for listening"?

10—An insurance-company actuary is what?

11—What famous British author started his business career as an architect?

12—When was sugar first made from beets?

13—Who was the first pro ballplayer to win a place in baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, New York?

14—What is the longest mile in the world?

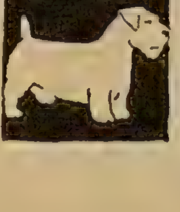
15—Who was Lonesome Luke of the silent films?

16—Does warm water freeze faster than cold water under refrigeration?

17—In which city of the United States was it against the law to take a bath in 1845?

18—Why is Marion Talley's middle name Nevada?

19—What breed of dog is shown at the right?



20—Who proposed "to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"?

(Answers will be found on page 48)

INGERSOLL AERO
$3.25

Ingersoll

BRINGS EVERY LUXURY EXCEPT HIGH PRICE

Two triumphs by Ingersoll ...Aero, a beautiful streamline wrist watch...Yankee, a small, thin pocket model with unbreakable crystal that can't come out. Both dependable timekeepers. Ruggedly built. Finished in non-tarnishing chrome. Ingersoll offers, as usual, top value in the watch field. Pocket models from $1.25. Wrist models, $2.95 to $5.95.

$1.50
INGERSOLL YANKEE

2 MINUTES LATER

Now..Reset loose fixtures with Plastic Wood

Now . . . you can quickly and easily reset loose bathroom fixtures in plaster, tile or wood, seal unsightly cracks around bathtubs and sinks, seal floor or baseboard cracks, etc.—with waterproof, wearproof Plastic Wood—that handles like putty and hardens into lasting wood. You can paint it just like real wood, too. Paint, hardware stores sell 25c tubes, 35c cans. Also obtainable in white for bathroom repairs.

PLASTIC WOOD

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED BY MAJOR BOWES

BONG! Greetings, family of amateur writers, and congratulations! Bravo for the thousands of delightful little stories and cartoons submitted to this Liberty Amateur Contest. With more of your delightful contributions pouring in each week, it becomes more and more difficult to select the winners.

Miss Literary Muse is a capricious damsel. Even professional writers never know when she will smile or frown. If she rings the gong on your first attempts, don't give up. Send in other contributions.

Remember, the amateur writers and artists whose offerings appear on these pages will each receive $5. But that's not all. Every week the public will vote for its favorite item, so you have a chance to win additional prizes: $25 for the first prize; $10 for the second; and $5 for each one of the three third prizes.

The contest begins anew each week; prizes, voting, and awards repeating. Professional writers and artists are barred. You must be an amateur and your entry must be original. You've all had true experiences. Write about them. Send in short stories (not over 500 words), verse, jingles, quips, epigrams, bright sayings, drawings, cartoons, snapshots—anything.

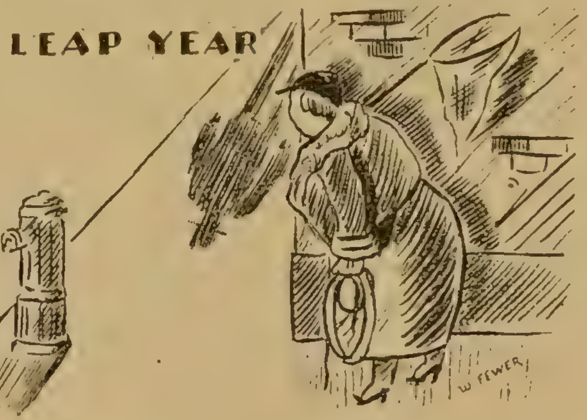
Bong! The wheel of fortune is whizzing again for amateur writers and artists. You might be one of the lucky winners.

Submit contributions to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
MAJOR EDWARD BOWES, EDITOR
P. O. BOX 380, GRAND CENTRAL STATION,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Major Edward Bowes

My first entry is from William Fewer, Jr., of Bird Island, Minnesota. He writes he is twenty-two years old, works in the local post office eight hours a day, and draws during his spare time. He is taking a correspondence course and expects to make commercial illustrating his life's work. He has great possibilities—and a keen sense of humor—and in a few years we shall probably be seeing Mr. Fewer's name on national advertising posters. I hope so.



Hilda Butler Farr of 11231 Wallace Street, Chicago, Ill., writes, "You have done so much for so many thousands of aspiring musicians, it is wonderful to know that we who write will at last have a chance."

And as her entry, she offers Beyond the Fog of Years, which has a pleasant lilt and is delightful.

BEYOND THE FOG OF YEARS

If we should meet upon the street
Some unexpected day,
You'd take my hand and there we'd stand
Without a word to say.

And then, my dear, our brains would clear
And we would stroll along,
Forgetting years and bitter tears
In memories and song.

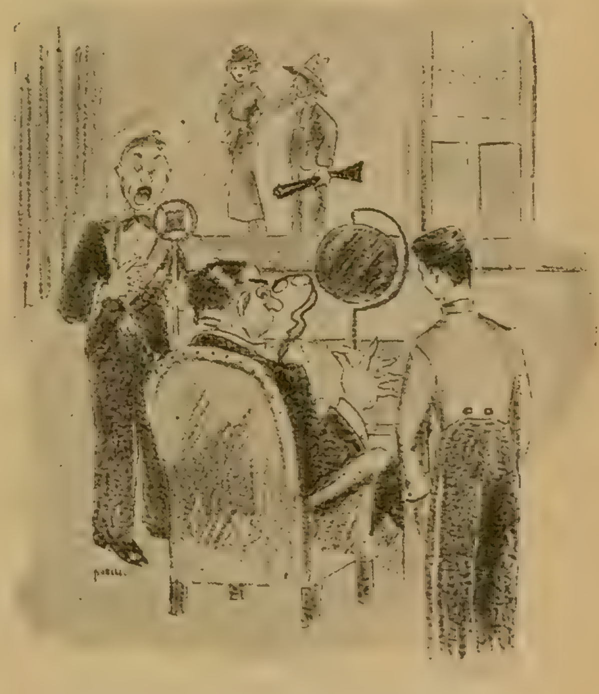
I'd see your smile a little while
And clouds would slip away
If we should meet upon the street
Some unexpected day.

Paul Barrerre from Chicago, Illinois, wants to know if the fact that he has contributed to columns in newspapers affects his amateur standing. He has never received compensation for anything submitted, and so he is eligible for this contest. He closes his letter with, "Please don't break the gong when you read my work." Well, readers, what do you think?

ACHIEVEMENT

I wish that I could have the subtle grace
That some men show in taking up the chase.
They seem to get to know the nicest girls
And splash about in friendly social whirls.
They always get their quarry—lucky guys!—
While all the chase gets me is exercise.

There are many humorous versions of "getting the gong." Mr. Burzell of Yellow Springs, Ohio, sends his, and I think the drawing is very clever.



"He says that you gave his Nell the gong last Sunday."

From Tampa Lane, 246 Highbrook Avenue, Pelham, N. Y., comes a serious and appealing contribution:

"Ah, let her cry," they whispered, "for the tears
Will wash her heart of anguish and her
Eyes of yearning. Weep, and in a while
The jumbled slate is washed clean once again;
The wind that tossed the mountain pool is dead;
Dying love brings forth far sweeter flowers
Upon its grave." They whispered: "It can't last. . . .
Just let her cry."

But my eyes are dry, and through the years
Of sorrow that strong wisdom can't defer,
Though my soul mourn in silence, I will smile.
To wash the troubled slate is useless when
'Tis broken; the depths of a pool have bled
Beyond all knowing, though through endless hours
Its face is calm. Beneath my eyes the tears flow fast—
Yet I cannot cry.

Hanna Moore Krammes, 1322 North Second Street, Arkansas City, Kan., sends this very short story which carries a good deal of interest. It has romance, intrigue, a happy ending! What more could one ask?

OLD STUFF

Old Bud Higby, veteran county attorney, paced the floor of his office. He mopped the sweat from his huge red face. God! To lose this case when about to retire with an unbroken record of three consecutive terms!

He scowled at his young assistant. "That girl's no more paralyzed than I am. She murdered her old mother in cold blood. I don't care if all the experts in the country testify that she has no reflexes; she's guilty as hell."

The young man eyed him speculatively. "Would you change your mind about Mary and me if I can prove she's hoodwinking us?"

"Bah! You kids are not old enough to think of marrying—you're not making enough. It takes all the tricks of the trade for us old-timers to get by, these days."

"How is this for a trick? Got it yesterday."

"By Gad! How did you get this, boy?" He was examining an enlarged snapshot of the accused woman—she was in the act of grabbing her skirt. The wind or something had lifted it high above her knees.

Suddenly his face resumed its thwarted look.

"You damn fool! You know there wasn't a breath of air stirring yesterday. You can't get away with a faked picture."

"Faked nothing! You are beholding a woman in the throes of one of the oldest reflexes known to mankind—as old as the dawn of consciousness—the primitive instinct of keeping certain parts of her body covered." He smiled roguishly. "Eve did it with fig leaves."

"How did you get it, son?" Old Bud Higby was elated.

"Well, you know they take her out in a wheel chair every afternoon, and the theater backs right into the jailyard. She got her air, all right! I had to do some talking to get the operator to let me use the jail air-cooling device. And it sure worked!

"It cost me a month's salary, though," he added ruefully.

"Never mind that—I'll include that in your wedding check. Let's get into that courtroom. We'll show those newfangled experts some old good stuff!"

Marion G. Cahn, 277 West End Avenue, New York City, offers this sophisticated entry:

VIRTUE

Some girls get orchids and diamonds,
Others get gowns from Chanel.
I get a chocolate soda.
They never do wrong by our Nell.

The following excerpt is from a letter received from Elmer F. Brandell of Louisville, Kentucky. "Attached is a comic column; I call it comic." Out of his ten items I have chosen three which I feel are the best.

Photo by John Dreves

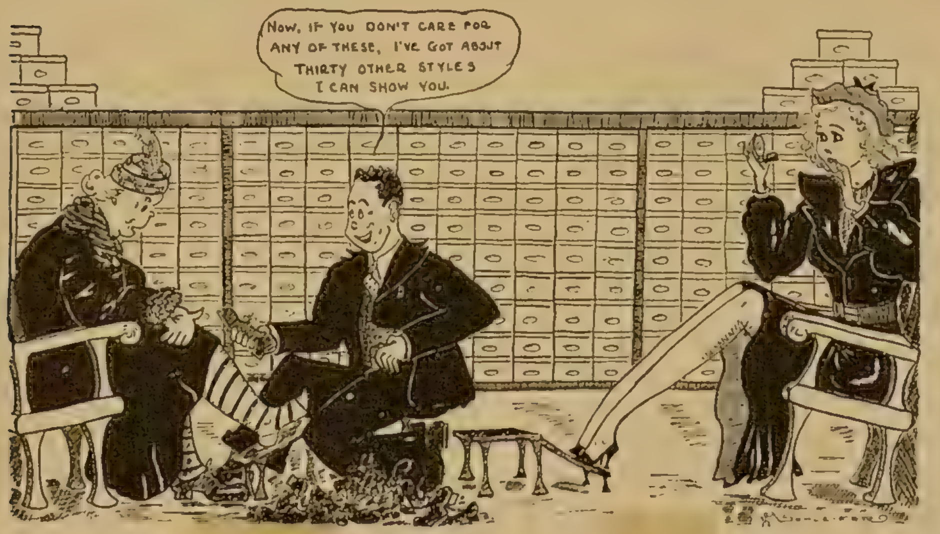
Major Edward Bowes

There once was a woman who took her first relief money to a fortune teller to learn how long she would receive relief money.

Nature has done more for monkey than for man: A monkey can reach any part of its back.

CHEERFUL LITTLE EYEFUL

Sign at entrance to Louisville's City Hospital: Keep This Road Open for Undertaker.


NOW, IF YOU DON'T CARE FOR ANY OF THESE, I'VE GOT ABOUT THIRTY OTHER STYLES I CAN SHOW YOU.

What is wrong with this picture?

K. Schleifer, 355 E. Main Street, Rochester, New York, submits the cartoon at the left. I'll leave it to the readers to answer his question.

Nursery Rhymes Up to Date—six verses of rhythmic, humorous rhymes—modern, entertaining—are submitted by Erma Haaland, 1204 Quincy St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

NURSERY RHYMES UP TO DATE

Mary had a little lamb,
Mother Goose tells us that.
Now Mary is a prim old maid
And has a pussycat.

Miss Muffet on a tuffet
Had only curds and whey.
Now she is a soda clerk
And has ice cream every day.

Little Tommy Tucker
Sang to earn his keep.
Now he croons on the radio
At a thousand clear each week.

The Old Woman in the Shoe
Had troubles by the score.
Now her children are very rich
And she has wealth galore.

Jack and Jill came to ill,
'Twas water they were after.
Now they visit cocktail bars
And they are full of laughter.

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater,
Couldn't keep his wife.
He's just returned from Reno,
A bachelor now for life.

A snappy quip from Clinton, La. Mrs. Hunter Norwood sends in the following:

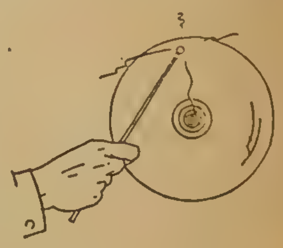
We get the "lowdown" on a lot of girls today because the neighbors stay "up" at night to watch what they do!

HOW TO VOTE

Send in your vote by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue. A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each will be awarded to the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. Contributors are urged to keep carbon copies of their material, for Liberty will not return rejected manuscripts. Neither can the editors of Liberty enter into correspondence regarding material submitted. Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

DON'T BE A COPYCAT!

It is not a hard job to fool the editors or even Major Bowes. They might accept and unknowingly publish something that has been copied or lifted from other sources—other people's work. But remember that you will always be caught. If the original author doesn't catch you, some bright reader will. Also remember that copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft, and that any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud.



Now Jafsie Tells

Why He So Long Delayed His Identification of Hauptmann

What He and Bruno Said in the Flemington Cell

What Remaining Mysteries of the Lindbergh Case He Still Hopes to Solve

by

Dr. JOHN F. CONDON

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART TEN—"HE IS YOUR MAN"

As I fought my way up toward the front of the slow-moving bus I continued to shout:

"Stop this bus! Stop this bus!"

The bus driver's face, a familiar one, turned for a startled second in my direction.

"I can't stop here, Doc. There's cross traffic."

A glance out showed me that we were already crossing busy Pelham Parkway, and I realized that the bus could not possibly be brought to a stop until it reached the southwest corner on the other side.

I tried to look out, but could see nothing of John, who had been walking in the direction opposite that in which we were traveling. In that exasperating few moments I felt as though we would never reach the south side of the parkway.

But we did finally, and the driver pulled open the bus door. I stepped out hurriedly, turned about, and looked across Pelham Parkway. Several pedestrians were walking north on the other side, but at that distance I could not tell whether or not John was among them.

Crossing the thoroughfare, with its speeding traffic, ate up another precious moment or two. When I had reached the other side, I could see nothing of the man I was seeking. Whether he had disappeared in the near-by woods, whether he had entered an automobile and driven away, I could not tell. He was gone—and I didn't know which way to go to look for him.

I did what I considered the best possible thing under the circumstances.

I sought out the nearest telephone and called the New York office, Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, on Lexington Avenue. I reported the incident in full, and their records today should disclose the report I made to them.

Less than a month after this incident, on the afternoon of September 20, 1934, two plain-clothes men of the New York City Police Department came to my home.

I was preparing, at the moment, to go with two State Troopers from New Jersey on a trip in connection with a lead I had recently received. When I answered the door, the two city policemen virtually burst into the room. They were tremendously excited.

"Get your hat on, Doctor," they ordered. "We've got John!"

I'd heard that phrase so often, in connection with other "hot suspects," that I refused to share their excitement. I motioned toward the two State Troopers and said, "We were planning to go out on a little mission."

"Forget it. This is important. We've got John!"

"All right," I agreed. "If you'll be patient for a moment, I'll be right with you."

I left the room to get my hat. They moved restlessly to the front door. "Hurry!" they urged.

I was rushed from my home so quickly that my bewildered family upstairs, noticing my departure in a police car, thought that I was being placed under arrest.

I was driven to the Greenwich Street police station in New York City. We arrived there some time after five o'clock. The excitement of my escorts—I have never learned their names—was nothing compared with the excitement at the police station. We had to push our way through crowds of curious to enter. Reporters and cameramen and excited uniformed men dashed wildly about in the corridors. A newspaper photographer snapped me as I sat waiting to be called. I had no liking for all this mad bustle. It looked to me like the disorganization of a stampede.

I expressed my distaste for the whole thing by falling asleep in my chair.

Some one shook my arm, said impatiently:

"Hurry—you're next!"

It might have been a barbershop instead of a police station. The same officer, clutching my arm, hustled me through a doorway. At a desk at the far end of the room sat Inspector John J. Lyons. To one side, as I went in, stood at least a dozen men in a line.

"If you see John in this line, step forward and put your hand on his shoulder," a voice directed.

My eyes ran down the line. Twelve or more men! And perhaps eleven of them were broad-shouldered, florid-faced, bull-necked chaps who could not by any stretch of the imagination have been confused with the man I had described, over and over, as John.

Among them—slender, sallow of face, expressionless—stood John, the man I had been seeking for two and one half years.

There were two things, in that moment when I was brought to a stop almost directly in front of him, of which I was conscious.

John, the kidnaper of the Lindbergh baby, the man to whom I had paid $50,000, stood there before me. I had said I would recognize him again anywhere, instantly. And I did now.

But as strong—or stronger—was the second thing of which I was aware. This whole atmosphere was totally unfair. This was no orderly procedure of justice. It was the bustling chaos of a madhouse.

And a man's life was at stake.

It may seem inconceivable that I, at that moment, should have thought of John's interests. But I did. With the exception of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, I had, perhaps, been more deeply injured by this man than any other person in the world.

Yet even an underdog is entitled to a fair chance. And a fair chance cannot come when passions and nerves are at the boiling point and order has been thrown into the discard. I had seen nothing, anywhere about me, of calmness, deliberation.

My mind, too, had leaped on ahead to this fact: This man, I had been told by the officers on our way here, had been caught with some of the ransom money in his possession. Because of that, this confusion seemed all the more dangerous to me.

Why the necessity for haste? This man was securely entrapped. He faced, at least, an extortion charge. He could not get away. I spoke to Inspector Lyons:

"May I conduct this in my own fashion?"

He gave me a puzzled look. "Go ahead," he said.

I picked not one man but four men from that line-up. They stepped forward. The fourth man was John. I heard one of the first three grumble to a companion, "What's he picking *me* for?"

I asked each his name. Each replied. I listened with genuine curiosity to the reply of John.

"Bruno Richard Hauptmann," he said.

Voice, military bearing, "inverted triangle" face, slightly stooped shoulders, straight nose—in every detail he was the John with whom I had talked at Van Cortlandt Park and at St. Raymond's Cemetery.

I asked each man, "Have you ever seen me before?" Each replied, "No."

Again I turned to Inspector Lyons.

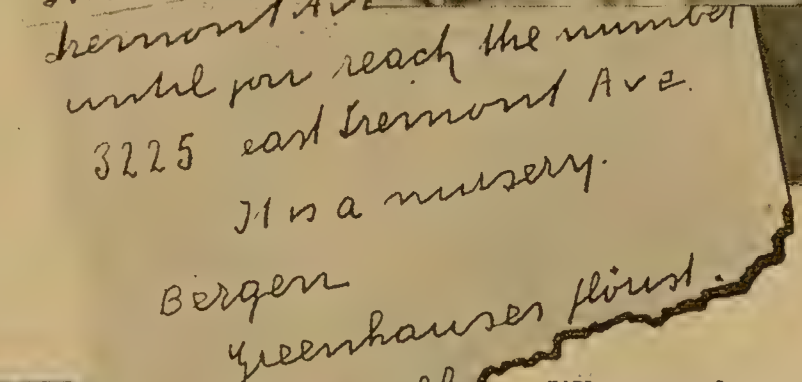
"Could I have a pencil and paper, sir?" I inquired.

They were supplied. I wrote a number of phrases that the kidnaper had spoken to me. Among them were: "He would smack me out. I stayed already too long. Your work is perfect."

I gave the paper to each of the four men in turn; asked each to read to me the quotations written on it.

N.Y.C. POLICE
128221

Right: Jafsie at the Greenwich Street police station, snapped by a photographer as he waited to be called to view the line-up that included "John." Below: Hauptmann shortly after he was arrested. Bottom: Hauptmann in his cell at Flemington—with much of his assurance regained.



Dear Sir: take c

tremont Ave

until you reach the number

3225 east tremont Ave.

It is a nursery.

Bergen

Greenhauses florist.

there is a table

Who was that taxicab driver who left the note above at Jafsie's door?

Why did I write these things out? The answer is simple.

Had I merely quoted these phrases orally and asked the men to repeat them, they could have picked up *my* inflections, *my* intonations, *my* pronunciation of the words. But, handed those same phrases on paper, they were forced to say them pretty much as *they* customarily would say them. And Hauptmann proved the truth of my reasoning.

"He vould schmack me oud. I stayed already too long. Your work is pefect," was the way he read them aloud.

Again, I asked each of the four men, individually, "Are you sure you have never seen me before?"

Each replied that he was sure.

I asked each of them to let me inspect his hand. On Hauptmann's hand was the well developed muscle at the ball of the thumb. I had suspected it from the print on the window frame in the Lindbergh nursery. It had been there when I shook hands with John at Van Cortlandt Park and again at St. Raymond's. And now, two and one half years later, I was to find it—the trademark of his carpenter's profession—on Hauptmann's hand in the line-up in the Greenwich Street station.

I STOOD close to him, addressed him in the language he had used as a boy in Kamenz:

"*Können Sie Deutsch sprechen?*"

New York's police are largely Irish, and from the startled glances I received I gathered that no one else in all that room could understand German. Walter Winchell, referring to the incident later, said Hauptmann had quaked when I addressed him in German. Hauptmann did nothing of the sort.

He shot me an eager darting glance. His cold eyes grew less cold, and anxiously, almost pleadingly he said in a grateful voice:

"*Ja, Ich kann. Sprechen Sie zu mir Deutsch.*"

I had asked him if he could speak German. He had answered, "Yes, I can. Speak to me in German."

I whispered, "*Wahrheit ist besser, Richard.*"

There was no reply. He stood motionless before me. His eyes became blank, cold again.

I recited to him:

" Willst du immer weiter greifen
Wenn das Gute liegt so nah,
Lerne nur das Glück ergreifen
Den das Glück ist immer da."

Again the unyielding stare, the expressionless face.

What had I said to him? That's what the policemen were eager to know. That's what reporters, when I had left the line-up, asked me. I have been offered, many times, sums of money to repeat those words and their translation. They are published here for the first time. And there was little about them that was mysterious, weighty. Both were reminders to the man I knew to be John that it would be better to make a clean breast of his crime. Both were pleas that he speak.

The first sentence—" *Wahrheit ist besser, Richard* "—was: " The truth is better, Richard."

The other was a little German poem, a plea to unburden his soul. Translated quite roughly, it goes:

Will you always seek still farther?
See the good that lies so near.
Learn at once to grasp your fortune—
Then happiness is always there.

HE had responded to neither, and I could hope to do nothing else that day. I turned to Inspector Lyons.

" I am through," I said.

The room, which had been quiet, was again buzzing. Indignant voices demanded to know which of the four men I had picked.

" I am holding my identification in abeyance for the present," I announced.

That decision met with instant disapproval.

" Either you can pick the man or you *can't!* " an angry police officer at my side told me. " Which one is John? "

" I shall not declare an identification at this time," I replied.

Later, at Flemington, Lawyer Reilly accused me of splitting hairs when I insisted upon drawing a distinction between the terms " identification " and " declaration of identification."

Every intelligent person will realize—I explained it to Reilly—that there is an important difference. I choose my words carefully, and I did that day in Greenwich Street. Identification is a mental process. I identified Hauptmann in that line-up. Declaration of identification is exactly what the term implies: stating that I have identified some one—in this case, Hauptmann. And, though I identified him, I refused to say so.

Why? I have already explained my reasons. Reflection, calm deliberation—these are an integral part of law and order, of justice. That is why we have trials—trials at which we present and weigh and consider evidence.

And there was nothing of reflection or calm deliberation at the police station that day.

I rebelled against the whole disorderly atmosphere. And because I felt it was not just, and because I felt that my way was the just way, I refused to declare my identification. As I have suggested before, I can be stubborn when I feel I am in the right.

Since I have come to realize that newspapers present news in much the same swift haphazard fashion in which the events of that day occurred, I was not greatly surprised to read, the following day, in several papers that I *had* positively and swiftly singled out Bruno Richard Hauptmann and ordered him from the line-up. Other newspapers, just as haphazard, printed stories saying that I had failed to identify the arrested man.

Neither, of course, were right. I *had* identified Hauptmann. But I had not let that fact be known to any one, had not spoken my identification.

Later—much later, when justice had found time to return to its quiet, orderly channels—there would be plenty of time for me to declare my identification.

But the conflicting erroneous newspaper accounts only served to impress upon thousands of persons who read of me, but did not know me, that " Jafsie " was " a bit off in the head."

My refusal to announce publicly my identification of Hauptmann was not based, I assure you, on any display of showmanship, any desire to become the eleventh-hour star of the Lindbergh case. That case was, always had been, too sacred to me to permit of any tawdry tricks of that sort.

Hauptmann, from the moment of his arrest, was being tried in the newspapers. Because I happened to be the one man in the world who had met and talked with him face to face during the ransom negotiations, I had no desire to add the crushing weight of my testimony at this time. At the proper time—and only at the proper time—would I declare my identification. The proper time, in my opinion, would be when I stepped upon the witness stand, under oath, at his trial.

I WANTED—had wanted from the start—to see justice done. At the same time, I wanted Hauptmann to have every chance that our American courts, in dispensing justice, permit the worst criminal.

Construing my silence, my refusal to declare my identification of Hauptmann, as inability to do so, the newspapers took a few parting whacks at me and then dropped me. I had been the keyman, the state's most important figure. Now I was the " forgotten man " of the Lindbergh case. I was quite satisfied to remain so.

I was free to continue my investigation of the case. To this day that investigation continues; for there are, within the Lindbergh case, many minor mysteries.

Whose was the voice that said, " *Statti citto!* " (" Shut up! ") on the night of March 11, 1932, when Hauptmann telephoned me from Westchester?

Who was the person to whom Hauptmann turned to relay my answer thus: " He says sometimes he writes pieces for the papers "?

Who was the Italian woman who came to the bazaar, before my connection with the case was known, to tell me, " Nothing can be done until the excitement is over," and who failed to keep her appointment with me at Tuckahoe?

Who was the taxicab driver—he has never been found

SEE THE SIGNED O. K. CERTIFICATE WITH YOUR FORTUNE SHOES

O.K.
MOST STYLES $4
No. 5239 Congo Black Calf
No. 5139 Cherry Red Calf

Smart—in favor this spring

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—who brought to my home, on the night of April 2, 1932, the note containing instructions for payment of the $50,000?

How much of Hauptmann's stories to me of a gang—of accomplices—was true, how much false?

Where did he go on the night he left St. Raymond's to obtain the note?

What did he do with the five-ply box containing the ransom money and where did he take it on the night of the payment?

I do not know what happened to the box. But I do know this: If Hauptmann destroyed it, then he did the one really clever thing in a case in which he had shown very few signs of genuine cleverness. For the destruction of that uniquely designed box would mean the destruction of evidence against him more damaging than anything with which he was confronted during the entire case, not even excluding his possession of ransom money with its serial numbers recorded.

Walter Winchell dropped a bombshell into the news with the announcement that a "person" whose name had appeared prominently in his columns pertaining to the case had signed an application slip at the New York Public Library *one week before the crime was committed* in order to gain access to a book containing the symbol used in the Lindbergh ransom notes.

The person he referred to was I.

Investigation revealed that it was a Mr. John Condax, who had no connection with the case, who had withdrawn the book. Reilly, who must have been cognizant of the Winchell statement's inaccuracy, brought the matter up at the trial for whatever effectiveness it might have in damaging me before the jury.

WEEKS passed and the time arrived when, I felt, I should disclose my true position to those in charge of the prosecution. Hauptmann was soon to be placed on trial in Flemington, New Jersey, for the kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh baby.

I went to the office of Attorney General David Wilentz on the day of Hauptmann's arraignment.

"I'm glad to see you, Doctor Condon," Wilentz greeted me. "Frankly, we're somewhat puzzled concerning your status as a possible witness. Some of the newspapers said you identified Hauptmann upon his arrest; others said you didn't. Did you or did you not say you identified him?"

"I did not say that I identified him."

The young attorney general's face fell. He shrugged.

"Well, that's that."

"Nor did I say that I did not identify him," I added.

"I don't follow you. How do you sincerely feel in the matter?"

"Exactly as I felt the moment I was led into that room and saw him in the line-up. I have never changed. It amounts, merely, to this: I have

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never announced whether or not I identified Hauptmann as John."

"But that still leaves the question unanswered. If you could positively identify Hauptmann, your testimony would be invaluable to the state. On the other hand, I do not want you to make an identification of any sort, unless you are positive, morally certain, that Hauptmann is the man to whom you paid the money."

"Nothing in the world could make me say Hauptmann is John or is not John unless I were sure beyond the slightest shadow of doubt," I assured him.

"Fine," said the attorney general. "Then tell me. Is Hauptmann, in your belief, John, or isn't he?"

"He is your man," I announced definitely.

"What!" My positive unreserved statement broke in that office like an exploding shell. "You're definitely sure of that?"

"Definitely. I have never been in doubt."

"You'll take the stand at the trial and repeat that under oath?"

"I will."

Frankly puzzled, he asked, "But why—why did you hold your identification in abeyance? Why did you refuse to identify Hauptmann at the line-up in New York?"

Patiently I explained:

"I preferred to withhold declaration of that identification so that it might be presented, firsthand, at the proper time and proper place—the trial. Regardless of my feelings toward Hauptmann, I believe that he is entitled to every safeguard our laws extend. His life is at stake. It should not be placed in jeopardy by mass emotion, public opinion, which is too often swayed by the latest story it reads in print."

He nodded.

"I still feel that way. You are the only official to whom I have declared my identification. I still feel that it should not be announced until its proper time—when I take the stand. I ask you to respect my confidence, now, and keep what I have told you an absolute secret."

WILENTZ nodded. Serious of face, he had been following closely my words, my reasoning. He extended his hand. "Doctor," he said, "I don't have to tell you the value of the service you have rendered the state. I see your view of it, and it is a very just view. You have my word of honor that I shall hold in strictest confidence what we have discussed here."

I thanked him. I had been made similar promises before. They had not always been kept. But I am proud to say that young David Wilentz honorably kept his word inviolate. Newspapermen besieged him.

"I have promised," he told them, "to keep the result of my interview with Doctor Condon a secret. Draw your own conclusions if you wish, but I have nothing to say."

He and I chatted pleasantly for several minutes. "Would you care to have a talk with Hauptmann?" he asked.

"I'd be glad to," I replied.

Thus, casually, my interview with Hauptmann in his cell at Flemington was arranged. Not a word of what I said to Bruno Richard Hauptmann, or he to me, in the hour I spent with him in his cell, has ever been published before.

When I arrived at the cell door, Hauptmann was in the inner part or sleeping portion of his cell. He came to the outer portion, saw me and greeted me.

"Hello," he said.

An attendant unlocked the door and I stepped inside. There was a bench inside the barred exercise corridor.

"Sit down," I said. He did. I sat beside him, on his left, exactly as I had on the bench in Van Cortlandt Park on the night of my first meeting with him.

"Richard," I said, "why don't you tell the truth? It means much to you."

"I will tell you the truth," he offered. "But tell me, first, do you want to see me burn?"

I SHOOK my head, replied—and truthfully:

"No. I wish no man that. All through this awful case I have been fair with you. I was fair as intermediary. I kept each of my promises religiously. Have you done as much for me?"

He looked away. He saw Attorney General Wilentz and the jail attendant standing near by. His eyes returned to mine. In his low, monotonous voice he whispered:

"Speak to me in German, please."

In German that was sometimes halting, clumsily phrased, I continued our conversation. From that point on we spoke in his native language.

"I have played fairly and squarely with you," I told him, "as I have tried to play fairly with all of my fellow men. And you refuse to speak, refuse to tell the truth. Do you understand what that has meant to me? I have been hounded, treated like a criminal, accused, while all this time you had the money which I handed to you hidden in your garage."

He was mildly curious. "I did not know they treated you like that," he replied. Though we were now alone, we continued to talk in German. "I am sorry."

"Well, that is all over now," I said. "Let us start again. Now, listen, Richard—that is what your mother calls you, isn't it?"

He looked up suddenly. "How did you know?" he asked.

I ignored the question.

"Richard," I said, "you have every reason to tell me the truth. I have never broken my word to you or to Colonel Lindbergh. Why don't you clear everything up?"

His reply was evasive. He put his two hands flat against his chest.

"I am glad you came here," he said, "to talk to me."

I painted three word pictures for

him. If they were blurred because I am not expert in the use of German, they were nevertheless effective.

"Think of your mother," I told him. "She sits waiting at your home in Kamenz—waiting for her boy to speak, to tell the truth. Whatever that truth may be, she will forgive, will go on loving you, holding out open arms to her dear one.

"She is shocked, hurt, by the things that are being said about her son, the son she loves. She is puzzled. She does not know what to believe. Her heart would hold more peace if that son would speak, would tell the truth—even though that truth might be ugly.

"Do you want her to go on suffering, Richard—wondering what her boy has done and why he has done it? It would be far better, for her sake, to speak. Now."

Hauptmann was silent. And, looking at him, I saw what many people will refuse to believe I saw.

His eyes held tears! One ran, unheeded, down his left cheek.

The man whose emotions could not be stirred at Van Cortlandt Park, the man whose heartlessness, whose utter callousness had shocked me two and a half years before, now cried unashamedly at my side in his cell in Flemington Jail.

Self-pity? Perhaps. In those days he had been a shrewd and cunning master mind who had planned and executed the world's most infamous crime. Now he was a beaten shell of his former self—his ego a smashed, bleeding thing. He was a lonely, friendless man in a dismal cell, and these were the first tender words that had been spoken to him in many days.

I CONTINUED trying desperately to touch upon those things in his life for which he felt warm emotion.

I drew my second picture—a word picture of his comrades of the World War grouped together in the public square at Kamenz, talking of him, discussing the happier days when he had been Bruno Richard Hauptmann, the soldier.

"There is one more thing, Richard, that I would like to leave with you. It cannot fail to reach your heart. It is the problem of your own little son, Mannfried. Is he to grow to manhood with the knowledge that his father was a coward, a man afraid to speak the truth?

"No matter how long you live, Richard, you will never know peace until you do speak the truth. Peace, happiness lie near, if you will but reach out and seize them."

We were silent. I took a handkerchief from my pocket and brushed from his face a tear that clung there. He put both clenched fists against his breast and said softly, "I am glad you came to talk with me. You have lifted a great weight from me, here."

Some one outside rattled the cell door, announced, "It's about time for you to leave, Doctor."

"All right," I replied. "I'll be right out."

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Had Hauptmann been about to confide in me when that interruption came? I do not know. What I do know, definitely, is that his emotions had been stirred—deeply, genuinely.

And if Bruno Richard Hauptmann ever does talk, before the state exacts the supreme penalty, it will be because some one has won his way to his emotions. Abuse or violence would only lock more tightly in his wretched heart the black secrets that it holds.

He took me back into his inner cell before I left. He pointed to the bed.

"Look," he said. "These are pictures of my baby."

I took one of them up, studied it.

"For his sake," I said, "I hope you will tell the truth before it is too late."

We walked to the cell door. I shook hands with him as I left.

"Will you come to see me again?" he asked.

"Any time that you wish," I replied.

We exchanged farewells. I never saw him again until the morning of January 9, 1935, when Attorney General Wilentz asked me, as I sat in the witness chair in the courtroom at Flemington:

"And who is John?"

I replied, under oath and fully cognizant of the seriousness of my reply:

"John is Bruno Richard Hauptmann."

The proper time had arrived; the proper answer had been given.

And now, four years after the kidnaping which startled the world, I break publicly, for the first time, my silence regarding my activities in the Lindbergh case.

Why, when I had refused it at all previous times, do I give Liberty my story, complete in every detail, now?

Because the proper time has arrived. Pursuing its quiet orderly fashion, American justice has found Bruno Richard Hauptmann guilty of murder. His appeal has been denied. Nothing I can say now, for or against him, can affect his case, his chances.

This story means much to me. I have been pilloried, brutally maligned for my activities in the Lindbergh case. You who have read this story know for the first time exactly what those activities were, how they came about. As an American citizen I am proud of the part I have played in the Lindbergh case. What I did I would gladly do over again, given identical circumstances. I would do nothing differently. What I suffered matters little. For more than seventy-five years I have been able to take the world's buffetings without whining. That I suffered humiliations, defamation, is unimportant.

But the sufferings of the family I love are not unimportant. Hurt grievously, they are entitled to vindication. And to those of the general public who would like to believe that I acted sincerely, motivated by a simple religious desire to serve two fine distressed youngsters—Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh—this complete explanation of my part in the case is due.

I have offered, then, my own true story. I am sincere in the hope that it will serve its purpose well.

From the horror of the case emerge facts that give me cause for happiness. The privilege of serving the Lindberghs in itself was priceless. I am enriched by having had their friendship and that of Colonel Henry Breckinridge. And my own friends—loyal friends like Al Reich—stayed stanchly by me when the going was hardest.

They are still at my side.

THE END

Next Week—

FULTON OURSLER
Editor of Liberty

VISITS JAFSIE IN PANAMA AND DISCUSSES NEW EVIDENCE

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 39

1—Grace Moore, photographed at the time of her debut in La Bohème.

2—The sex glands.

3—A Dinner at Poplar Walk (published in 1833).

4—Little America, in the antarctic.

5—Fred A. Stone.

6—James Monroe, by means of the Monroe Doctrine.

7—Twenty years.

8—Exodus 21:28: "If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die: then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten."

9—Kate Smith.

10—One who computes risks and calculates premiums.

11—Hall Caine.

12—In 1801 at Kunern, Silesia, by Franz Karl Achard, a noted German chemist.

13—Ty Cobb.

14—The Swiss mile, which measures 9,153 yards.

15—Harold Lloyd, who made his movie debut in 1913, and was starred by Hal Roach a year later in the Lonesome Luke series.

16—Yes.

17—In Boston, Massachusetts. It was then deemed unlawful to take a bath except when prescribed by a physician.

18—Because she was born in Nevada, Missouri.

19—Sealyham terrier.

20—

U. S. Grant

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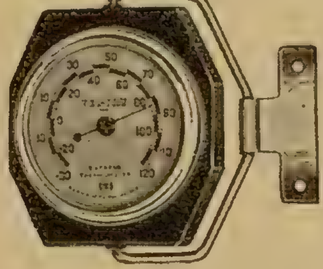

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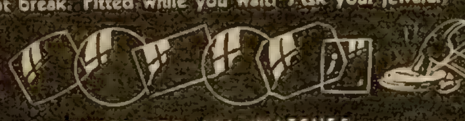

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Heaven Help a Sailor!

Liberty's Short Short

by FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

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BLUBBER BRYANT'S return to consciousness was accompanied by a throbbing head and an aching body. The foul air of a ship's fo'c'sle filled his nostrils, and his soft two-hundred-pound body was lying on a donkey's breakfast—a thin straw-filled mattress affording wretched protection against the hard bunk. "Shanghaied!" moaned Blubber.

The situation was fraught with peril to one who gleaned a living mooching nickels and rolling drunks in Port Townsend water-front dives.

"They can't do this to me!" he mumbled as he left his bunk.

Lights danced before Blubber's eyes as he stepped uncertainly to the main deck.

The bark, Gilbert Bown, had dropped the tug and Cape Flattery was vanishing in the shore mists. The windjammer rolled indolently in a fair sea.

The first mate suddenly blocked Blubber's path. Besides bloodshot eyes, a square jaw, and whisky breath, the mate possessed shrewd judgment of character, scarred knuckles, and an ability to throw them farther than any man in the offshore trade. "Hello, you with the chops and belly! Lay aloft. Lively!"

Blubber shook his fist under the mate's broken nose and touched on the rights of an American citizen. Danny Rand, third mate, paused to observe his superior's justly famed technique in blowing a man down.

"And furthermore," Blubber concluded, "I'll see you in hell, you swab, before I'll turn a hand." Swab is a fighting word. The mate's technique was flawless and for the second time within ten minutes Blubber Bryant regained consciousness. Danny Rand was sluicing him with buckets of sea water.

"The Old Man," Danny explained, "paid the crimp, Tarno, forty dollars blood money for you. He'll get full return on the investment—with the mate's help. Pipe down and turn to."

"I didn't sign no ship's articles," Blubber insisted.

"Yes you did—Tarno guiding your hand. Here's your sea bag, supplied by Tarno for a month's advance wages," Rand said.

Blubber emptied the bag and eyed its contents with growing bitterness.

"And I'm docked a month's pay for this junk," Blubber moaned. "Look at that donkey's breakfast. It's second-handed, mildewed, and it smells. I'll sue Tarno for damages. I'll make him eat that donkey's breakfast, and I'll kill him, if it's the last thing I do!"

"You've got eighteen months to make your plans," Danny Rand crisply informed him. "It's well to remember Tarno's the toughest, smoothest crimp on the Coast. Others have tried to sue him, but when the case was called they weren't on hand to testify—bought off, or something."

"He won't buy me off," Blubber muttered.

Blubber's first experience aloft was a nightmare, and again revolt flamed; but the mate quenched the flames with a belaying pin.

Under a fair spread of sail the cool North Pacific dropped astern. Later, the tropics, and pitch boiling from the deck seams and the fat melting from Blubber's body. He grew gaunt, wolfish, and the bunk was hard on his bones. He tossed nightly, sustained only by the promise of an accounting with Tarno.

The salt horse turned bad; weevils thrived in the flour. Blubber hardly noticed such minor discomforts. More and more he lived in the future.

He fought on the slightest provocation and built up fistic skill and fighting coolness. And he thought of the hour when those same fists would reduce Tarno to a pulp, and the fight would become a saga of the sea, lovingly told by all shanghaied men.

South of the tropics hard flesh filled his frame. On the passage around the Horn he struggled with frozen canvas and felt the bite of frost. Thoughts of the hour of revenge sustained him. His burning hate never cooled.

Eighteen months later a tug spoke them off Cape Flattery, and Blubber hoarsely asked if Tarno still lived. Port Townsend hadn't changed in his absence. Ships still put in for clearance papers and crews.

Blubber was paid off, and went over the side with the donkey's breakfast in his bag. He went directly to a lawyer, who listened sympathetically and mentioned damages in terms of thousands of dollars—and ignored the obvious fact his client had gained in health and purse from the experience.

Twenty-four hours later Blubber encountered Tarno. His fists clenched; the cords stood out on his neck; and it was with difficulty he hearkened to counsel's advice to keep the peace until damages had been collected.

A smile wreathed the crimp's massive features. His thick shoulders shrugged in a gesture of defeat. He shook his head sadly and passed on. An hour later he met Blubber alone. "I've made my first mistake," he genially conceded. "I should never have collected blood money on your head. Even now I could handle Blubber the moocher. But Blubber the man—" He shook his head dejectedly. "Let's talk this over, Blubber."

"Not by a damned sight!" Blubber roared. "See my lawyer." Triumph's cup was sweet to his lips.

"There's no need of a law shark cutting in on this," Tarno smoothly suggested. "All I want is to square the account and get in the clear. What's your price?"

Blubber found himself steered into the port's finest restaurant. "Eat," Tarno said, "and we'll get down to business."

At the conclusion of the meal Tarno tucked a fat cigar between Blubber's lips, lighted it, then leaned back expansively and lit one for himself. "What's your price, Blubber?" Tarno inquired.

A sense of well-being filled Blubber, and with it the indolence of a full stomach. "My price?" He examined the burning end of the cigar critically. "My price?" Tarno was retreating—dissolving into a fog filling the room. "My price—" Blubber said for the third time in a vague voice—"is—is—" . . .

Blubber Bryant slowly opened his eyes, puzzled over the strange disappearance of the furnishings of the fine restaurant; puzzled, too, over his dull aching head. The foul air of a ship's fo'c'sle filled his nostrils. He was lying on a donkey's breakfast—and the mate was coming through the door.

THE END

Vox Pop

BE GUIDED ACCORDINGLY

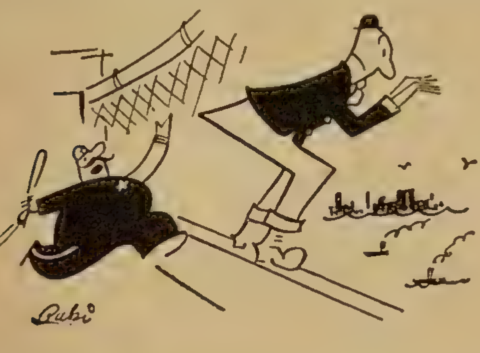
Somewhere in the U. S.—After sending you some odd contributions and as yet not having the pleasure of seeing same in print in your magazine, I'm wondering if the famous Vox Pop corner isn't "made up." However, I am going to try again and see what luck I have this time.—*Somebody.*

[When a contributor gives no name and no address, it is against good publishing practice to print a letter sent us. However, we make this exception to show no hard feelings toward Anons. But we ask for identification, even if withholding it from the public. Many excellent letters have gone into the discard on account of this lack.—Vox Pop Editor.]

HE SAW STEVE BRODIE JUMP

Colorado Springs, Colo.—In December 21 Liberty there are reminiscences by the dean of boxing announcers, Joe Humphreys. I take exception to his story in relation to Steve Brodie's exploit and desire to correct an error upon his part concerning this event. He states that Brodie probably did not jump from the Brooklyn Bridge; that he doubtlessly faked the act by having a dummy dropped; that the scheme was first conceived by him and carried out at night; and that he did it to advertise his saloon.

These statements are incorrect. Brodie did jump from the bridge; there was no dummy dropped over; the plan was not originally conceived by him but by Professor Bob Odlum, a noted swimmer of Washington, D. C., who was killed in the attempt; and it occurred in midafternoon and not at night; and he did not own a saloon until about a year later.



Brodie accomplished this daring feat on July 23, 1886—regardless of this denial after a period of forty-nine years. Why am I so positive in my declaration? *Because I aided in the plan.* As prearranged, Paul Butler, formerly a printer on the New York Journal, Buck Harris, and I were stationed at the center of the southern span of the bridge to keep a space open from loiterers, so, upon the arrival of Brodie, he could at once climb to the flat girder and jump therefrom. He arrived in a small grocery wagon, stretched out full length on the bottom and covered with straw. Why this secrecy? This plan was adopted because of the fear of police interference; for after the death of Odlum the bridge police were ordered to allow no one to climb the parapet, as it was rumored Brodie was about to make an attempt to jump.

When the wagon arrived at the middle of the bridge, he emerged from under his straw pallet clad in an undershirt, long trousers, and brogans with lead soles attached. He came at once to where we were standing and started to climb. Immediately two policemen began to converge upon him from either side. Brodie knew that he would be stopped, and, upon gaining the top, hurriedly stepped off into space, waving his arms to and fro to keep his equilibrium. Upon nearing the water he barely escaped landing on the deck of the old General Slocum, and when he arose to the surface he was pulled into a rowboat by two men who awaited his plunge, and thereupon headed for the New York shore.—*M. A. Maloney.*

QUACKER, DUNKER, AND HOOVER

Locust Valley, N. Y.—Please settle this argument. *A* says that Herbert Hoover is a Quacker and *B* says that he is a Dunker. Which is right? I know that Hoover belongs to some religious sex (*sic*) but I don't know which one.—*Puzzled Paul.*

APOLOGY TO NURSES

Willard, N. M.—Apropos of my letter (February 1 Vox Pop) disapproving of the Red Cross poster slogan of a nurse being "the greatest mother," my sole reason was that I wanted the real mother to head the list.

But, after all, thousands of nurses are unable to do the charity work I blamed them for not doing, their time not being their own. Thinking it over, the young nurses must be depended upon to go to the front in case of war, too.

Under such circumstances I am willing to grant them the slogan "greatest mother" and apologize for any offense in my remarks about nurses, regardless of my personal experiences.—*Dr. Charles D. Ottosen.*

[We are pleased to print Dr. Ottosen's retraction and apology, which he has made of his own free will, evidently after "thinking it over." From all over the country letters from doctors, nurses, and patients deluged us in furious rebuttal of his criticism. Many of them were most interesting and we regret our limited space prohibits their inclusion here.—Vox Pop Editor.]

POOR MILLIONAIRE!

Cortland, N. Y.—This is too good to keep. I have a client who is a multimillionaire. He started his fortune by advertising that he would send, postpaid, for only one dollar, five yards of silk, any color.

The orders were filled with five yards of silk thread.

He narrowly escaped prison.

When I last prepared his income-tax returns, he asked if there were not other items which could be deducted in order to reduce his tax.

I told him, "We can deduct charity." He replied, "I had no charity." I then said, "We can deduct your church contributions." He replied, "I gave nothing to the church."

He then asked me if there were any bonds he could buy which were exempt from the inheritance tax. I told him that there were no bonds exempt from the inheritance tax, due to the fact that the inheritance tax was based on the transfer of property. He thought that this was a great injustice.

He then asked me, "How much inheritance tax will I have to pay when I die?" When I told him, $975,000 to the federal government and approximately $570,000 to the state, he nearly had apoplexy.

Don't you feel sorry for this poor millionaire?—*Public Accountant and Tax Consultant.*

SMART SPINSTER

St. Louis, Mo.—I'd like to extend my sympathy to the one who signs herself A Smart Spinster. What sour grapes!

Evidently some owner of a remarkably ugly pair of feet let the poor girl down with a bump.

Try Revere or Nantasket Beach next summer and I think you should be able to find at least one sun bum with a pair of dogs that might suit you.

As for the early-morn appearance of us poor males, I make no apologies. I feel it a fifty-fifty proposition, with all due respect to the alleged fair sex.

As for being tied down to the responsibilities of a home, just think of all the saps that *paid* for a license to have some one open a can of beans about five minutes before he gets home from a hard day's work!—*Beany Bachelor.*

Florence, Ala.—

Yore letter to me didn't sound so wise,
But like sour grapes before foxey eyes.
You writ of wimen, of marriage and
dumness
When yore pore hart rite now is
abustin with numbness.

That wise head of yourn is a-ackin to rest
And find content on a hairey chest.
You think rite now life woud be sweet
Ifen round yore fire lolled too big feet.
You spoke of dipers and a bawlin brat;
Hits a pity yore maw hadnt a-felt like that.

Ifen you aint to old jest dont you fret—
You may get to wash some dipers yet.
Now I seen youre trubble fore your letter was thru:
The man you wanted jest didnt want you.

—*A Ladie from Alabama.*

[We heard from thirty-six of the forty-eight states on our Smart Spinster, with California, Illinois, and Pennsylvania in the lead. Canada also spoke her mind. And were all of the writers mad! The spinster's ears must be burnt off, or made of asbestos.—Vox Pop Editor.]

PAT AND SLAP FOR TERHUNE

York, Pa.—With great satisfaction I read Mr. Terhune's article on dog torture (February 8 Liberty). I had heard of the atrocities handed out to poor race horses, but I never did hear of the kind Mr. T. speaks of. What a shame! It seems to me Justice is hiding her tears. I think it is very lovely and humane in Liberty's editors to give space to such noble work.—*Mrs. George Carroll.*

New York, N. Y.—On behalf of the breeders and exhibitors of fine dogs in this country, I wish to protest the publishing of that article in your magazine by Albert Payson Terhune.

What his object was in writing such "dishwash" I do not know. It seems to me it ill becomes a man who has made as much money as he has by writing about Sunnybank collies and selling thoroughbreds to make such statements.

It has been some years since Mr. Terhune was intimately enough associated with the show-dog world to know what was going on. Always he had more than usual courtesies extended him by collie breeders. Some of us are as long acquainted in the dog-show world as he ever was, and if the horrible practices he mentions were of frequent occurrence the perpetrators would be dealt with by several organizations quite capable of handling such matters.—*Daisy Miller, Animal Protection Union.*

"RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM"

Miami, Fla.—In the editorial in February 8 Liberty, entitled Individualism, Rugged and Otherwise, the last sentence reads: "To be free men is truly a divine privilege." I am appealing to Mr. Macfadden to give us an editorial explaining the obligations that accompany that privilege. There are too many people abusing it, and I know what he will say will be a wonderful education for them.—*William Thompson.*

Washington, D. C.—The editorial, Individualism, Rugged and Otherwise, is a familiar but unrealistic version of the United States. This version has a strong hold in the indoctrinated sentiment of the people, but many of them have learned from experience, inevitably and to their sadness, that it is naïve and simply not accurate.

Rugged individualism, particularly in a large country of great potential wealth like America, generates so easily, almost inevitably, into greed and selfishness of all sorts. Special pleaders and people with the "divine" right to exploit labor and make a profit are today generally failing to take seriously the welfare of all the people. Such a system is industrial autocracy.

As a college graduate long unemployed against my own wishes, I and thousands of other college men read editorials of this kind with the bitter irony of "If it were only true!"—*Ambrose Julian Fahy.*

SELFISH BESSIE

Montgomery, Ala.—Listen. I thought Vox Pop was for the thundering herd. I thought that at last we poor devils had a space to write in where none of the big bugs could enter. But what happens? First thing I know, Senator Brandywine is writing for Vox Pop. The Chief of Detectives of the NYPF (I may turn this into a mystery drama, I dunno) is writing for Vox Pop. So is Smedley Butler. Big names appear where only Bud Brontisch and Tommy Jugglenink appeared before. We are being crowded out.

Liberty, who is it buys most of your magazines? The public. How many famous people are there compared to the infamous? None. So I'm warning you. Keep Vox Pop for the nobodies. Let us have just two little old measly pages out of this whole universe where *we* are *it.*—*Bessie Snooglevitch.*

WOLL AND GREEN AND LABOR

Louisville, Ky.—"We are racing toward dictatorship! Communism or Fascism will be our lot if something isn't done," says Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, in February 8 Liberty.

Woll, like Green, is waiting for something to be done. Woll, like Green, is hanging around biting his nails, wondering when something will be done. Woll carries water on both shoulders in his article. He pats labor on the back and smooths out the graying hairs of capitalism. Woll cries against the coming of Communism and Fascism and whimpers something ought to be done about it—and especially about labor conditions in this country.

Why doesn't he and his organization do something about it? What is Willie Green waiting for—another letter addressed to him, as "Dear Bill," from "Lovingly yours, Franklin"?

Always waiting! Always whimpering! Always trying to bring about a truce but no peace between capital and labor.

Woll and Green ought to step out of office. Both of them are back numbers. Woll and Green try to play share-the-burden with labor and capital, although the most stupid of workers knows it can't be done.—*Elmer F. Brandell.*

SPEAKS FOR SHIRLEY'S FANS

Groos, Mich.—A certain person in Liberty's Vox Pop (February 8) condemned Shirley Temple's New Year's Resolutions. He was just thinking of his own likes and dislikes and not of Shirley's army of fans. If they should be in a kiddy magazine, as he wants them, then why does Liberty review Shirley's recent films?

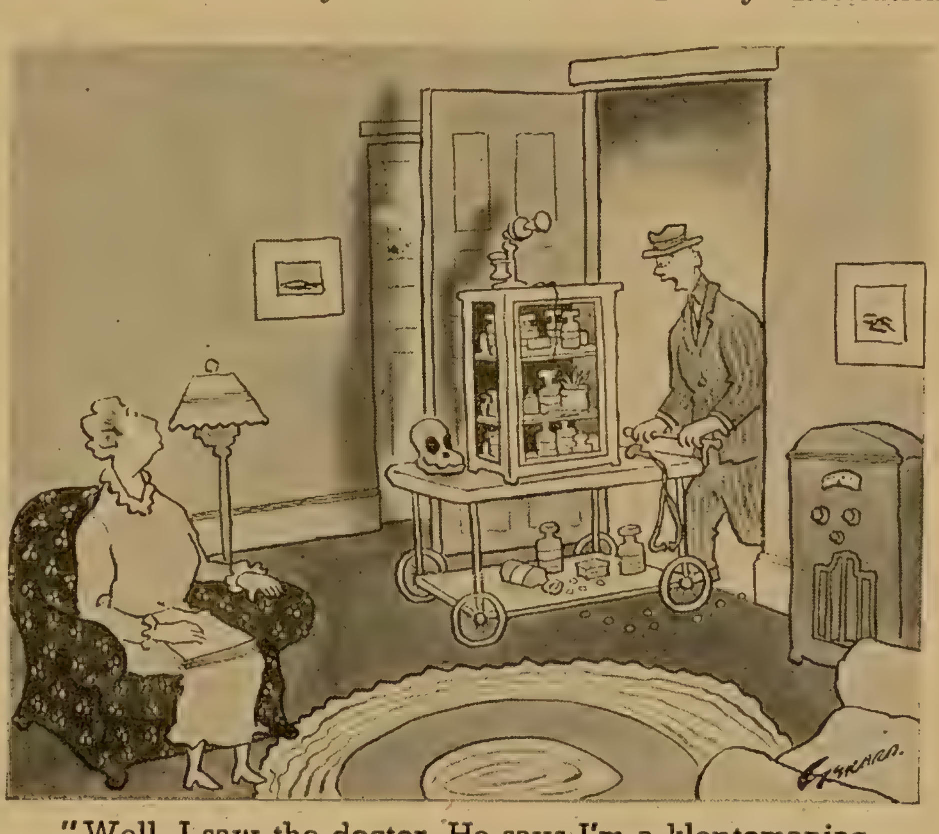
The answer is that Liberty knows the people's likes better than he does.—*Clifford Anderson.*

SHORT SHORT LAUGH

Santa Barbara, Calif.—Liberty's Short Short Story is always a *pièce de résistance* to me, yet it seldom carries anything of humor in it.

Why not have just a little more laughable touch to a few of them?

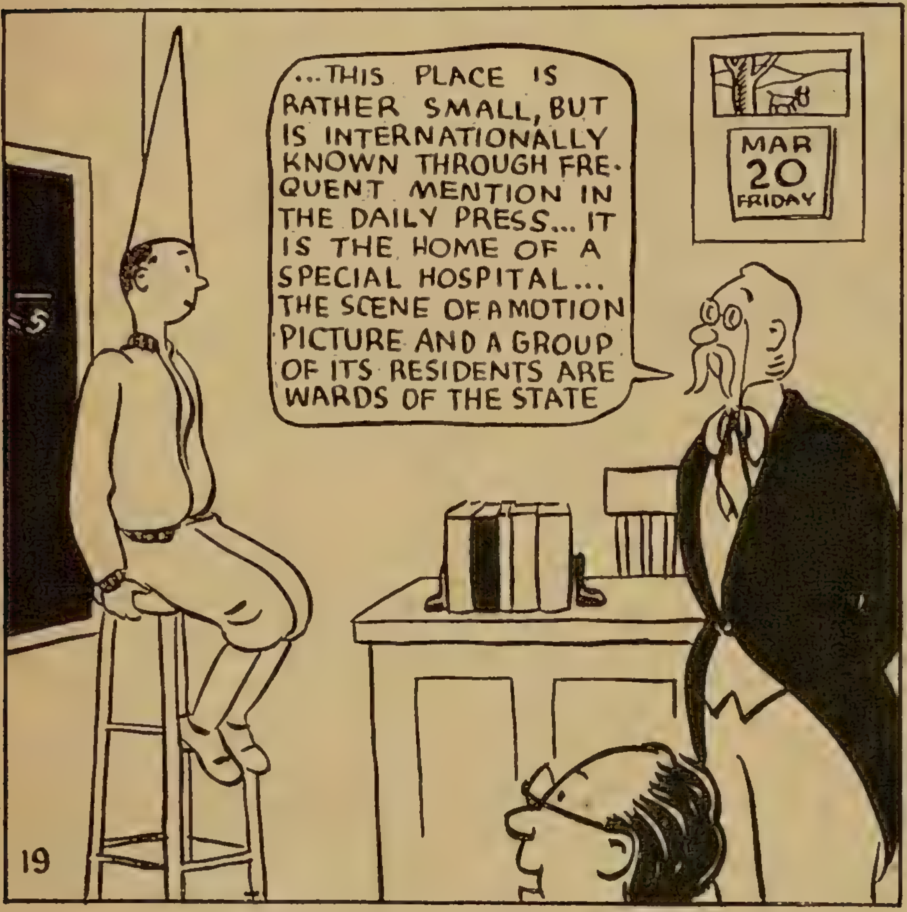
I think the rest of your big family will like the idea, too. —*Mabel Turner.*



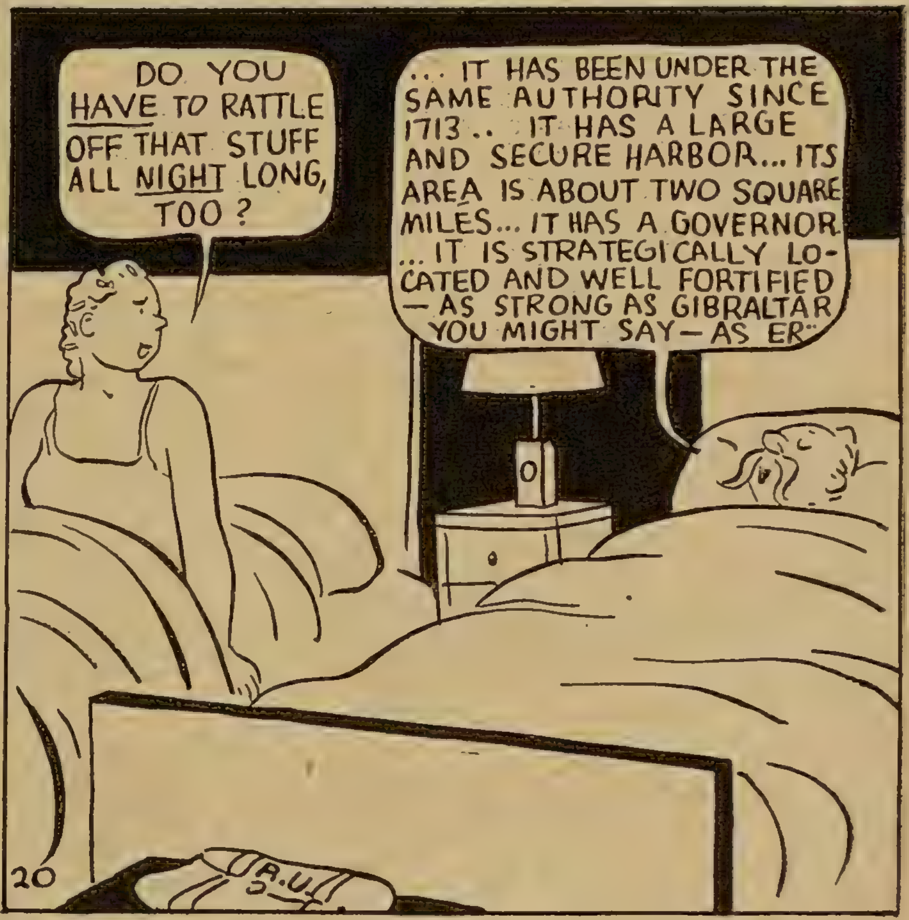
"Well, I saw the doctor. He says I'm a kleptomaniac, whatever that is!"

INTERNATIONAL
GEOGRAPHY GAME

$2,000 IN 223 CASH AWARDS! FILE YOUR CLAIM— FINAL WEEK


...THIS PLACE IS RATHER SMALL, BUT IS INTERNATIONALLY KNOWN THROUGH FREQUENT MENTION IN THE DAILY PRESS... IT IS THE HOME OF A SPECIAL HOSPITAL... THE SCENE OF A MOTION PICTURE AND A GROUP OF ITS RESIDENTS ARE WARDS OF THE STATE
MAR 20 FRIDAY
5
19

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:


DO YOU HAVE TO RATTLE OFF THAT STUFF ALL NIGHT LONG, TOO?
... IT HAS BEEN UNDER THE SAME AUTHORITY SINCE 1713.. IT HAS A LARGE AND SECURE HARBOR... ITS AREA IS ABOUT TWO SQUARE MILES... IT HAS A GOVERNOR ... IT IS STRATEGICALLY LOCATED AND WELL FORTIFIED — AS STRONG AS GIBRALTAR YOU MIGHT SAY — AS ER—
R.U.
20

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:

THESE ARE THE CASH PRIZES: WHICH WILL YOU WIN?

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of a place that is prominent in the current world news.
2. To compete, clip, trace, or copy the pictures, and under each write the geographical name it suggests to you.
3. When you have the complete set of twenty contest drawings, each titled with the name of the place you think it represents, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which of the places mentioned will win the most prominent place in history, and why you think so.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement as above will be adjudged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, April 8, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to International Geography Game, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

KEEP YOUR ENTRY SIMPLE— FILE IT ON TIME!

WITH the above drawings you can complete your list of twenty geographical names. This done, it will be time to select the subject of your statement in compliance with Rule 3. This statement will complete your entry. Instructions for mailing are included in the rules.

Keep your entry simple. Do not spend time and money on elaboration and ornamentation. This is not a fancy-work contest and no extra rating will be given for embellishment.

Be sure that you have made your identifications as accurate as possible and that your statement is just the way you want it before you put your entry in the mail. Once in the mail it will be too late to change it. Liberty cannot enter into correspondence with any competitor, because of the amount of detail involved in closing and judging the game. Awards will be announced in the earliest possible issue.

CROSSWORDERS! $2,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

FASHION should be a growth and an experience—not merely a passing whim. Women in the fashion trades used to be bitter enemies. We got them together, showed them how their profession gave them a common aim. Now they are learning what men know—that business rivals can be good friends, can even acknowledge the merit of a rival's work."

MARY BROOKS PICKEN

The wise words I repeat above came to me recently through a talk with Mary Brooks Picken—an interesting woman who accomplishes important things. Born on a Western farm, she learned to spin, weave, and sew. Later she learned to write and to teach. Has authored sixty books on dressmaking and homemaking; pioneered for the Singer Sewing Machine Company; founded the Woman's Institute at Scranton, Pennsylvania, where she instructed a quarter of a million girls within eleven years. It is estimated that she, of all women writers in the world, has received the most fan mail from women. Her present project, carried on through the organization known as the Fashion Group, is directed toward helping all women who work in the different branches of the fashion trades to reach higher standards of taste and skill.

The Fashion Group offers expert counsel to any girl in the fashion trades. Classes are taught, better workmanship developed. After three years in business you can become a junior member. Eleanor Roosevelt belongs to the Group. So do Elizabeth Arden, Helen Ogden Reid, Mary Lewis. With Mrs. Picken, they are undertaking a great and valuable job. I think all of us ought to know about it.

● Can there be too much, at times, of even so good a thing as comradeship between elders and youngsters? Perhaps there can. I know a lively, jolly, middle-aged couple who would like to get away by themselves, now and then, for a holiday of their own. Their young relatives, young married children, nieces and nephews, always tag along, aiming to make the party bigger and better.

"They mean well," says the middle-aged husband. "They try to give us a real good time. But if they keep on I guess I'll have to elope with my wife all over again."

● A lady who thinks she knows about such things has just been telling me how good-luck charms should be worn. She says you absolutely *must* wear your good-luck coin or jewel or token—whatever gadget it may be—right next to your skin; otherwise it won't work at all. And she says you ought to wear it hidden so nobody else can see it. She didn't say why. The very best trick, she informed me, is to keep it on when you go to bed at night. That's because the occult powers are supposed to weave their strongest spells around us while we sleep.

The lady warns us to be careful about good-luck charms from the Orient. Never wear one of them, she insists, unless you know exactly where it came from and what was the original purpose of its enchantment. It might be full of bad magic instead of good magic.

This whole item may be full of bunk. I wouldn't know. In the realm of superstitions I am a push-over. I believe them all.

● Went up the Empire State Building tower with a tourist friend. First, the guide showed us where the steamship Normandie docked, and told us she wasn't in at the moment.

Why plug the Normandie? we asked. "It's a funny thing," he said. "Almost every one who comes up here to the top of the world's tallest building wants to know all about the world's largest ship." The superlative complex! A problem for Dr. Freud.

● *Now a pre-June tip for wedding-gifters.* Sentimental brides like to keep the bouquet they carried on their march to the altar. Mary P. Beckwith, clever lady, has invented a most artistic method of preserving flowers permanently. She glues the petals flat to the surface of a vase or bowl, then puts on a hard transparent glaze. The effect is beautiful, and it lasts practically forever. Some of her creations are exquisite works of art—a vase lamp with ginkgo leaves, golden yellow on amber pottery, twigs of hemlock on white porcelain, field flowers on a vase of blue enamel.

Does them all herself, in her studio-workshop.

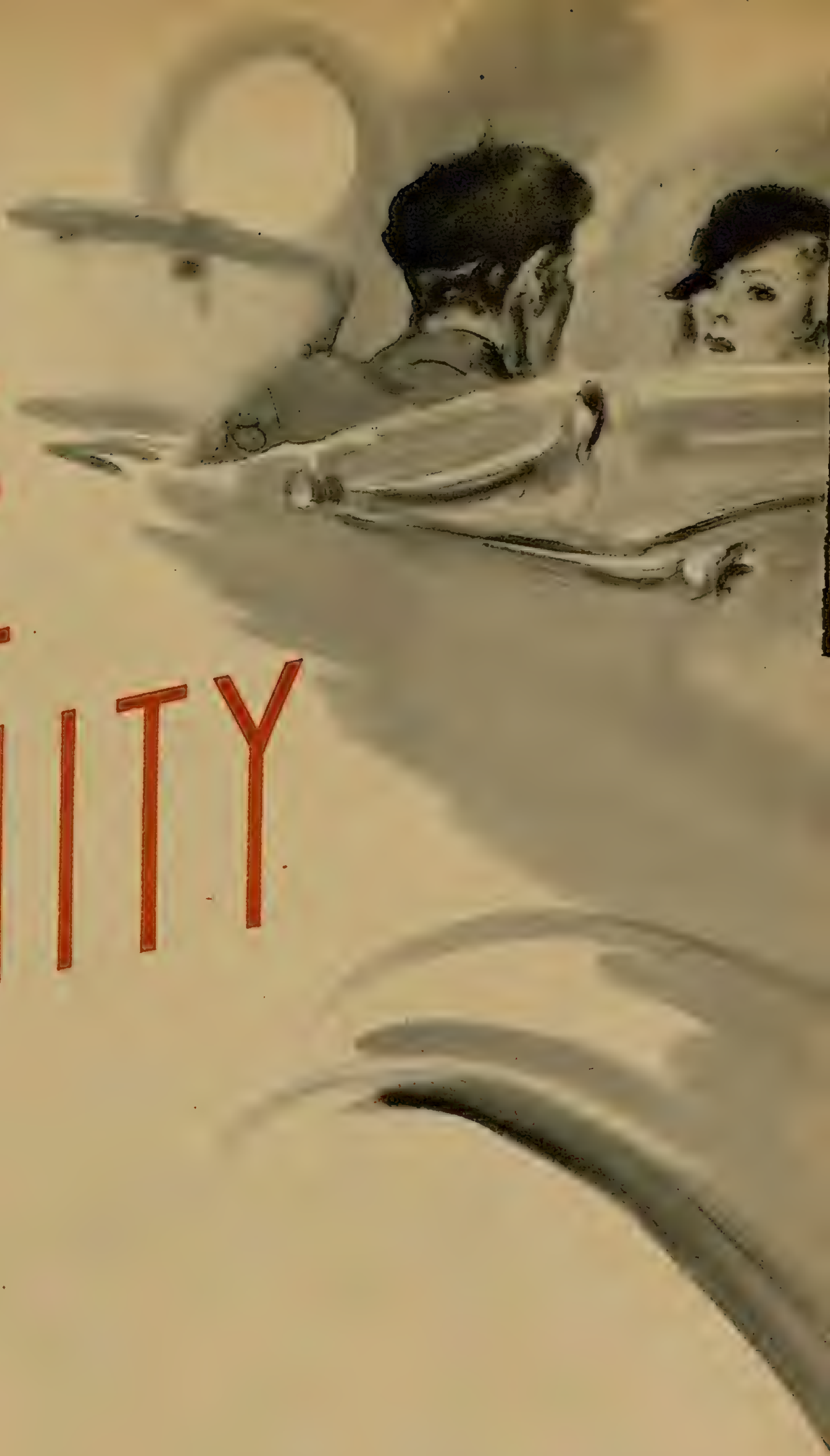
● A real-life romance and courage of gypsy women through the ages has been pictured vividly in the new novel, I Met a Gypsy, by Norah Lofts. (Published by Alfred A. Knopf.)

● Here's a new salad of my own invention. The folks at my house greeted it with cheers, so I am passing it on.

Drain off and keep the liquid from a small can of dry-pack corn. Chop the corn, put in pan with the liquid, add enough water to make 1¾ cups in all. Bring to boiling point, then take from stove and stir in 1 tablespoon cream, a very little salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika. Dissolve 2¼ teaspoons gelatin in 2 tablespoons water. Over this pour the corn mixture. Let cool. Stir well when it begins to set. Chill thoroughly in a ring mold. To serve, turn out on flat plate, fill center of ring with a salad of shredded lettuce, finely chopped ham, diced celery, and tomato peeled and seeded. Plain French dressing.

DOUBLE INDEMNITY

"I'll Make Her Tell!" . . . Now Words of Death on Lips He Loves Bring New Terror to an Almost-Cornered Killer



"I parked below, and crept up behind them. He told her he had been in love with her from the first."

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

SO as to cash in on an accident policy for $50,000, Walter Huff, an insurance agent, and his paramour, Mrs. Phyllis Nirdlinger, plan and carry out a "perfect" murder, the woman's husband being the victim.

Huff, after breaking the man's neck while in a sedan on the way to the railroad station to get a sleeper, disguises himself as Nirdlinger and boards the train. At a selected point he drops off the observation platform when the train slows down. As prearranged, his partner in crime meets him with the corpse, and they leave it alongside the tracks as if the man had fallen there and been killed. Returning, the guilty pair complete the details of their carefully prepared alibis.

The next day, at the General Fidelity Company offices, where he is employed, Huff finds Norton, the president, and Keyes, the chief of the Claim Department, at loggerheads as to the cause of Nirdlinger's death. A plain case of suicide, declares Norton. Keyes, the keenest man in the business, is positive that it's murder. In either case no accident premium is payable. But, first, either accusation has to be proved. Listening to the argument, Huff undergoes an inner third degree but feels sure that Phyllis and he are not in danger.

A verdict of "death in a manner unknown to this jury" is returned at the inquest. Upon hearing this, Norton is more determined than ever to take the case to court on the grounds of suicide. Keyes thinks he is a fool, that their company will lose, and that the trail of murder ought to be followed. And he tells Huff that he intends to have Phyllis Nirdlinger shadowed continuously.

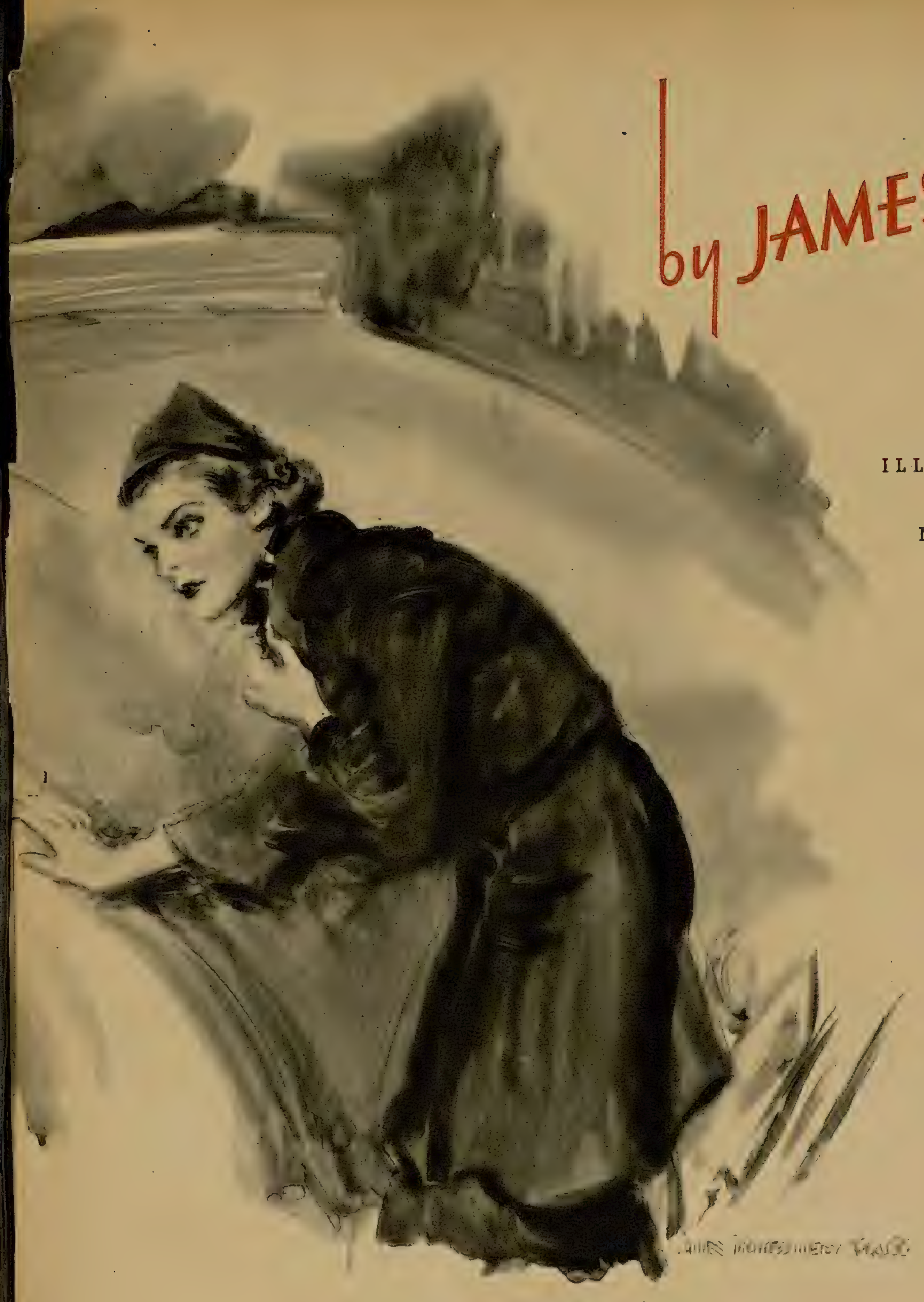
Though Huff tips off Phyllis to every move, and acts as her secret adviser in every action, he has come to hate the cold-blooded siren. This reaction is intensified when pretty, heart-broken Lola, the daughter of the murdered Nirdlinger, comes to him for help and guidance. She confides to him that her stepmother, Phyllis, and her former sweetheart, Nino Sachetti, are going around together a lot. And she also reveals to him that she suspects that Phyllis, who is a trained nurse, was responsible for Lola's mother's death, after which she married her father!

Suddenly, unexpectedly, Huff realizes he is falling in love with the sweet, hapless Lola.

by JAMES M. CAIN

who wrote The
Postman Always
Rings Twice

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES
MONTGOMERY
FLAGG



PART SIX—THE BLUE COUPE

RIGHT on top of my evening with Lola, Phyllis filed her claim. Keyes denied liability on the ground that accident hadn't been proved. Then she filed suit, through the regular lawyer that had always handled her husband's business. She called me about half a dozen times, always from a drugstore, and I told her what to do. I had got so I felt sick the minute I heard her voice, but I couldn't take any chances. I told her to be ready; that they would try to prove something besides suicide. I didn't give her all of it—what they were thinking and what they were doing—but I let her know that murder was one of the things they would cover anyway, so she had better be ready for it when she went on the stand. It didn't feaze her any. She seemed to have almost forgotten that there was a murder, and acted like the company was playing her some kind of a dirty trick in not paying her right away.

That suited me fine. It was a funny sidelight on human nature, and especially on a woman's nature, but it was just exactly the frame of mind I would want her in to face a lot of corporation lawyers. If she stuck to her story, even with all Keyes might have been able to dig up on her, I still didn't see how she could miss.

That all took about a month, and the suit was to come up for trial in the early fall. All during that month, three or four nights a week, I was seeing Lola. I would call for her at the little apartment house where she was living, and we would go to dinner, and then for a drive. She had got a little car, but we generally went in mine.

I had gone completely nuts about her. Having it hanging over me all the time, what I had done to her, and how awful it would be if she ever found out, had something to do with it, but it wasn't all. There was something so sweet about her, and we got along so nice—I mean we felt so happy when we were together. Anyway I did. She did too—I knew that.

But then one night something happened. We were parked on the ocean road, about three miles above Santa Monica. They have places where you can park and just sit and look. We were sitting there, watching the moon come up over the ocean. That sounds funny, doesn't it, that you can watch the moon come up over the Pacific Ocean? You can, just the same. The coast here runs almost due east and west.

DOWN the coast all the piers are lit up, the gambling ships carry lights, and all along the shore people have got fires burning, and then when the moon comes up, straight down the coast, it's as pretty as a picture. As soon as it lifted out of the sea, she slipped her hand into mine. I took it, but she took it away, quick.

"I mustn't do that."

"Why not?"

"Lots of reasons. It's not fair to you, for one."

"Did you hear me squawk?"

"You do like me, don't you?"

"I'm crazy about you."

"I'm pretty crazy about you too, Walter. I don't know what I'd have done without you these last few weeks. Only—"

"Only what?"

"Are you sure you want to hear? It may hurt you."

"Better hear it than guess at it."

"It's about Nino."

"Yes?"

"I guess he still means a lot to me."

"Have you seen him?"

"No."

"You'll get over it. Let me be your doctor. I'll guarantee a cure. Just give me a little time, and I'll promise to have you all right."

"You're a nice doctor. Only—"

"Another 'only'?"

"I *did* see him."

"Oh!"

"No, I was telling the truth just now. I haven't talked with him. He doesn't know I've seen him. Only—"

"You sure have a lot of 'onlys.'"

"Walter—"

She was getting more and more excited, and trying not to let me see it.

"—he didn't do it!"

"No?"

"This is going to hurt you terribly, Walter. I can't help it. You may as well know the truth. I followed them last night. Oh, I've followed them a lot of times. I've been insane. Last night, though, was the first time I ever got a chance to hear what they were saying. They went up to the Lookout and parked, and I parked down below, and crept up behind them. Oh, it was horrible enough. He told her he had been in love with her from the first, but felt it was hopeless—until this happened. But that wasn't all. They talked about money. He's spent all you let him have, and still he hasn't got his degree. He paid for his dissertation, but the rest he spent on her. And he was talking about where he'd get more. Listen, Walter."

"Yes?"

"If they had done this together, she'd have to let him have money, wouldn't she?"

"Looks like it."

"They never even mentioned anything about her letting him have money. My heart began to beat when I realized what that meant. And then they talked some more. They were there about an hour. They talked about lots of things, and I could tell from what they said that he wasn't in on it and didn't know anything about it. I could tell! Walter, do you realize what that means? *He wasn't in on it!*"

She was so excited her fingers felt like steel, where they were clutched around my arm. I couldn't follow her. I could see that she meant something, something a whole lot more important than that Sachetti was innocent.

"I don't quite get it, Lola. I thought you had given up the idea that *anybody* was in on it."

"I'll never give it up! . . . Yes, I did give it up, or tried to. But that was only because I thought if there was something like that, *he* must have been in on it, and that would have been too terrible. If he had anything to do with it, I knew it couldn't be that. I *had* to know it, to believe it. But now—oh, no, Walter, I haven't given it up. She did it somehow. I know it. And now I'll get her. I'll get her for it, if it's the last thing I do."

"How?"

"She's suing your company, isn't she? She even has the nerve to do that. All right. You tell your company not to worry. I'll come and sit right alongside of you, Walter. I'll tell them what to ask her. I'll tell them—"

"Wait a minute, Lola, wait a minute—"

"I'll tell them everything they need to know. I told you there was plenty more besides what I told you. I'll tell them to ask her about the time I came in on her, in her bedroom, with some kind of foolish red-silk thing on her that looked like a shroud or something, with her face all smeared up with white powder and red lipstick, with a dagger in her hand, making faces at herself in front of a mirror—oh, yes, I'll tell them to ask her about that.

"I'll tell them to ask her why she was down in a boulevard store a week before my father died, pricing black dresses. That's something she doesn't know I know. I went in there about five minutes after she left. The saleslady was just putting the frocks away. She was telling me what lovely numbers they were, only she couldn't understand why Mrs. Nirdlinger would be considering them, because they were really mourning. That was one reason I wanted my father to take that trip, so I could get him out of the house and find out what she was up to. I'll tell them—"

"But wait a minute, Lola. You can't do that. Why—they can't ask her such things as that—"

"If they can't, I can! I'll stand right up in court and yell them at her. I'll be heard! No judge, no policeman, or *anybody*—can stop me. I'll force it out of her if I have to go up there and choke it out of her. *I'll make her tell! I'll not be stopped!*"

I DON'T know when I decided to kill Phyllis. It seemed to me that ever since that night, somewhere in the back of my head I had known I would have to kill her for what she knew about me, and because the world isn't big enough for two people once they've got something like that on each other. But I know when I decided *when* to kill her, and *where* to kill her, and *how* to kill her. It was right after that night when I was watching the moon come up over the ocean with Lola. Because the idea that Lola would put on an act like that in the courtroom, and that then Phyllis would lash out and tell the truth—that was too horrible for me to think about.

Maybe I haven't explained it right, yet, how I felt about this girl Lola. It wasn't anything like what I had felt for Phyllis. That was some kind of unhealthy excitement that came over me every time I was with her. This wasn't anything like that. It was just a sweet peace that came over me as soon as I was with her, like when we would drive along for an hour without saying a word, and then she would look up at me and we still didn't have to say anything.

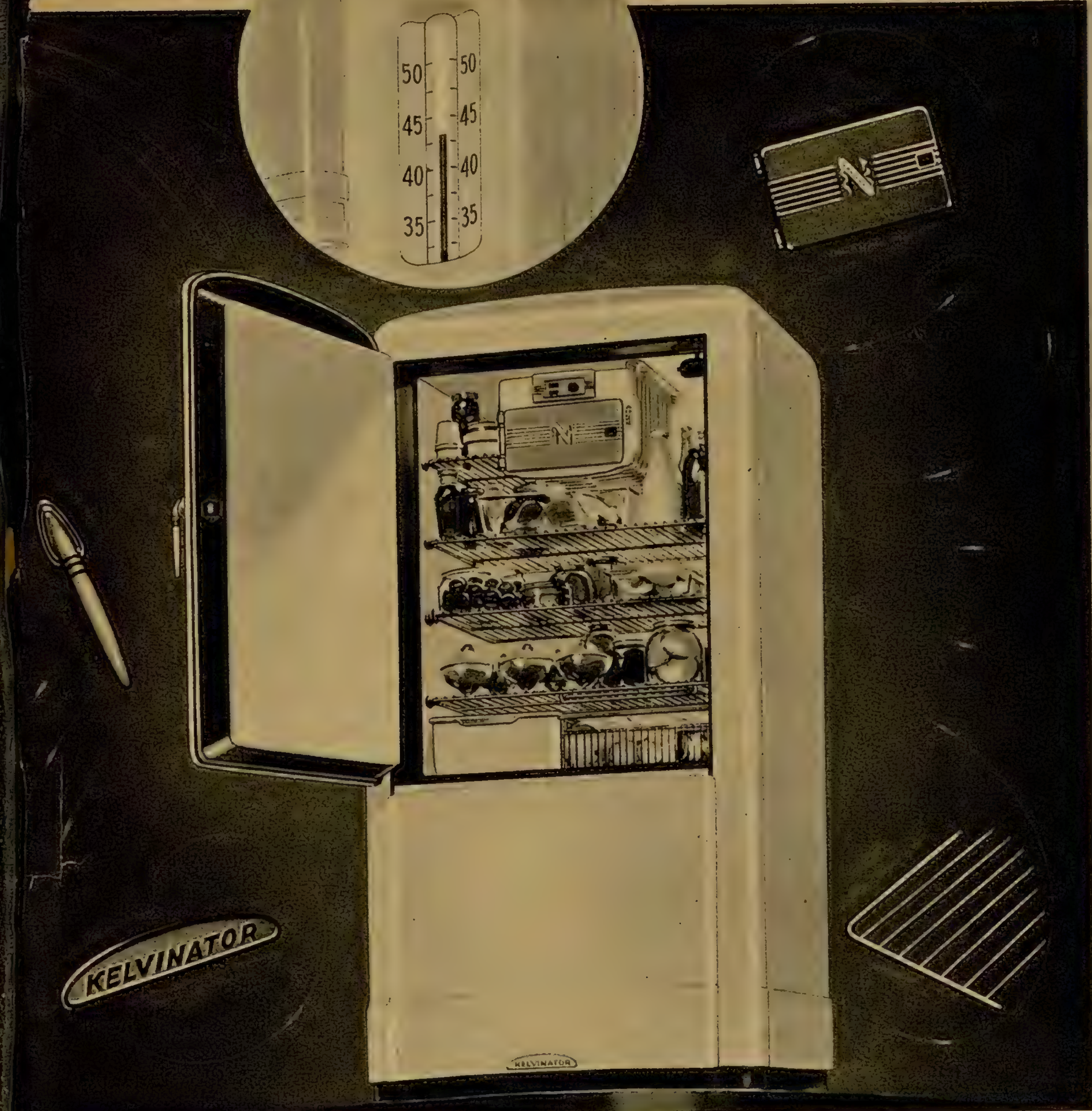
I hated what I had done, and it kept sweeping over me that if there was any way I could make sure she would never find out, why, then maybe I could marry her, and forget the whole thing, and be happy with her the rest of my life. There was only one way I could be sure, and that was to get rid of anybody that knew.

What she told me about Sachetti showed there was only one I had to get rid of, and that was Phyllis. And the rest of what she told me—about what she was going to do—meant I had to move quick, before that suit came to trial.

I wasn't going to leave it so Sachetti could come back and take her away from me, though. I was going to do it so he would take the rap for

(Continued on page 58)

A *Built-in Thermometer* tells you exactly how cold it is



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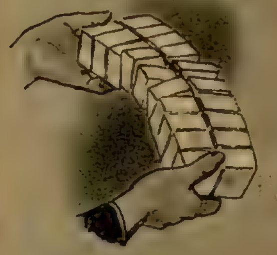
In addition to a 5-year Protection Plan

CERTIFIED LOW COST OF OPERATION

This new Kelvinator is backed by a 5-yea Protection Plan; and for the first time i the history of the industry, Kelvinato provides a Certificate of Low Operatin Cost—absolute proof of the Company' confidence in its product.

Beautiful Cabinets Designed with the Aid of Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky, Famous Modern Designer.



All Ice Trays ha Flexible Rubber Grid Making Colder an Larger Cubes Instant Accessible.

Big things have happened

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Today there is a new electric refrigerator—far, far in advance of anything you have seen—or used or heard about—a refrigerator so different that many of the seven million present users of mechanical refrigerators will be ready to replace what they have with something infinitely better.

Scientific developments have resulted in a control of temperature amazingly accurate. For the first time, a built-in thermometer tells you exactly—in degrees—how cold it is in the food compartment. All possible doubt is removed.

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And to give you more ice cubes—colder, larger and instantly accessible, at the refrigerator—it provides a flexible rubber grid in *every* ice tray.

THE 1936 KELVINATOR IS THE ONLY REFRIGERATOR THAT OFFERS ALL THESE FEATURES

1. A built-in thermometer. . . . 2. A certificate of low cost of operation. . . . 3. New beauty in design. . . . 4. 5-year protection plan. . . . 5. Flexible grids in all ice trays. . . . 6. Interior light. . . . 7. Food crisper. . . . 8. Vegetable basket. . . . 9. Automatic defrosting switch. . . . 10. Sliding shelves.

A New High Standard of Modern Refrigeration

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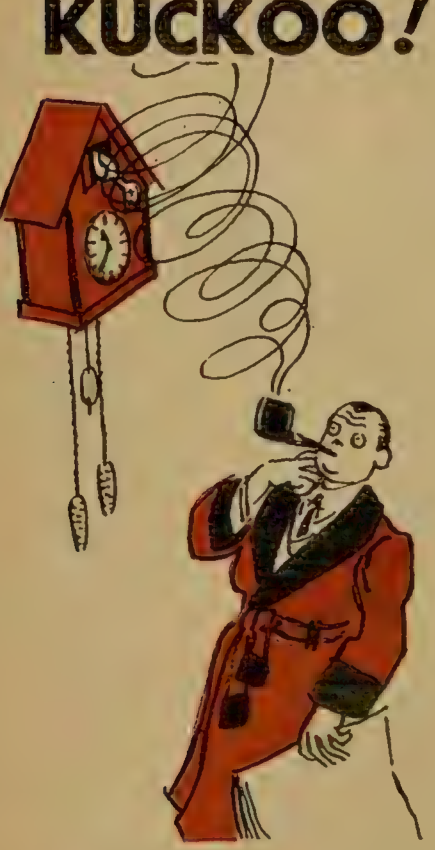
See the new KELVINATOR *Your next refriger*

PIPE K. O.'S KUCKOO!



WHY—oh why!—will otherwise estimable gentlemen stroll about polluting the air with chokey tobacco in a dammed-up pipe? The only plausible reason is that they haven't yet discovered the innocent pleasure of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco in a well-kept pipe! Sir Walter is a well-bred mixture of fragrant Kentucky Burleys selected to smoke milder and smell sweeter. Try your first tin. Birds will chirp, men and women welcome you with open arms. It's 15¢—wrapped in heavy gold foil for extra freshness.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA

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Sooner or Later—Your Favorite Tobac
How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. L-63

(Continued from page 56) it, or if he didn't take the rap, he was going to be put in a spot where Lola would never be quite sure he hadn't done it. And of course if he did one, so far as she was concerned he probably did the other.

My next day at the finance company I put through a lot of routine stuff, sent the file clerk out on an errand, and took out the folder on Sachetti. I slipped it in my desk. In that folder was a key to his car. In our finance company, just to avoid trouble in case of a repossess, we make every borrower deposit the key to his car along with the papers on his loan, and of course Sachetti had had to do the same. That was back in the winter, when he took out the loan on his car.

I SLIPPED the key out of its envelope, and when I went out to lunch I had a duplicate made. When I got back I sent the file clerk on another errand, put the original key back in its envelope, and returned the folder to the file. That was what I wanted. I had the key to his car, and nobody there even knew I had had the folder out of the file.

Next I had to get hold of Phyllis, but I didn't dare ring her. I had to wait till she called. I sat around the house three nights, and the fourth night the phone rang.

"Phyllis, I've got to see you."

"It's about time."

"You know the reason I haven't. Now get this: We've got to meet, to go over things in connection with this suit—and after that, I don't think we have anything to fear."

"Can we meet? I thought you said—"

"That's right. They have been watching you. But I found out something today: They've cut down the detail assigned to you to one shift, and he goes off at eleven."

"What's that?"

"They did have three men assigned to you, in shifts, but they weren't finding out very much, so they thought they'd cut down the expense, and now they've only got one. He goes on in the afternoon, and goes off at eleven o'clock, unless there's something to hold him. We'll have to meet after that."

"All right. Then come up to the house—"

"Oh, no, we can't take a chance like that. But we can meet. Tomorrow night, around midnight, you sneak out. Take the car and sneak out. If anybody drops in in the evening, get rid of them well before eleven o'clock. Get rid of them, turn out all lights, have the place looking like you had gone to bed well before this man goes off. So he'll have no suspicions whatever."

The reason for that was that if Sachetti was going to be with her the next night, I wanted him to be well out of there and home in bed long before I was to meet her. I had to have his car, and I didn't want the connections to be so close I had to wait. The rest of it was all hooey—about the one shift I mean. I wanted her to think she could meet me safely. As to whether they had one shift on her, or three, or six, I didn't know and I didn't care. If somebody followed her, so much the better for what I had to do. They'd have to move fast to catch me, and if they saw her deliberately knocked off, why, that would be just that much more Mr. Sachetti would have to explain when they caught up with him.

"Lights out by eleven."

"Lights out, the cat out, and the place locked up."

"All right. Where do I meet you?"

"Meet me in Griffith Park, a couple of hundred yards up Riverside from Los Feliz. I'll be parked there, and we'll take a ride, and talk it over. Don't park on Los Feliz. Park in among the trees in the little glade near the bridge. Park where I can see you, and walk over."

"In between the two streets?"

"That's it. Make it twelve thirty sharp. I'll be a minute or two ahead of time, so you can hop right in and you won't have to wait."

"Twelve thirty, two hundred yards up Riverside."

"That's right. Close your garage door when you come out, so anybody passing won't notice the car's out."

"I'll be there, Walter."

"Oh, and one other thing: I traded my car in since I saw you. I've got another one." I told her the make. "It's a small dark-blue coupé. You can't miss it."

"A blue coupé?"

"Yes."

"That's funny."

YES, I knew it was funny. She'd been riding around in a blue coupé for the last month, the same one, if she only knew it, but I didn't tumble.

"I guess it's funny at that, me driving around in that oil can, but the big car was costing too much. I had a chance for a deal on this one, so I took it."

"It's the funniest thing I ever heard."

"Why?"

"Oh—nothing. Tomorrow night at twelve thirty."

"Twelve thirty."

"I'm just dying to see you."

"Same here."

"Well—I had something to talk to you about, but I'll let it wait till tomorrow. Good-by."

"Good-by."

When she hung up I got the paper and checked the shows in town. There was a downtown theater that had a midnight show, and the bill was to hold over the whole week. That was what I wanted. I drove down there. It was about ten thirty when I got in, and I sat in the balcony so I wouldn't be seen by the downstairs ushers. I watched the show close and paid attention to the gags, because it was to be part of my alibi next night that I had been there. In the last sequence of the feature I saw an actor I knew. He played the part of a waiter, and I had once sold him a hunk of life insurance, seven thousand dollars for an endowment policy, all paid up when he bought it. His name was Jack Christolf. That helped me. I stayed till the show was out, and looked at my watch. It was twelve forty-eight.

Next day around lunchtime I called up Jack Christolf. They said he was at the studio and I caught him there. "I hear you knocked them for a loop in this new one, Gun Play."

"I didn't do bad. Did you see it?"

"No; I want to catch it. Where's it playing?"

He named five theaters. He knew them all. "I'm going to drop in on it the very first chance I get. Well, say, old man, how about another little piece of life insurance? Something to do with all this dough you're making."

"I don't know. I don't know. To tell you the truth, I might be interested. Yes, I might."

"When can I see you?"

"Well, I'm busy this week. I don't finish up here till Friday, and I thought I would go away for a rest over the week end. But next week, any time."

"How about at night?"

"Well, we might do that."

"How about tomorrow night?"

"I tell you: Ring me home tomorrow night, around dinnertime, sometime around seven o'clock. I'll let you know then. If I can make it, I'll be glad to see you."

That would be why I went to that particular picture tonight—that I had to talk to this actor tomorrow night, and I wanted to see his picture so I could talk about it and make him feel good.

ABOUT four o'clock I drove through Griffith Park, and checked it over close, what I was going to do. I picked a spot for my car and a spot for Sachetti's car. They weren't far apart, but the spot for my car was close to one end of the bridle path, where they ride horses in the daytime. It winds all over the hills there, but right above this place it comes out on the automobile road up above. I mean, up high in the hills. This park—they call it a park, but it's really a scenic drive, up high above Hollywood and the San Fernando Valley, for people in cars, and a hilly ride for people on horses. People on foot don't go there much.

What I was going to do was let her get in and then start up the hill. When I came to one of those places where the road is graded out a way, in a little flat place so people can park and look over the valley, I was going to pull in and say something about parking there, so we could talk. Only I wasn't going to park. The car was accidentally, on purpose, going to roll over the edge, and I was going to jump. As soon as I jumped I was going to dive into the bridle path, race on down to my car, and drive home.

From where I was going to park Sachetti's car to where I was going to run her over the edge was about two miles by road. But by bridle path it was only three or four hundred yards, on account of the road winding all through the hills for an easy grade, and the bridle path being almost straight up and down. Two or three minutes after the crash, before even a crowd got there, I would be away and gone.

I drove up the hill and picked the place. It was one of the little lookouts, with room for just one or two cars; not one of the big ones. The big ones have stone parapets around them. This one didn't have any. I got out and looked down. There was a drop of at least two hundred feet, straight, and probably another hundred feet after that where the car would roll after it struck. Out front, between the cliff and the nearest road, was at least a quarter mile of rough ground, with trees and bushes and stones. Nobody could get there in less than a minute or two, and by that time I'd be gone.

I PRACTICED what I was going to do. I ran up to the edge, threw the gear in neutral, and pushed open the door. I made a note I would only half close my door when she got in, so I could open it quick. There was a chance she would grab the emergency as the car went over and save herself, and then have the drop on me. There was a chance I wouldn't jump clear, and that I would go over the edge with her. That was O. K. On this, you have to take a chance.

I ate dinner alone at a big downtown sea-food house. The waiter knew me. I made a gag with him, to fix it on his mind it was Friday. When I finished I went back to the office and told Joe Pete I had to work. I stayed till ten o'clock. He was down at his desk, reading a detective-story magazine when I went out.

"You're working late, Mr. Huff," he said.

"Yeah, and I'm not done yet."

"Working home?"

"No. I got to see a picture. There's a ham by the name of Jack Christolf I've got to talk to tomorrow night, and I've got to see his picture. He might not like it if I didn't. No time for it tomorrow. I've got to catch it tonight."

"They sure do love theirself, them actors."

"But they've got dough."

"Yeah, they got that all right."

I parked near the theater, loafed around, and around eleven o'clock I went in. I bought a downstairs seat this time. I took a program and put it in my pocket. I checked: it had the date on it. I still had to talk with an usher, fix it on her mind what day it was, and pull something so she would remember me.

I picked the one on the door.

"Is the feature on?"

"No, sir, it's just finished. It goes on again at eleven fifty-two."

I knew that. That was why I had gone in at eleven o'clock instead of sooner.

"Holy smoke," I exclaimed, "that's

OVERNIGHT
I LOST THAT DIZZY AND BILIOUS FEELING

TODAY I FEEL LIKE A MILLION!

AND HERE'S HOW I DID IT!

When I went to bed last night, I felt dizzy and bilious. So I tried the FEEN-A-MINT 3-minute way that I've been reading about. I just chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes, and today I feel like a million dollars. What a difference from the harsh, griping action of old-fashioned "all-at-once" cathartics! It's good for the children too. They love its fresh, minty chewing-gum taste. And don't forget—FEEN-A-MINT is not habit-forming. Ask your druggist for FEEN-A-MINT today—15c and 25c a box.

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THE 3 MINUTE WAY
FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
THREE MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE difference!

a long time to wait! Is Christolf in all of it?"

"I think only in the last part, sir."

"You mean I've got to wait till one o'clock in the morning to see that ham?"

"It'll be on tomorrow night too, sir, if you don't care to wait so long tonight. They'll refund your money at the box office for you."

"Tomorrow night? Let's see, tomorrow's Saturday, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nope; can't make it. Got to see it tonight."

I had that much of it. Next I had to pull something so she would remember me. It was a hot night and she had the top button of her uniform unbuttoned. I reached up there and buttoned it, quick. I took her by surprise.

"You ought to be more careful."

"Listen, big boy. Do I have to drip sweat off the end of my nose just to please you?"

She unbuttoned it again. I went in.

As soon as the aisle usher showed me a seat, I moved once, to the other side of the house. I sat there a minute, and then I slipped out through a side exit. Later, I would say I stayed for the end of the show. I had my talk with Christolf for a reason for being there late. I had my talk with Joe Pete, and his log would prove what day it was. I had the usher. I couldn't prove I was there clear to the end, but no alibi ought to be perfect.

I got in the car and drove straight to Griffith Park. That time of night I could make time. When I got there I looked at my watch. It was eleven twenty-four. I parked, cut the motor, took the key, and turned off the lights. I walked over to Los Feliz, and from there down to Hollywood Boulevard. It's about half a mile. I legged it right along, and got to the boulevard at eleven thirty-five. I boarded a streetcar and took a seat up front. When we got to La Brea it was five minutes to twelve. So far, my timing was perfect.

I got off the car and walked down to the Lilac Court Apartments, where Sachetti lived. It's one of those court places where they have a double row of bungalows off a center lane, one-room shacks mostly, that rent for about three dollars a week. I went in the front. I didn't want to come up to the park from outside where I would look like a snooper if anybody saw me. I walked right in the front and down past his bungalow. I knew the number. It was No. 11. There was a light inside. That was O.K. That was just like I wanted it.

I marched straight through, back to the auto court in the rear, where the people that live there keep their cars. Anyway those of them that have cars. There was a collection of second-, third-, fourth-, and ninth-hand wrecks out there, and, sure enough, right in the middle was his. I got in, shoved the key in the ignition, and started it. I cut on the lights and started to back. A car pulled in from the outside. I turned my head so I couldn't be seen in the headlights, and backed on out. I drove up to Hollywood Boulevard. It was exactly twelve o'clock. I checked his gas. He had plenty.

I took it easy, but still it was only twelve eighteen when I got back to Griffith Park. I drove up into Glendale, because I didn't want to be more than two or three minutes ahead of time. I thought about Sachetti and how he was going to make out with his alibi. He didn't have one, because that's the worst alibi in the world—to be home in bed, unless you've got some way to prove it, with phone calls or something. He didn't have any way to prove it. He didn't even have a telephone.

Just past the railroad tracks I turned, came on back, went up Riverside a little way, turned, facing Los Feliz, and parked. I cut the motor and the lights. It was exactly twelve twenty-seven. I turned around and looked, and saw my own car, about a hundred yards back of me. I looked into the little glade. No car was parked there. She hadn't come.

I held my watch in my hand. The hand crept around to twelve thirty. Still she hadn't come. I put my watch back in my pocket. A twig cracked—off in the bushes. I jumped. Then I wound down the window on the right-hand side of the car, and sat there looking off in the bushes to see what it was. I must have stared out there at least a minute. Another twig cracked, closer this time. Then there was a flash, and something hit me in the chest like Jack Dempsey had hauled off and given me all he had. There was a shot.

Here is something outside of all of Walter Huff's most exact calculations. Who has taken that shot at him, and what will it do to his elaborately planned "perfect crime"? You must wait for the next issue of Liberty to tell you, together with another startling development.

GOOD BOOKS — by Oliver Swift

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An alert professor of English dispassionately describes life in an "ivy college" around 1905. The conflict between faculty and undergraduates urbanely discussed. Suggested subtitle: How Yale Men Get That Way.

★ ★ ★ **CITY FOR CONQUEST** by Aben Kandel. Covici, Friede.

The heartaches and thrills of the city which conquers or must be conquered—New York. And a New York which you can live in and never see or know.

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The escape of ten men from a prison island in the Caribbean, and an unknown eleventh who accompanied them. A startling tale and another first novel which leaves you wanting more from this author's pen.

★ ★ ½ **A TIME FOR LOVE** by Ramona Herdman. Harper & Brothers.

Paul Langdon, trying to live too many lives, and getting none of the things he really wants. This belongs in the list of first novels far above the average.

★ ★ ½ **FIGHTERY DICK AND OTHER POEMS** by Derrick N. Lehmer. The Macmillan Company.

For those who like to drink their ballads straight, this book will provide amusement. The ballads are too imitative to be really first-class.

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An unusually fair and comprehensive history of the Negro in America from the Negro's viewpoint. Designed as a text for high-school students, but will prove illuminating to the general reader.

★ ★ **TREASURE EXPRESS** by Neill C. Wilson. The Macmillan Company.

Tales of the early express companies, chiefly Wells Fargo, that sprang up in California after the '49 gold rush. Full of bandits, holdups, and daring rescues.

★ ★ **SOJOURN AMONG SHADOWS** by Murrell Edmunds. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

Unforgettable study in abnormal psychology, handled with delicacy and understanding.

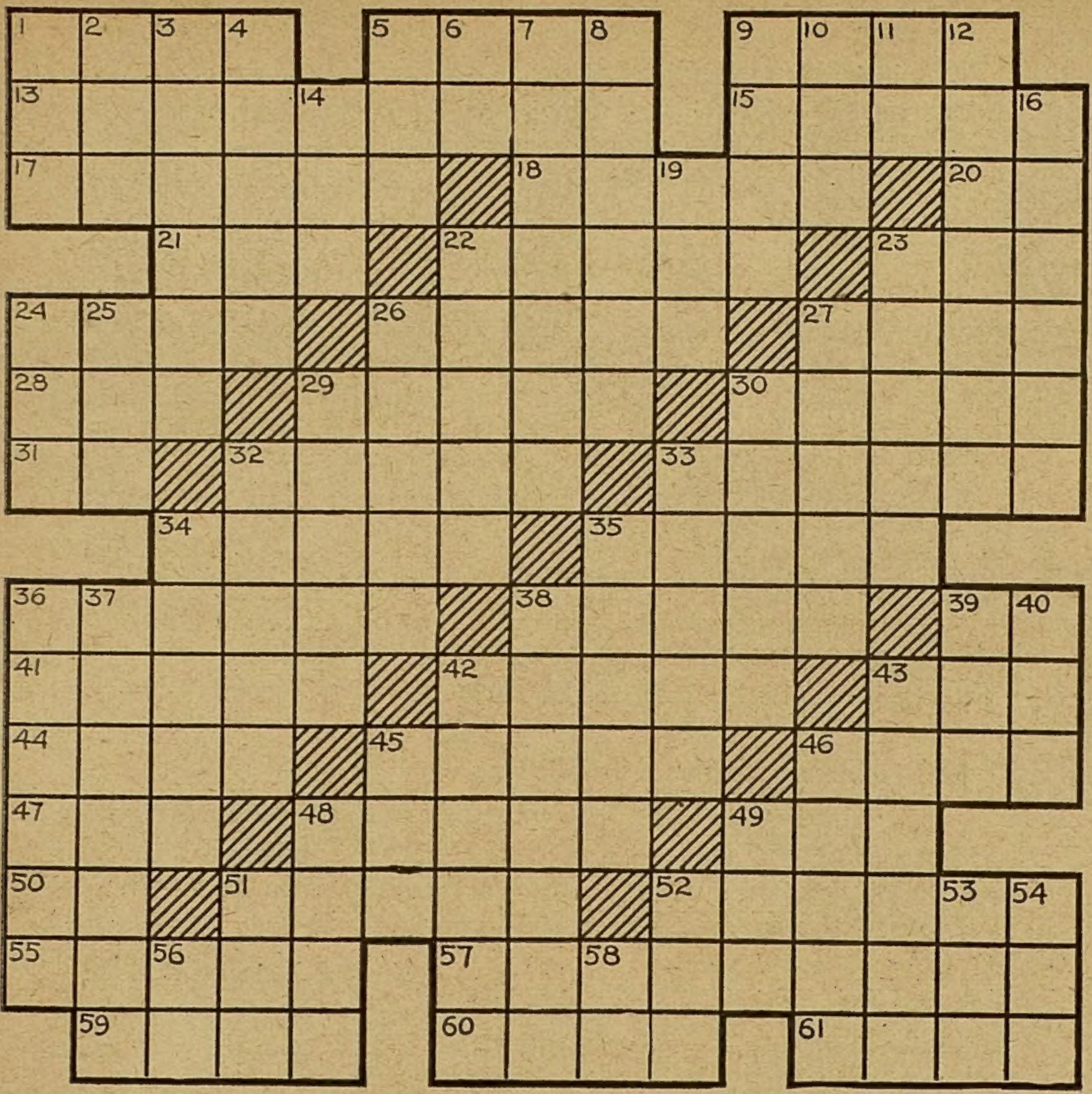
★ ★ **NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD.** Collection of short stories. The Telegraph Press.

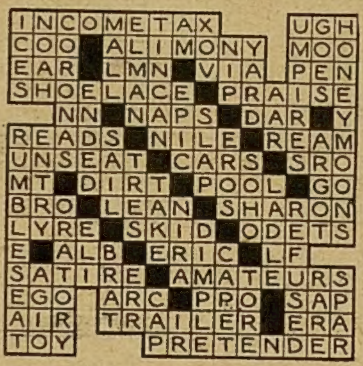
Odd tales of queer deaths, not spooky enough to chill the cockles.

★ ½ **THE SOUND WAGON** by T. S. Stribling. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

A fictional study of corruption and politics under capitalism, in which political satire, fantasticism, and realism are curiously, and not always effectively, mixed. A novel that would have added more to its author's reputation if he had permitted it to mature a year or two longer.

CROSSWORDS





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A I R   T R A I L E R ■ E R A
T O Y       P R E T E N D E R
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Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 One who mimics
5 A close-fitting headdress
9 A blow with the open hand
13 Act of being partitioned
15 Passageway
17 Called loudly to
18 Put out by virtue of a paramount right
20 Measure of area (var.)
21 The position of a golf ball on a course
22 Narrow valleys
23 Collection of facts
24 A mineral
26 Woman's name
27 Remains in a state of repose
28 One indefinitely out of a number
29 Bewails audibly
30 A merry frolic
31 A pronoun
32 Characterized by sensible moisture
33 Directs a vessel
34 One who runs a certain distance
35 To be erect
36 A device for checking motion
38 One who plays at courtship
39 Toward
41 Gives relief
42 Species of goose
43 To prohibit
44 To fail to hit
45 Double in narrow folds
46 The long hair on the neck of some animals
47 To employ
48 Retinue
49 A Pacific coast state (abbr.)
50 Note of the scale
51 A noisy quarrel
52 A sally of troops
55 Endow
57 Persons afflicted with nervous diseases
59 Kind
60 Mistakes
61 A very small quantity (plural)

VERTICAL

1 A tree
2 A vegetable
3 Badly
4 A memento
5 A low fellow
6 Upon
7 Island in the North Atlantic
8 Extreme excitement (plural)
9 Moccasins
10 Lighted
11 Like
12 Machine used for planting
14 Sandpiper
16 Blots out
19 Feminine personal name
22 The white of an egg
23 Displayed ostentatiously
24 One of an Asiatic people
25 Small insect
26 Arrives at a scene
27 Exhausted
29 Hybrids
30 Commence
32 Marches (colloq.)
33 Allowance
34 A billiard shot
35 Killed
36 To muddle
37 Dried grapes
38 More fragile
39 A color shade
40 Metal-bearing mass
42 American statesman (1830-93)
43 Pertaining to a northern sea
45 In favor of
46 Girl's name (Ital.)
48 Former allowance for waste
49 Sound made by a dove
51 Rough envelope of a fruit
52 Societatis Regiae Socius (abbr.)
53 To freeze
54 Suffix: denoting feminine gender
56 Accomplish
58 A city of ancient Chaldea

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

He shaves as he reads

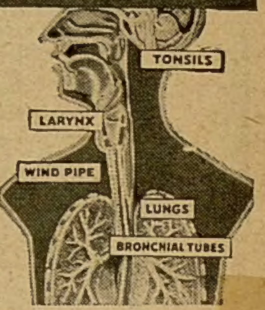
And why not? With the Schick Dry Shaver he need not *see* his face. He cannot cut himself as there are NO BLADES; there is no messiness as he uses NO LATHER. It is so simple and convenient to get a quick clean shave with this truly wonderful invention. The Schick Shaver is for men with tough beards or tender skins. See one today. Any Schick dealer will demonstrate. If none is near you send $15 to Dept. L.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER

Operates on AC and DC

COUGH STOPPED quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method



DID you know that when you catch cold the thousands of tiny moisture glands in your throat and windpipe dry or clog? Thick phlegm irritates your throat, *making you cough.*

It is necessary to stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Pertussin does this. It "unclogs" the glands—loosens phlegm—soothes your cough away.

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn.

• • •

..."Pertussin stopped Jackie's bad cough next day!" writes Mrs. P. Fernandez, Providence, R. I. Get a bottle.

PERTUSSIN

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF

COUGH RELIEF

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

ZION, ILL.—Wilbur Glenn Voliva has insisted that the world will come to an end in 1936, but he also has signed a ten-year agreement to act as president of Zion Industries, Inc.

TIRANA, ALBANIA--Inspection of the city jail here revealed a prisoner sentenced to two years in 1922. The fourteen-year imprisonment apparently meant no hardship for him, for he did not once ask for his release. The prison authorities are now trying to collect from him the cost of twelve years' free lodging and food.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—Leon Debardelaben, state dog warden, wanted to limber up his bloodhounds, so he "borrowed" trusty Delmar Wilson from a county prison camp.

Wilson agreed to be "it" in a game of tag with the dogs, but before the hounds could be put on the trail a heavy rain washed out the convict's tracks.

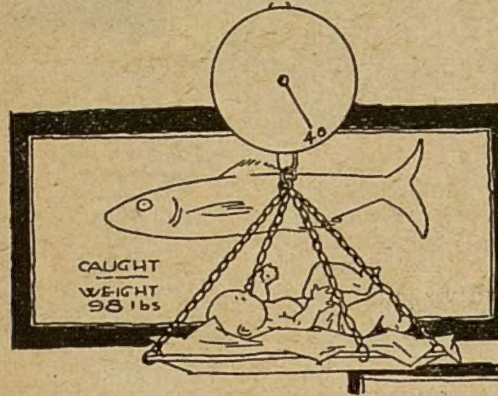
Wilson hasn't been seen since.

DALLAS, PA.—John Scota was held up by two men, he reported to Police Headquarters. The officers had a hard time understanding what he said. Angered because he had no money, the robbers had taken Scota's false teeth.

SARATOGA, CALIF.—A dime tip from a hotel guest disgusted Louis Henning, a porter—until he learned it was a rare 1804 coin and sold it to a numismatist for twenty-five dollars.

WATERTOWN, WIS.—Hugo Briesemeister was famous for his fish stories—especially about the weight of his catches.

Then a neighbor borrowed his scales to weigh a newly born baby. The baby weighed forty pounds on the fish scales.



●

Lucky Omens

It is lucky if a man tells a woman she has too much powder on her face. It is a warning to be careful lest she be deceived if a woman tells a woman.

Opals are lucky if dipped in holy water and money is put in the poor box before the holy water dries on the opal.
—*Roy L. McCardell.*

●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

It is more blessed to give than to receive.
--*Income-Tax Division.*

CONTENTS

Short Stories

Night Operator............Lucile Selk Edgerton 18
With the Greatest of Ease..................Paul Annixter 32
They Mean Well!.........Jack Goodman and Albert Rice 37
Heaven Help a Sailor!—Liberty's Short Short
Frank Richardson Pierce 49

Serials

Beginning—

Rich Man's Son..................Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 6
A frank and daring novel that looks behind the scenes of society today
Now Jafsie Tells—Part X..............Dr. John F. Condon 42
Double Indemnity—Part VI................James M. Cain 54

Articles

Landon—First-Rate Second-Rater?...........Will Irwin 14
Dutch in tenacity, Scotch in thrift, and a good American mixer—An impartial scrutiny of the young Midwest governor whom his state is building up as a Presidential possibility
How Hollywood Shops for Babies
Marguerite Mooers Marshall 24
Among the screen's brightest stars maternity comes high: Here's why—and what some of them have done about it
Can Cancer Be Cured Without an Operation?
Bernarr Macfadden 30
A veteran advocate of natural methods asks: Why not attack the scourge at its source?

Features

Editorial.........................Bernarr Macfadden 4
'Tisn't So..................................R. E. Doan 13
Fashion Flashes from Paris.....................Doramiller 20
Pantomime, Politics, Pups—Movie reviews.....Beverly Hills 28
Twenty Questions.......................................39
Liberty's Amateur Writers Page.............Major Bowes 40
Vox Pop..50
$2,000 Geography Contest..............................52
To the Ladies!.............Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 53
Good Books..............................Oliver Swift 60
Crossword Puzzle.......................................61
It Happened In—.......................................62

COVER CREATED BY GEORGE LARKIN—MACFADDEN STUDIO

FULTON OURSLER
Editor of Liberty

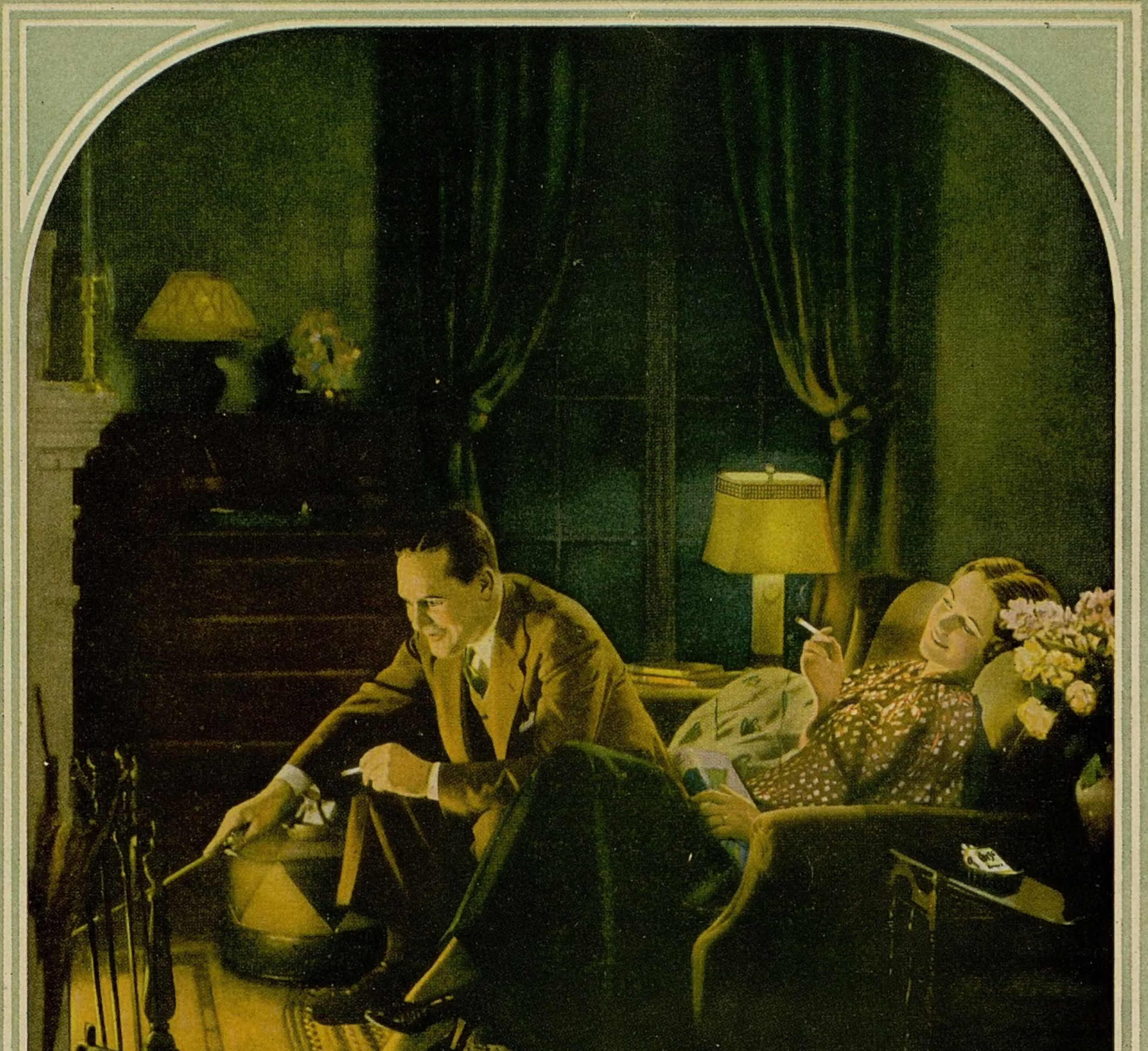
VISITS JAFSIE IN PANAMA and DISCUSSES NEW EVIDENCE

ALSO—SWEEPSTAKES RICHES by Will Irwin—GREAT $2,000 CROSSWORD CONTEST—THIS ONE BRIGHT NIGHT by Peter Paul O'Mara—OUR NELL by Herbert Dalmas—MR. DUNKLE'S DIARY by Norman Anthony—RICH MAN'S SON by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.—A PLEA FOR THE JITTERS by Dick Williams—and other fact, fiction, and features.

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18


Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

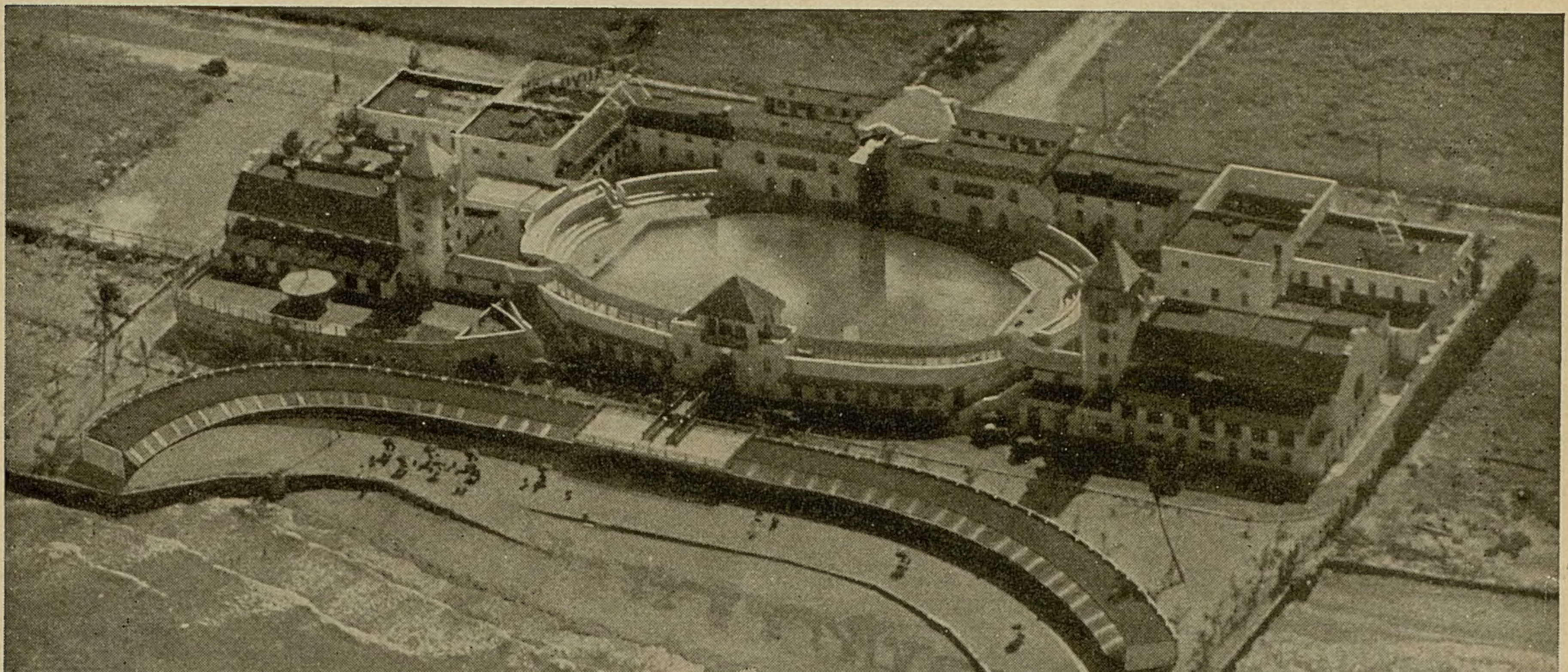
— and Chesterfields are usually there

they're mild and yet *They Satisfy*

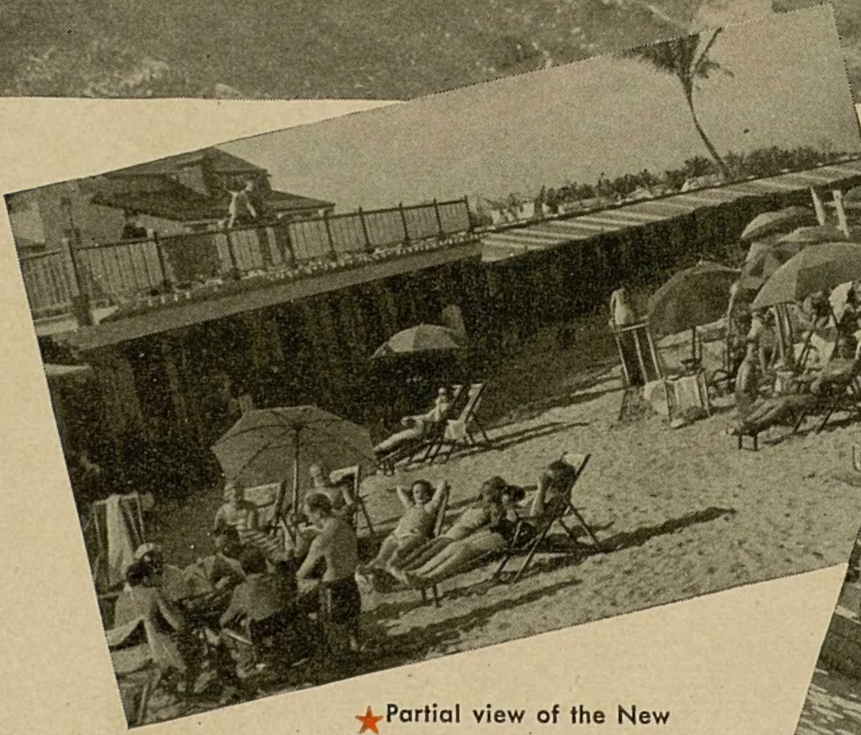
© 1936, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

THE NEW DEAUVILLE

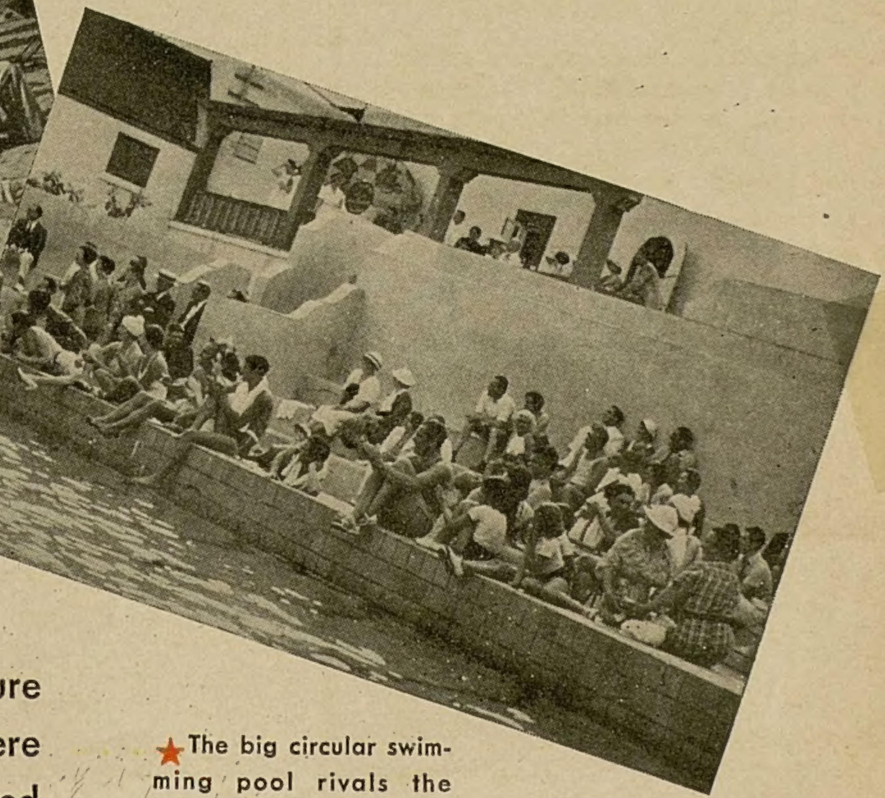
HOTEL AND PLEASURE RESORT • MIAMI BEACH • FLORIDA



★The New Deauville from the air. The smiling Atlantic in front, the beautiful Biscayne Bay immediately behind the hotel.



★Partial view of the New Deauville beach, and luxuriously furnished cabanas.



★The big circular swimming pool rivals the ocean itself.

★The new and enlarged Deauville Hotel and pleasure resort extends a cordial welcome to vacationers. Here is a veritable paradise—luxurious quarters—unsurpassed cuisine—500 foot private ocean beach—golf—fishing—world's largest salt water circular swimming pool—the best cabanas in Florida—popular marine grill, all conducted under expert management devoted to your comfort and enjoyment. A vacation spent at the New Deauville will be a pleasure long to be remembered. For reservations wire or write The New Deauville, Miami Beach, Florida. New York information office, Room 1517, Chanin Building, New York, N. Y.

★ For those who wish to add to their store of health and vigor during their stay at the New Deauville, convenient arrangements may be made to follow Bernarr Macfadden's health-building diets and physical culture vitalizing methods under competent Macfadden-approved supervision.